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Jas Cruikshank 1839.

HAMILTON KING,

OR,

THE SMUGGLER AND THE DWARF.

BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

"TOUGH YARNS," "STORIES OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

MY LONG-ESTEEMED FRIEND

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

These Volumes

ARE

DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD,

BY

THE OLD SAILOR.

HAMILTON KING.

CHAPTER I.

But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

SPENSER.

"OH! what shall I do?—where can I go?—will nobody help me?" were the cries of a little girl about four years old, as she stood trembling and weeping at the entrance to a piece of meadow land near the sea-port town of Weymouth. The only individual in sight was a stout-made elderly gentleman, mounted upon a superb grey horse, apparently as quiet and as playful as a lamb, for while it walked soberly

and steadily along, it pricked up its ears, tossed its head, and indulged in many other little pleasantries that mark high breeding.

The rider was habited in a dress that corresponded with the beau-ideal of a clerical farmer, well to do in the world, and fond of the good things of this life. He listened to the wailings of the little mourner, and as he reined in his beautiful animal to a stand-still, he exclaimed, — "Fie—fie, little girl! so young, and begging! there, go—go—go—go home; mustn't beg; never beg; bad habit, begging."

The girl gazed earnestly in his face for a moment or two to read its expression (for children are apt scholars in the study of the human countenance), and finding that, though reproof was on the tongue, there yet was benevolence in the look, she approached still nearer to the gentleman, and in mournful accents, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, mammy is dying! she is going to leave little Hammy and me; but, she says she can't die without the minister."

"What — what!" enquired the person addressed, in a tone of eagerness, "is she dying, and wants the clergyman? Run—run, little girl; run to that white house!" pointing to an elegant mansion some quarter of a mile distant, "run—run, the minister lives there."

"I 've been, sir," replied the child, still crying, "but he says he can't come, sir, because he 's going to read prayers at the church."

"Did you tell him your mother was dying, eh, little girl — eh?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oh yes, sir," answered the child, "I told him everything; but he said he couldn't spare time for strolling vagrants."

"And is she so near her end, my child?" asked the gentleman as he bent his earnest attention to the girl's face, for the purpose of detecting if possible whether there was any intended imposition.

But the grief of the child was evidently unaffected as she replied, "Oh, sir; mammy

says she shall never rise again. Oh, sir, she is dying—she is dying!"

"Make haste to the town, then," urged the gentleman, "run — run! or stop here, and I will ride in and send——"

"I've been to the town, sir," answered the weeping girl, "but nobody will come, and mother is dying! Oh, sir, do, pray help her, and do not let her die."

This was uttered in such wild accents of real sorrow that a tear trembled in the eye of the horseman as he solemnly responded, as if in converse with his own thoughts, "Life and death are in the hands of the King of Kings alone," and then hastily added, "well—well—well, little girl, where is she? where is your mother?" and then again communing with himself, he murmured, "And am not I a minister? an anointed minister?" his hastiness of speech returned, "Yes—yes; take me to your mother, little girl; take me to your mother. Where is she?"

"She's in the field here, sir; we've been there

all night, for mother had no money to get lodgings," replied the child, running with eagerness to open the gate, through which the gentleman having passed, she again ran on before him as fast as her little legs could carry her towards a hay-stack that stood near the hedge in a corner of the meadow. On reaching it she disappeared for a moment behind it, and then again emerging, she exclaimed "Mammy is not dead, sir, but she cannot speak to me! Oh, do save her, sir, — do save her, for the sake of little Hammy and me!"

"Poor child!" said the gentleman, dismounting from his horse, and throwing the reins over a broken fence that had once served as a protection to the stack from cattle, he patted the neck of his proud steed, which seemed restless under such restraint, "Stand still, Gustavus!" said he, and the animal immediately obeyed. The girl eagerly watched his movements, and then, taking him by the hand, he suffered himself to be conducted to the back of

the stack, where a scene presented itself that was well calculated to appal the generous sympathies of humanity, whilst it humbled the aspirings of mortal pride.

On a wide space between the hedge and the stack, a female lay extended upon a plaid cloak, with her head pillowed by some loose hay that had been collected for the purpose. She was emaciated in person, and the pallid hue of death upon her brow was unnaturally contrasted by the reddened flush of fever on the cheeks; her skin was delicately fair, and a single glance revealed that in brighter, happier times, she had been one of Nature's most lovely flowers. Her large blue eyes were glistening and bright, but it was only that glassy appearance which is frequently the precursor of dissolution; the thin white hands were clasped upon the breast; the gold wedding-ring, mocking, by its ample dimensions, the shrunk and wasted finger on which it was placed. Her dress was that of gentility in decay, as if the fading remnants of

better days supplied a last and only resource. By her side lay a remarkably fine boy about two years old, who seemed by the traces of tears upon his face to have cried himself to sleep.

To witness such a spectacle unmoved was impossible, and the visitor who now approached gave ample indication that he possessed the best feelings of the human heart. He bent down over the dying woman, and put several questions; but the melancholy satisfaction of reply was denied, as she was unable to articulate a single word. Still she was perfectly sensible, and, placing her hands together in the attitude of supplication, she looked imploringly in his face. The appeal was understood—the kind-hearted man drew an ample silk-handkerchief from his pocket, and, spreading it on the ground, he knelt down; then, taking off his hat, he placed it carefully on some clean hay, and, raising his hands in prayer, he bowed his head in silence.

A wild hysterical chuckling of grateful delight

rattled in the woman's throat as she witnessed this demonstration; she held up her own wax-like hands in token that it was comprehended. The girl knelt by her mother's head; and there, beneath the canopy of heaven, in the temple not made with hands,—whilst the wild flowers breathed their perfume in the hedges, and the foliage looked beautiful in its early verdure,—did the hearts of the living and the dying commune with their Maker. At first the humble petition was offered up in solemn stillness; but the earnest and imploring look of the woman had a wider meaning. This, too, was understood; and in a few minutes the sonorous and deep-toned voice of the minister was heard pleading before the omnipotent Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal. His hastiness of utterance was gone; his words came forth clearly articulated—slow, solemn, and impressive.

"Oh God, the Father of heaven! whose mercy is without bound, from thy eternal throne look down upon this my dying sister of the

dust. Alleviate her bodily pain by the word of thy power; forgive all her sins through the mediation of a divine Redeemer; strengthen her faith whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as thy righteous rod has bowed her down in tribulation, so also let thy holy staff support her in the hour of dissolution, and finally bring her to thine everlasting rest."

The minister paused; for the sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs, as wel as the neighing of recognition from "Gustavus," came upon the breeze; and, in another minute or two, a numerous and splendid cavalcade appeared upon the scene of action. Amongst them were many of the handsomest and bravest of England's pride, bearing the insignia of nobility; there were officers of the navy and the army in their rich uniforms, displaying the highest rank in both services; but every tongue was hushed—every one dismounted—every head was uncovered, when they beheld the position

of the reverend minister. The woman glared at the gorgeous spectacle—it seemed to bewilder her mind; and, as if desirous of shutting out the world, with all its pomps and vanities, she closed her eyes as the prayer proceeded.

"Almighty Ruler," continued the minister, "thy searching eye already knoweth the transgressions and the sorrows of this thy suffering creature here before thee, now trembling upon the brink of the grave; help her to call upon thee in this last trying hour for pardon and for peace, through the merits of that Saviour who was chastised for our iniquities, and who expired on the cross that we might be saved."

A tranquil smile settled on the woman's features, and her moving lips gave indication that her heart was in earnest prayer. The minister observed it, and his utterance became more firm and persuasive; and as the big round tears succeeded each other down his checks, he continued —

"Oh! let the still small voice of supplication,

though unheard by mortal ears, ascend to the footstool of thy throne. Remove the crown of thorns which the frailty of human nature may have placed upon her head, and pour upon her the healing balm of sovereign grace, to wash out every guilty stain."

Here his voice faltered with emotion, and for several minutes his entreaties were only known to that great Being to whom they were addressed. The woman, too, seemed to be similarly engaged, whilst every soul in that assembled group acknowledged the presence of the Deity. At length the minister resumed, and concluded his prayer, saying,—

"Oh God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The female opened her eyes, and extended one hand to the oracle of peace; with the other she directed his attention to her children.

"Yes—yes," replied he, "they shall be taken

care of, my poor woman; but can nothing be done?" He beckoned to one of the numerous party, who immediately advanced, and, as if well accustomed to such operations, he felt the pulse, placed his hand upon the heart, examined the pupil of the eye, and then shook his head.—"Is there no hope, doctor?" inquired the still kneeling minister.

"No, Sire," returned the physician—"none. All in your Majesty's dominions could not save her."

The question and rejoinder, though spoke only in whispers, was not unheard by the female; it seemed to rally life back to its stronghold. She involuntarily, and without help, sat upright; a gaze of intense eagerness was bent upon the monarch's countenance; the last effort of expiring nature was put forth, and, grasping the sovereign's arm, she exclaimed, "My king—my husband—my children!" Her latest breath departed with the words; her grasp relaxed, and she fell backward—a corpse.

During the foregoing proceeding the girl remained a silent but weeping spectator; but when she saw her mother fall, and became convinced that she was dead, she threw her little arms round her neck, laid her head upon the bosom on which she had so often hung in infancy, whilst her piercing shrieks rung wildly through the air, and awakened the sleeping boy, who rubbed his drowsy eyes, smiled playfully as he beheld the prancing horses and the glittering uniforms—then turning to the dead he hid his face in the cloak.

The king arose from his kneeling position, gave directions to his attendants relative to the body of the departed, and ordered inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any relatives or friends in existence to whose bounty and care the survivors might lay claim.

"And what is to be done with the children in the mean time, sire?" asked the confidential servant who had received the instructions.

"Let them be taken care of, and provided for," replied the monarch, looking with kindly feelings of benevolence on the bereaved; "the queen will decide the rest. Yes, yes, yes, *must* show the poor things to Charlotte."

The royal cavalcade remounted and withdrew from a scene in which the King of Terrors had shown his sovereignty before the greatest monarch in the universe, and princes had received an important moral lesson on the instability of human life.

And what is death?—a fearful mystery that is ever before us! Youth, manhood, beauty, —all that is brave and honourable, all that is great and good, fall before the tyrant; and those who have loved and cherished the living, turn with dread and disgust from the corpse, thrusting it hastily from their sight as a loathsome thing. There is a chilling horror in listening to the groaning of the screws as they confine the coffin-lid over features that are well remembered in the heart, and over motionless hands

that once were pressed with the ardency of warm affection. And what is life?—the soldier and sailor traffic in it at a few pence a day!

In about an hour a hearse arrived at the spot in which the body was deposited, and the children followed in a close carriage which had been sent for the purpose by the worthy physician, the girl weeping as if her heart would break; the boy, unconscious of his loss, delighted with the novelty of his situation as the melancholy procession passed through the assembled crowds, who had gleaned some circumstances connected with the occurrence from persons in his Majesty's suite, and had thronged together through curiosity to witness the spectacle, as well as to express their admiration of the paternal solicitude of their royal master.

Admirable are those inquisitions in England which so promptly investigate the causes of sudden death; and though it must be admitted that in numerous instances the presiding officers were extremely illiterate men, yet they generally

possessed plain common sense and sterling honesty. A coroner's jury was summoned;—the supremacy of the law was established by the Sovereign making his deposition;—the children were questioned, but nothing could be elicited except from the girl, who stated that she had lived in a pretty cottage with her parents, had been turned out from it, and her father taken away,—she had crossed a wide pond of water with her mother,—had travelled on foot many days till they reached a great town, and went to the king's house, but finding he was not there, they had again set out;—her mother had sickened on the road the evening previously to her dissolution;—destitute of money to procure lodging or food, she had laid her on her death-bed,—the child had gathered hay for her pillow,—the night was passed beneath the canopy of heaven, and the last consolations of religion had been administered by the royal defender of the faith.

There was no clue as to whence they came,

or the purport of their journey, except the following letter, written in a bold free hand, which was found in the pocket of the woman: the direction was torn off, but the other part was untouched.

"DEAREST, DEAREST ELLEN,

"My hard-hearted brother is inexorable; he has closed every avenue of communication with my father, who but little imagines the wretched situation of his unhappy son. On you, then, Ellen, I must rely to put in practice the scheme we conversed about as a last resource. Hasten to London—lose not a moment—plead for me, and endeavour to save your wretched husband from the horrible fate which now threatens him. Oh! Ellen, dearest Ellen! by the remembrance of past endearments,—by your love for me and for our children, I implore you to persevere, and may the Great Being whose wisdom is eternal, and power infinite, guard and guide you. Do not come to me before you set

out, lest suspicion should be excited, and your purpose prevented. You are now my only hope. May God bless and restore you to your loving husband.

"T. H. C."

This was dated about three weeks previously to the woman's death ; but there was the date only, and the jury, after considering the evidence, returned a verdict, "Died by the Visitation of God."

Subsequent inquiries traced the route of the female from the neighbourhood of the metropolis. She had remained a few days in one of the villages, sickness rendering her unable to proceed ; but she had made no communication respecting herself, and though in a very unfit state, had continued her journey, till, wasted by consumption, she died, as has already been described, and after the inquest was decently interred at the royal expense.

The gracious act of his Majesty to the dying

sufferer soon became known, and loud and grateful were the greetings of his loyal subjects whenever he appeared in public. The children, too, respectably attired in mourning, were objects of earnest attraction, and at length were conducted into the royal presence; but the pomp and splendour which everywhere displayed itself dismayed the girl, who shrank back in alarm; whilst the boy, upon whom the strangeness of the scene had no other effect than as a pleasant show, looked earnestly from face to face to try if he could discover the familiar features of a friend. At length he recognised the good-humoured countenance of the king, and hastily ran towards him, but stopped short when he beheld the stern and rather repulsive look of the lady by his side.

"See, see, Charlotte! poor thing! he recollects me—he remembers me," uttered the king, smiling; "Come, come, child; come here—pretty boy—Charlotte—pretty boy—flaxen hair."

The child thus encouraged placed himself

between the monarch's knees, though not without evident awe of the queen, whose severity of aspect however relaxed a little when she looked upon the innocent and beautiful children who had been so untimely bereaved of a mother.

" And what sal your name be ?" inquired her majesty of the shrinking girl.

" I don't want it to be anything but what it is, ma'am," replied the child as the tears started to her eyes.

" And what must dat be ?" repeated the queen, whose imperfect English confused the girl.

" What is your name ? — what, what—yes your name ?" asked the king, " don't be frightened,—there then, there,—the queen wants to know your name ?"

" My name, sir ?" reiterated the girl, curtseying, " my name, sir, is Ellen ;—Nelly they used to call me at the cottage."

" Ellen, eh," repeated her majesty with some degree of unintentional harshness, " and what sal be de name for your broder ?"

"What you please, ma'am," answered the girl, "but we always called him at home, Hammy."

"Hammy—Hammy?" said the king, "what can that mean—what, what, eh? Hampstead or Hammersmith? droll name, Charlotte, to baptise a child—very droll."

"Have you discover no other name?" inquired the queen as she extended her hand to the girl.

"No Charlotte,—no no,—none none," replied the monarch; "Hammy—Hammy," (the boy looked up and smiled,) "strange name,—comical name."

"I presume, your Majesty, that it is an abbreviation of Hamilton," said a fine handsome young man who stood at the sovereign's elbow, "and as your Majesty would probably like to give him a sur-name, I would venture to suggest that of King—Hamilton King," and a knowing look at one of the attendants plainly manifested the intended joke of the speaker.

" Good—good !—very good !" said the easily pleased monarch, " let it be King,—Hamilton King ;—I can make it so, I suppose ? Yes, yes, yes, it shall be King,—quick wit of George's, Charlotte, very quick."

" But what sal your Majesty propose to be done mid 'em ?" inquired the queen, in an undertone ; " we cannot afford de moosh expence ; had it not been the best ting to send 'em to de workhouse."

" Fie, fie, Charlotte !" returned the king in the same low voice, and laying his hand gently on her arm ; " What, what,—what would my people say ?—No no, Charlotte, they are a sort of God-send — mustn't, — no no, mustn't let them go to the workhouse." He then added in a whisper, " Can do it cheap, Charlotte,—can do it cheap,—public institutions,—capital schools ;" then raising his voice, " Yes yes, must take care of them—poor things !"

His royal consort seemed more appeased by this explanation, and in a few minutes after-

wards the children were removed and placed under the superintendence of a female whose husband, a sergeant in the regulars, was at that period abroad with his regiment on foreign service. The circumstance of their being protegées of the king and queen, induced great numbers of the nobility and others to visit them. The person they were with finding it extremely profitable to show them off to the best advantage, certainly did her duty and was kind and motherly; she had only one child of her own, a boy about the age of Ellen, and the constant contact with persons of education and rank had a very powerful influence on the manners and conduct of the youngsters. Mrs. Jones took a neat little residence about a mile from the town; it was a pleasant five minutes' carriage jaunt, and during the season she found by her exchequer that the speculation told well.

The healthiness of the situation, combined with the sea air, rendered the children hardy, and his Majesty, whilst on the coast, took fre-

quent opportunities of stealing away from the courtiers to pass a pleasant hour of retirement within the humble residence of the serjeant's wife. Nor was Mrs. Jones a little proud of the honour. She was a buxom, fresh-coloured woman, tall and stout, and her behaviour was just of that cast of character that was respectful without being obsequious: she was neither over-intrusive, nor under-diffident, and the king found himself perfectly at ease in a quiet sort of home, in which it was a positive stipulation that he should only be known as "the gentleman."

Twelve months rolled away; the children grew in strength, and did ample credit to the care and attention of their foster parent, who became much attached to her young charge. The royal family again visited Weymouth, and his Majesty expressed himself greatly pleased at their healthy appearance. Once more Mrs. Jones profited by the attendance of the rich and powerful (for all courtiers must smile on those

whom monarchs deign to favour;) but somehow or other the queen rather discountenanced the thing, and whispers, nods, and shrugs (oh! how many characters have been assassinated by a nod, a shrug, or a wink of the eye,) hinted that the royal lady was jealous of the buxom Mrs. Jones, whilst insinuations equally groundless were thrown out that his Majesty gave his consort cause for the torturing feeling. Thus far went scandal; but the fact was the queen never in her life cherished so detestable a guest as jealousy; her's was not the nature for so strong a passion, and the only reason for her disapproval arose from fear of expense, although Mrs. Jones had received but little from royal bounty, (except occasionally a present privately from the king,) the nobility who frequently honoured her residence with their presence, generally leaving ample donations for the pretty children and their bonny nurse. As for the sovereign himself, his fidelity to his royal spouse is too well known to call for any refutation of

the reports that were in circulation relative to his intimacy with the serjeant's wife.

Autumn came in due season, and, towards its exit the royal family returned to Richmond. At the close of one of those lovely afternoons that are peculiar to this time of year, the children, accompanied by Ned Jones and a girl who attended them, had strolled to the beach, and, in happy forgetfulness, whilst racing with the mimic waves, the evening spread her darkening shadows upon the face of the waters; but everything looked so beautiful and serene, tinged with the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, that danger was unthought of. There was a light breeze from the south-east; the vessels in the offing were gliding smoothly along, their white sails scarcely slumbering in repose, whilst the rattling of windlass pawls, and the "heave-oich-yo" of the seamen gave indications that such as were lying at anchor were heaving in their cables to get under way.

At this time an approaching boat attracted

the attention of the juvenile party on the beach; it was propelled by four stout men, whilst a fifth, who seemed rather superior to the others, steered; in a few minutes its nose was on the shore, the men jumped out, and hauled her up higher from the water. They were a reckless-looking set, dressed in thick flushing jackets, much longer than those usually worn by seamen, with trowsers of the same material.

"Are you correct as to the place?" inquired the man who appeared to be the superior.

"Is it meself as 'ud be desaved, then?" responded one of the crew in strong Irish accentuation. "Fait, and it's the raal place, anyhow, be token as I know every inch o' the ground!"

"Whereabouts is the house we are to go to?" asked the first; "this, I think, will be a very good time to effect our purpose."

"Divel the better!" assented the other. "As for the house, it's no great way off, barring the distance. D'yer see yon glim there, right away among the green trees."

"I do," returned the first, looking in the direction which the other pointed out with his extended hand.

"You do; very good! but dat's not it," uttered the Hibernian, with perfect self-command.

"D—n! do you mean to trifle with me, fellow!" exclaimed the superior with impatient warmth.

"Thrifle, eh? is it thrifling you mane?" returned the second; "small call there is for thrifling, anyhow!" He caught sight of the children as Ellen turned away with the servant, and, grasping the arm of the steersman, he added in a low voice, "The divel's offspring has the divel's luck! that's them, and not a living sowl within hail."

"Come, Hammy," said Ellen as she walked on, "let us go home; it's getting dark. Come, Ned! Oh, Fanny, I do not like those men. I am afraid," and she ran forward away from her companions.

"After the young 'un in chase, Teddy!" ex-

claimed the superior as he seized both boys, and the person addressed immediately pursued the child, who, with the servant was loudly shrieking for help, and making off as fast as possible. Figures were seen moving in the distance, and Teddy, fearful of being taken, put about, and returned with all speed to the boat, to which the two boys had already been conveyed, and in an instant she was launched afloat, and dancing upon the waters.

"Out oars, and give way, my lads!" commanded the steersman, who resumed the tiller. "Stretch out with a strong and steady stroke; we shall soon be beyond their sight, and may defy them. But, how came you to lose the girl, Teddy?"

"Bekase I was afraid o' losing meself," replied Teddy; "but, what's the odds? you've got a pair of 'em; and two childer's two childer all the world over."

"But these are two boys, and I wanted the boy and girl," uttered the other; "nor do

I know which of the two is the one most wanted."

"Are you clane sure they're both boys?" inquired Teddy; "I must have sthronger evidence than mere matther of fact for the thruth on it."

"They are indeed both boys, Teddy," asserted the steersman; "You may take my word for it. However there is no help for it now: we must be content with the young cocks, and make out the best tale we can for the hen."

"Och, can't yer jeest say there *is* a boy and a girl?" argued Teddy persuasively.

"But that would very soon be detected," said the steersman; "our employer knows a boy from a girl, I should think!"

"Dethected is it? and what of that?" reasoned the other; "you take him a boy and a girl; he finds out that the girl's a boy; but, that's his business, and not your's, for, how can you help the girl being a boy, seeing as it's none o' your consarn anyhow."

"No—no; we must relate every particular, Teddy," said the steersman, "and leave others to decide upon the course they will pursue. These fellows, I suppose, don't understand what we're saying."

"Divel a ha'porth!" returned Teddy; "there's not a sowl among 'em that ever harde more than their mother tongue in their lives, barring a bit of a do at a pathern or a wayke."

The children in the boat had at first whimpered and cried; but, being assured they were only going a little way for a ride, and would very soon be landed again, they became pacified, and enjoyed what was to them a pleasant treat. The men bent sturdily to their oars; the buoyant boat flew through the clear, smooth element, tracking her way with brilliancy, that showed itself more and more bright as the sombre shades continued to fall with increasing darkness.

"There's the signal, Teddy," said the steersman, as he slightly altered his course; "two

lights at equal heights; they're gone again, but I can see the vessel. Tell the men to pull."

In an uncouth dialect the Hibernian addressed his comrades, who replied in a language equally barbarous, and renewed their exertions, so as in the course of a few minutes to get near enough to a beautiful cutter to answer the hail. They then swept up alongside, and found her lying with the tack of her mainsail triced up, her gaff-topsail lowered, and her fore-sheet to windward, but still not lying dead-to, as steerage-way was kept upon her.

"Well, Peterson, have you succeeded?" inquired a voice from the gangway. "You have not been gone two hours, and I fear by the dispatch you have made, your scheme has failed." One of the children spoke. "Ha, ha! all's right, is it? I hear the prattlers; bring them carefully on deck. Faith, Teddy, but you're the very broth of a boy!"

"An' that's what meself thinks, barring mistakes," replied the other as he gently raised

young Hamilton in his arms, and lifted him up the cutter's side, the person who had steered the boat performing the same office for Ned Jones. The boys were taken down into the cabin; every occurrence narrated; sweetmeats were produced; fatigue and sea-air soon operated on their senses, and in a short time they were both sound asleep in a snug little bed-place in the captain's state-room. In the interval sail was made upon the cutter; the breeze freshened, and the lively craft, yielding to its power, dashed along through ripple and spray at the rate of eight knots an hour.

CHAPTER II.

"Then from beneath those gem-like springs,
With music, whose magic utterings
May ne'er by mortal lips be told,
Leapt water-sylphids, to unfold
Their glittering gossamer wings."

When Ellen reached the habitation of Mrs. Jones, she was too hurried and exhausted to speak; nor was Fanny, the servant, much better, so that all that could be made out from their incoherent expressions was, that a man had run after them.

"Is that all?" said the serjeant's wife; "a pretty thing to make so much fuss about; pray where is Ned and Hammy?"

"We left them on the beach, ma'am," said Fanny; "we left them both together."

"And is that the care you take of children?"

exclaimed Mrs. Jones; "you abominable hussey, to run away and leave two helpless innocents alone upon the beach."

"They were at the boat, ma'am," uttered the servant, crying. "Miss Ellen screamed and ran away, and the man ran after her, and—"

"You ran too, I suppose," chimed in Mrs. Jones; "but come, away with you, and look for the children—away, I say," and she drove the girl out.

Some time elapsed, and they did not return: Mrs. Jones, therefore, equipped herself and sallied forth; but she knew not what direction to take. An hour passed, and neither the servant nor the boys making their appearance, the agony of the poor woman became extreme. She summoned some of the nearest neighbours, and, with Ellen as a guide, they set out for the place where she had left her brother and Ned; but nothing was to be seen but the ocean fading from sight in the distant haze, and nothing heard but the wash of the waters upon the shingly shore. Then

did all the mother burst forth from the heart of the serjeant's wife, for she felt bereaved of her child—her only child, and loud and bitter wailings were borne upon the breeze. She was conveyed home in a state bordering on madness, to find that no tidings had been heard of the lost ones.

All night did the search continue; but, as the reader must be aware, it was unavailing, and a general opinion prevailed that the little fellows were drowned, for none supposed that a few seamen in a boat would have carried such infants away; indeed, such a notion was considered too preposterous to be entertained, and anxious looks, as well as anxious enquiries, were daily made, under the expectation that their little bodies would be washed up upon the beach.

Months rolled away, and still there were no tidings. Communications had been forwarded to his Majesty, and orders were promptly issued to investigate the business. Large rewards were offered for information, but no light whatever was thrown upon the subject, and the wretched

mother was brought to the very brink of the grave, whilst poor Ellen pined for her brother and playmate till she shrunk away almost to a skeleton.

Such was the posture of affairs at the return of summer; but the monarch did not this year come upon the coast, and though many of the nobility made short visits, yet few entered the abode of the disconsolate Mrs. Jones. Amongst those few, however, was Lady Alicia Gordon, a widow in the prime of life, who had lived in comparative seclusion since the demise of her husband some ten years previously, that she might devote the whole of her attention to an only daughter, who promised fair to be the ornament and delight of her declining years.

Suitors Lady Alicia had had many, for she was still handsome, and her manners were well known to be peculiarly affectionate and engaging. Dazzling offers were made, but maternal solicitude prevailed over all, and her days were given to her child. The family mansion was a noble

one, in the most delightful part of the county of Kent; and though she never closed her doors to visitors, yet no inducement could urge her to join in the busy doings of the gay world. Splendour and magnificence were not encouraged as essentials to her title and wealth; but hospitality was exercised as an indispensable requisite to an old English baronial hall.

Lady Alicia was a native of Ireland, full of warm feelings and benevolence, alive to suffering in others, for she had keenly experienced it herself, and at all times ready to pour the balm of consolation on the wounded mind, or to bind up the broken spirit that shrunk from contact with society. During the life-time of her husband she had experienced but a small share of happiness; for, though he was a man of splendid attainments, yet early habits and early associates had taken too deep root in his heart to be eradicated. It is true that, when first married, his propensities slumbered in the tranquil composure of new and innocent enjoyments; but they awoke

with fresh vigour, and were renewed with more ardour as the novelty of wedded life wore off.

And yet in early youth Lady Alicia had not only tasted, but had absolutely banqueted on innocent pleasures. She was the tenderly and ardently beloved of an anxious and affectionate mother; the idolized of a fond father; every rational wish of her heart was gratified almost as soon as it had birth, and she was surrounded by those who made it their own happiness to render it to her.

Sir Phelim O'Toole was a rough but frank-hearted baronet of the old Irish school, priding himself upon his descent from the ancient kings of Ireland, and keeping up a sort of feudal state amongst his tenants and dependants, and the numerous class of self-attached retainers who stuck to their master with all the tenacity of a burr to a Scotchman's plaid. His estate was large, his tenantry numerous—but his returns were very trifling; for, somehow or other, the pleasant notion had been established of a sort of

community of property, and that, too, in a manner the most characteristic of the general practices of the country, *viz.* that the tenants and hangers-on should contribute nothing—their landlord every thing; and this, in many instances, was acted upon to the very letter.

Surrounded by whole troops of domestics, who seemed to have no other earthly occupation than that of attending on "the young mistress," Alicia might have become a wild girl of the mountains, in the neighbourhood in which she lived, had not her mother been a woman of education, whose understanding was cultivated and fertile, and whose judgment was regulated by prudence and taste. She beheld with a parent's delight the unfolding loveliness of her daughter; and whilst she encouraged those hardy exercises which gave health and strength to the body, she also imparted suitable instruction to afford right principles and firmness to the mind. Nor was she deficient in those accomplishments which, though only of an

ornamental nature, add grace and beauty to the possessor.

Sir Phelim was ardently attached to the pleasures of the chase. He was a bold and fearless rider, was never found at the tail of a hunt, nor known to shrink from his bottle in the after-dinner indulgences of the table. Political squabbles were his aversion, and he looked upon the profession, as well the professors, of the law as necessary evils, to be endured rather than tolerated. The sight of a lawyer operated upon his mind in much the same way as the sight of a shark stirs up the abhorrence of the seaman; he longed to hook him, and cut off his tail. Still he was not—he could not be insensible to the agitations and tumults which distracted the country of his birth; and whilst he deeply regretted the outrages and excesses into which his countrymen plunged, he found it impossible to exclude the conviction that they had been goaded into acts of desperation by

oppression or wanton cruelty. He saw men appointed to govern and command, who neither knew nor cared to gain a knowledge of the general disposition and temper of Irishmen; and even the hand of conciliation held a whip or a sword by way of intimidation.

These things were not concealed from Lady O'Toole or her daughter. Practical proofs were almost daily presented either to their sight or to their hearing; and in several instances, where ruin had threatened to overwhelm some unfortunate family, the head of which had been denounced as a suspicious character, inimical to the government, the ladies interceded with Sir Phelim—not to protect, for that was impossible to the extent of open protection—but to conceal them from the parties who were sent to apprehend them. This, together with their constant kindness in the hour of adversity or peril, as well as a readiness to promote all the national pastimes, rendered "the ladthy and the young misthress"

objects of worship to the fishermen and peasantry, and praises and blessings were showered upon their heads wherever they appeared.

Castle Toole was situated near a wild part of the coast, at no great distance from Bantry Bay, in the county of Cork. The inhabitants of the district were, generally speaking, of the lower orders, amongst whom great wretchedness at times prevailed ; and they were not unfrequently driven by famine to a state of destitution and misery of which no adequate description can be given, nor can the heart that never witnessed such a spectacle possibly conceive the extreme of suffering to which their fellow-creatures are often reduced.

It has been said that much of this may be attributed to the utter dislike which the Irish cherish for any kind of compulsory labour ; for, though they will voluntarily undergo almost any fatigue if it suits with their humour or purpose, yet they hold in abhorrence every thing like work which their own immediate wants or abso-

lute necessity would force upon them. Now, although there may be, and no doubt is, a great deal of truth in this view of the subject, yet it must be admitted that there are many, very many exceptions; and persons who have never visited Ireland may form some estimate of the value of the argument from having witnessed the conduct of the Irish reapers who visit England during harvest-time. The patience and industry with which they toil, the little food they require (and that, too, of the humblest description), and their indifference as to lodgings, have always been a source of surprise, not unfrequently of commiseration, and sometimes of abuse and contumely, amongst English labourers; and if further evidence was wanting of their not shrinking from excessive toil, it may be obtained on inspecting the most heavy and laborious occupations in which strength and perseverance are required; for there will Irishmen be found. The paviour, the bricklayer's labourer, the stonemason, and many other callings which

need great muscular power, belong almost exclusively to the Irish.

Still it must be confessed that Pat does not love work for its own sake; and really there are very few of the descendants of Adam, whether white, black, brown, or copper-colour, that do. However, those in the neighbourhood of Castle Toole thoroughly hated it; and Sir Phelim having a handsome fortune, independent of his land, they seemed to think themselves privileged to enjoy all they could get; nor would the baronet allow of any such thing as racking or driving of tenants if of tolerably good character, though the rent remained in long arrears, and the lettings were capable of considerable improvement. It is true his cattle and sheep were in constant security, except now and then a stray lamb disappeared by accident, without any clue to the course of its wandering; and his game was well preserved, though the wild residents of the mountains had their huts plentifully supplied with fat hares and plump partridges.

And who were the residents of the mountains?—a race of hardy desperadoes, suspended between heaven and earth, as a type of what they might expect if caught in the clutches of those who were designated the instruments of the law, but were too often principals in long-meditated vengeance. The mountaineers were the half-men, half-demons, who carried on that bane and curse to Ireland's prosperity—the illicit distilleries. They were the manufacturers of what the Indians have very aptly styled by the name of "fire-water"—the makers of ardent spirits that never wetted the guager's stick.

At a few miles distant from Castle Toole stood a fine old venerable building, sacred to antiquity and the family of the O'Connors, who had made it their home, generation after generation, till it descended to Mr. Terence O'Connor—a young man about one-and-twenty years of age, of handsome person and pleasing address. He, too, was fond of the chase, and a frequent

guest at Castle Toole; but, unlike Sir Phelim, he was a rigid master, a stern exactor of every due; and though no acts of unlawful oppression could be laid to his charge, yet his adherence to legalized claims encouraged a whole host of harpies, who not only increased the distresses of the tenants, but also preyed upon the landlord. He was a sworn enemy to "potheen," and readily assisted the soldiery in hunting out the mountain stills. To factions and combinations he was equally hostile; and the opposer of unjust extortion, as well as the resister to the demands of the law, were ranked as rebels, and treated accordingly. Yet, notwithstanding all these characteristics, which rendered him unpopular amongst the lower orders, there was a noble-minded and fearless generosity about him that excited universal admiration.

Alicia was in her fifteenth year when O'Connor, struck by her beauty, and fascinated by her manners, made a proposal to Sir Phelim for the hand of his daughter. He pointed out in forci-

ble and expressive language the advantages of the match, as uniting the two estates. He spoke energetically of the power and influence to be attained by a junction between the O'Connors and the O'Tooles; in short, he introduced every topic but one, and that one happened to be the nearest and dearest to Sir Phelim's heart — the happiness of his child.

But the baronet, distressed at the idea of giving pain by a direct refusal of the suit, listened with patience to all the young man had to urge, and then, without raising or depressing his expectations, he merely replied that such an affair required deliberation. He would consult with his lady, and send early information of the result. With this O'Connor was satisfied, and shortly after left the castle, indulging a conviction that Alicia would become his wife, for "who could resist so admirable a proposal as he had made."

A short time, however, served to convince O'Connor that he had calculated in error; a

communication was forwarded, acknowledging the advantages of such an alliance, but pleading the extreme youth of Miss Alicia as being incompatible with the performance of those onerous duties which a change of life would necessarily impose upon her. Sir Phelim, in the kindness of his nature, had worded his letter so as not to wound the young man's self-love, but, nevertheless, O'Connor considered the rejection an insult, for which, though he could not openly demand satisfaction, he yet determined to resent, and therefore he discontinued his visits to the castle, and became more rigorous in what he conceived to be his duties.

Some few months afterwards Terence O'Connor was united to a young and beautiful girl of the plebeian order, possessed of no accomplishments but those which Nature had lavishly bestowed, but blessed with a tender and affectionate heart, that amply compensated for want of polished education; in fact, she was almost a perfect contrast to her husband, for, whilst he

was proud, imperious, and ungovernable in his rage, she was humility, gentleness, and a personification of meekness itself. O'Connor persisted in his rigorous severity to his tenants and domestics, whilst the lawyers were constantly complaining that his lady defeated all their purposes, and prevented them from carrying forward process to execution. O'Connor would frown, and sometimes storm: but he passionately loved his wife, and her sweet smile very soon made him forget the sour aspects of the legal gentlemen. Her "O'Connor, dear! and sure you're not angry with your Kathleen?" drove from his mind the harsh croakings of the lawyers.

And a fortunate circumstance for the O'Connor was it that he yielded more to his ardent attachment for his wife than to the pleadings and remonstrances of legal cormorants. Rebellion had grown strong in Ireland, and, though not so openly avowed in the district of O'Connor Hall as it was in other parts of the island, yet

the Levellers were so rapid in their movements when revenge was their object, that they traversed the kingdom with incredible speed, and blazing piles and devastated homes marked their infuriated presence before a suspicion was excited that they were near at hand. O'Connor had been singled out as a victim, but the fact came to the knowledge of his wife, and at much risk she prevailed upon the leaders to exercise forbearance.

It was a trying period. An expedition was already prepared in France for the invasion of Ireland, and the dreaded Thurot, with his cruisers, had make his appearance on the coast. The lower orders, suspecting that the English government was about to pass an act of Union, and deprive them of their parliament, were ripe for revolt. The Catholic priests, jealous at the increasing influence and power of the Protestant clergy, stirred up the angry feelings of their flocks, and prompted them to resistance. O'Connor had been denounced as an enemy to his

country, and the denunciation was the prelude to a speedy act of aggression. Mrs. O'Connor was sitting nursing her boy—her first-born—at the same time bidding fair shortly to become a second time a mother, and, crouched on the hearth before her, was the nurse who had tended her in her infancy, and was now performing the same office for her child.

"What ails you, Biddy; and you always cheerful, now to be croaking, and groaning, and swaying about like the branch of an old tree in a storm," said the lady.

"And small 'ud be the gale to rend away the branch," uttered the woman, mournfully "but, oh, ma vourneen! the storm may be a-brewing over the ould roof-tree; and the beautiful flowers, and the young leaves may perish with the aged bough!"

Mrs. O'Connor was too well acquainted with the nature and disposition of her countrywoman not to know that there was a meaning in the language of her nurse far beyond what the mere words conveyed; nor was she ignorant that per-

sons in her condition were bound by terrible oaths not to reveal what might casually come to their knowledge, which even the affection which Biddy had for the young mistress could not overcome, though the lady did not doubt but by a little management to ascertain wherein the danger existed. "And where would be the storm, Biddy," said she, "on such a heavenly shining day as this, with the boy crowing and laughing with delight?" and she held up her infant to the nurse's view.

"An' what is the day, ma cushla? and what is the shining sun?" uttered the woman mournfully, but energetically. "The brightest day may have the blackest night; the gowlden sun of noon may set as red as blood! och hone! och hone!"

"There is danger at hand, Biddy, and I know it," said Mrs. O'Connor, firmly. "You may tell me, or not, woman, if 'tis your pleasure. You may see the rapparees burning and plundthering, ay, murthering, and be silent, if

its a vow. But, what can wash away the guilt of concealing all this beforehand, and—"

"Them as sees danger will thry to keep out of harem's way!" exclaimed the nurse. "Didn't these ould hands carry yer when your limbs had no help of their own? Didn't I sprinkle you daily with the wather of the blessed well? Oh, it's there I'd wish you to be this very night of all others, and maybe its cooling dthrops can quench fire."

"I will go, Biddy; I will do your bidding," uttered Mrs. O'Connor, vaguely, but not inaptly, catching up her meaning. "But, dare I to be there alone?"

"And where would I be but with my child?" said the woman, more pacified. "May the blessed saints defend ma Kathleen deelish, for it's herself will need it afore the morn."

Thus apprised, and only thus apprised, Mrs. O'Connor hastened to Castle Toole, where she made known her errand, and, in sympathy for her distress, as well as trusting to the known

gallantry of the Irish character, Lady O'Toole determined upon accompanying Kathleen to the holy well; Sir Phelim, however, promising to be in the neighbourhood that he might afford assistance, if it was required. What the danger was that threatened remained a mystery, for Bridget kept a sullen silence on the subject, nor could any inducement, persuasion, or threat, get her to be more communicative.

Mr. O'Connor was absent from the hall on magisterial duty, and suspicions were excited that he had been enticed away for some sinister purpose; still everything was so tranquil in the neighbourhood, and so little had the spirit of disaffection been observed in the district, that but for the undoubted intelligence of the person from whom the warning had been received, the whole might have been deemed the visionary wandering of a disordered mind, or the work of some designing speculator in human misery.

Evening began to throw its long dusky shadows over the face of nature when the ladies

arrived at the entrance of the small cavern, whose rocky roof was arched over the holy well. It was a wild romantic spot, surrounded with masses of rock, between the interstices of which a shrubbery of firs and larch had arisen, and their dark forms appeared in the twilight gloom like mourners of another day amidst grave-stones of former ages. All was as silent as the tomb, and a deep tinge of superstition coloured the thoughts and feelings of the females. They turned to look for Bridget but she was gone, and an idea of treachery crossed their minds; her absence, however, did not continue long, and though she declined satisfying inquiries as to the cause, the ladies were relieved from the pain of supposing her inimical to their welfare. "Come in here," said she, leading the way into the cavern, "and may the blessed speerit that hovers over the wathers put the cross betwixt you and harem," and stooping down she wetted the tips of her fingers and sprinkled it on her companions.

"Where all this is to terminate," said Lady O'Toole, "I really do not know, nor can I even conjecture. Are our foes to be spiritual or temporal, Bridget?"

"An your ladyship 'll find that out," returned the nurse somewhat piqued at the question. "Sure this is no place to make a mockery in, and the wathers thrubbled by them as no eyes can see."

The ladies looked upon the clear cold element and beheld a sudden commotion on its surface, something resembling that which would have been caused by the rapid turning of a large fish, but it soon swelled away and became perfectly calm again. Still the hour, the gloom, the occasion, united with certain predelictions in favour of superstition, with which human nature is more or less allied, operated powerfully upon the females, especially Kathleen, who had been brought up in the very heart of local prejudices and ancient legends.

The cavern they were in was about ten or

twelve feet square,—the well, (which was a sort of natural basin, somewhat resembling a bath and often used for that purpose,) occupied the middle; it was in the form of a right-angled parallelogram, and there were steps to descend into it, down which when the water was tranquil a visitor would not hesitate to go, for so extremely clear was the pure element that it could not be seen till the foot or some other cause disturbed it. At the far extremity of the cavern was a rustic altar with benches on each side, cut from the solid rock, and upon this altar those who used the waters were accustomed to leave their offerings. A low door-way in the near corner to the left led into a small apartment where the priest at his visitation (for this was a station,) retired to robe himself and shrive the penitents. Moss and lichen grew in rich profusion on the rugged walls, and when the wind was high a hollow moaning sound was heard, like the low wailings of melancholy and despair. Of course the peasantry ascribed it to super-

natural causes, and few could be found hardy enough to shelter here during a storm. A ring of iron fixed firmly on the wall over one of the benches was a peculiar object of attention and devotion, and at the visitation was polished bright and decorated with flowers.

"And what is there in particular about this place, Bridget?" inquired Lady O'Toole, affecting a composure she certainly did not enjoy. "Have we been brought here to meet fays and banshees?—Is it the resort of good folk, or of some peculiar spirit that presides over the hallowed spring?"

"An its thrue for you, my lady," replied Bridget with solemnity, "in regard o' that same, though its not good to talk of the speerit an it forenent you, ounly not to be seen by morthal sight! Oh mavourneen," added she, addressing Mrs. O'Connor and rocking herself to and fro, "and may be it 's your friend she 'll be and sthop the 'ruction— Och, hone, what have I said now, and in the prisence too?"

"It is the spirit of a female then," said Lady O'Toole, smiling. "My dear Mrs. O'Connor, though I do not give much credence to such supernatural visitations to this troubled earth, yet I respect the opinions and even weaknesses of others too much to turn them into ridicule, especially as I think they may have a beneficial influence to restrain the mind from planning and executing evil, particularly amongst the uninformed of our poorer neighbours. But the idea of a beatified spirit quitting the mansions of blessedness to hover over this chilling fluid is absurd, even supposing permission could be obtained for such a purpose."

"Oh, my lady, you must not doubt,—indeed you must not," returned the beautiful being by her side, somewhat horrified at the bold language she had heard in such a sacred place. "Was there not the pool of Bethesda, and don't the virtues of this well hale the sick,—even the priests' vestments are not more holy."

"That the icy frigidness of the waters are

excellent in some diseases I will admit," said Lady O'Toole; "but that is a mere common occurrence of nature, and requires no spiritual auxiliary beyond the blessing of Providence."

"And will you deny the existence of invisible friends?" eagerly inquired Kathleen; "they are always surrounding us, the very air we breathe is peopled with spirits."

"And that I suppose accounts for the frequent inebriation of our countrymen," responded Lady O'Toole, laughing at her own conceit; "they are drawn in with the breath, and muddle the poor fellows' heads."

"You may say your say, my lady," uttered Bridget with stern emphasis; "but there's small wit and less judgment in offending them whose help you may nade this very night,—it's little one gets by turning friends into foes."

"I should deeply regret if any thoughtlessness of mine should have such an effect, Bridget;" returned Lady O'Toole in a conciliatory tone; "but come nurse, cannot you tell us some-

thing of the legend of this holy well and its patron saint? How long we shall have to remain here I do not know, but as you are probably acquainted with the whole of the story it would serve to while away the time."

"It's not long your ladyship will have to wait," replied the woman, as she extended her arm and pointed towards the entrance of the cave; "the shine of the red hand is now in the heavens,—why?"

"It is only the gorgeous gleams of the setting sun," said Lady O'Toole, as she gazed on the flush of crimson on the western horizon.

"An it has set on them who 'll never see its rising," groaned the nurse; "they 're lighting their brands, and roofs will blaze, and walls be laid waste, and the blood of those who made the fire on the hearth-stone will quench the embers of their desolated home."

The redness grew more fierce, and the ladies became aware that it could only proceed from the reflection of an extensive conflagration.

"It *is* a fire!" said Lady O'Toole; "how Bridget, are the marauders abroad and we away from our families? Mrs. O'Connor, dear, let us return."

She essayed to quit the cavern, but the tall gaunt figure of the nurse blocked up the narrow passage between the rocky wall and the water. "You pass not this way, my lady!—An what have *you* to fear?—Sure the O'Tooles are well knownst to them all,—Sir Phelim a born gintleman as discourages the *rookawn* they've brought upon the counthry by their false commother. What sthranger ever stood upon the castle bridge and was sent away with ounly the wather of the ditch for his draught? What victim ever entered the castle walls and was sent to the donjon-keep with the could stone floor for his bed, and bread and tears for his mate and dthrink? Hundred mille-fas has been the word at Castle Toole,—why? There's no *darslurkers* of the law to prey upon the *pinkeens* of poor sowls whom Heaven save from

harem ; the bite and the sup, and that too of the best, was never refused by yer, and you a born lady of the Milesian breed, what have you to fear ?"

"But there is fire somewhere, Bridget," exclaimed Lady O'Toole, still striving to pass her ; "and under such circumstances our post is at our own threshold."

"And lave my darlin' o' the world to face them as she will not care to meet," murmured Bridget, resisting the attempts of her ladyship to escape. "It's here, my lady, that you and yourn are safest : no one will injure the hair o' an O'Toole's head—why ? It's them as has the love and dacent respect of the people."

Mrs. O'Connor, placing implicit reliance on the guidance and directions of her nurse, remained a passive spectator, though the words of Bridget, "face them as she will not care to meet," sent an unusual thrill through her heart, and flushed her cheeks with crimson. That something extraordinary was about to take place

she was now fully sensible; and a vague suspicion of the real truth crossed her mind. A deep sigh escaped her, which was either echoed in the cavern, or responded to by some one near at hand. All three heard it, but as there was nothing to be seen, Bridget attributed it to the sympathy of the patroness of the well, and augured favourably to her darling's cause.

"The sound came from yon recess," said her ladyship, as she again placed herself by the side of Mrs. O'Connor.

"It was no morthal tongue that uttered it then," said Bridget. "The blessed lady sees our sthrait, and it's herself as 'ull show us pity."

"But what is it that we have to dread, Bridget?" again inquired Lady O'Toole. "If it is mere personal security that is sought to be obtained, I trust Mrs. O'Connor is superior to apprehensions of harm to herself whilst those whom she loves are in danger."

A sigh deeper than the former was heard, evidently issuing from some one in the inner

apartment, whilst at the same moment there came upon the breeze the sound from the tread of heavy footsteps, and the rustling noise of many persons moving in one mass.

"'Tis a warning she's giving us," uttered Bridget in a whisper; "whether for weal or woe myself doesn't know. But they are coming—they are coming; and now, my darlin', the blessed saints be between you and harem."

There was still a glimmering of dubious light in the cavern, whilst outside every object was perceptible, though dimly seen. In a few minutes a body of armed men, their faces blackened, and their cottamores bound round them, filled up the space at the entrance to the holy well, but none ventured to advance beneath the roof. The white dresses of the ladies seemed to startle them, and not a few fell upon their knees in terror. Lady O'Toole wished to take advantage of this by presenting herself to their notice; but the giant strength of the nurse prevented her design, by holding her ladyship in a

grip that was irresistible. The men had the appearance of a wild, lawless set; some were armed with muskets, others with pistols or old swords, whilst the larger portion carried bludgeons, pitchforks, and one or two with scythe-blades. Foremost amongst them was a tall athletic, herculean figure, who seemed to hold the rest in something like control.

"An' what is it you'd be afther doing, then, Mike Hagan?" uttered Bridget in a deep sepulchral voice, as she addressed the leader. "What is it makes you here with them bloody hands, and that divel's face? Where's the father that begot you, and the mother who suffered the labour-pains when you was born?—Will not the iern frame on the gibbet, or the cowld sods of the aarth warn you to forbear?"

"No, niver!" replied the man with stern determination, as he stamped his foot proudly and heavily on the ground. "An' what should I take warning for, you limmer—why? It's vengeance what I sake, and it's vengeance that

I'll have;—and what for not? Who was it hung the owld man's body in the iern frame you spake of?—Who was it sint the mother to her cowld grave? Answer me that! It's meself as 'ud swape 'em from the face of the yarth as did it;" and he swung his heavy cutlass around him in corresponding action; "it's meself as 'ud never lave a beam of their homes till they were in black ashes, and scattered by the wild winds;—it's meself as 'ud sodden the turf with the blood of their childther, and sow salt upon the land where there should be green corn."

"Thrue for you, Mike Hagan," uttered Bridget, with a groan that seemed to burst from her very heart. "You have had the blast upon yer, and revenge is swate to the oppressed. But would you, Mike—would you smite the unoffending with your enemy?—would you desthroy the smiling babe in its innocence, or ould age in its dotage—Why?"

"An' who thought of Mike and them as owned him when the bloody hand was stretched

out agin his kith and kin?" exclaimed the man in a tone of reckless bitterness. "But, musha, it's bad luck there is in talking to women. Come, lads, let's on," and he prepared to depart.

"Your mother was a woman, Mike Hagan," quickly responded Bridget, who evidently wished to detain him for some time; "and a purty woman too, when Larry first led her afore the praste."

"An' what was she when the iern coulther was undher her bare feet, and it white with fierce heat, to make her tell where her husband was concealed? And what was she when they put the torture upon her to force out a confession of crimes he had never committed?"

"A woman, Mike—a true woman sthill!" answered Bridget, in a tone and manner that was calculated to win upon his rugged nature. "Yes, Mike, a lanna, she was sthill a woman; for she suffered all they could put upon her afore she would bethray the man who owned her."

"Arrah, let it alone, you limmer!" said the man, in a voice where present gratification struggled with lacerated remembrance of the past. "It's coaxing us you'd be, you desaver. Come, lads, come along, let's purshue our way; he's not here we're saking for."

"And where is it you'd be going to, Mike Hagan?" uttered the nurse; "and what is it you would sake in this lone place? Sure it won't be the blessing of our lady ye'd be axing for; an' it isn't for the good o' pace you'd purshue your way." The men appeared impatient, and Hagan beckoned them on. "Sthop, lads, sthop. Is it O'Connor Hall you'd be firing on this holy night? — is it the darlin' of your hearts, young Kathleen deelish, as you want under your tiger claws, and he not to the fore. Mike Hagan, forbear, I say. You know what a fierce woman will do for her child, and do not let me curse you. Sthop, men!" for they continued moving on; "sthop, I command—I enthreat—" she wrung her hands in agony. "Oh!

sainted speerit of this holy place, stay their murtherous hands !"

The prayer had scarcely been uttered, the van of the party had disappeared, and the rear was just lingering on the space in front, when a young man of slight make, and habited in respectable attire, presented himself in the door-way of the cavern, and in a loud voice shouted, "Halt !" Whether he had sprung from the small apartment, or had suddenly placed himself there from without, was problematical to the ladies; but there he was, and the command he had issued was instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER III.

"You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own.
You know me unaltered by years or by distance,
Devoted to love, and to friendship alone.

"You knew—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures,
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours."

BYRON.

WHATEVER effect might, or might not be produced amongst the group in the cavern, certain it is that Bridget hailed the presence of the young man with irrepressible delight and gratitude. "Our blessed lady be praised!" said she, devoutly crossing herself. "An' it's his own-self too! Oh, my darlin' avourneen! it's safe you'll be, and him to the fore! Spake to him, a-cushla! Smooth him down like a lamb, and do not rouse the lion of his natur."

Mrs. O'Connor, thus directed, pressed forward, and stood with her arms crossed upon her beating bosom, and her head low drooping, as if she feared to raise her eyes, before the young man, who, from the prompt obedience to his commands, was evidently the leader of the outlaws.

"And what is it you would have with me, Katherine Macgennis?" said he with harshness, as he drew himself proudly erect.

"Dermot," replied she, without looking up, and with faltering voice, "Dermot, your own heart told you what I want afore you asked the question."

"And what if it did?" replied the other, still retaining his position and manner: "am I to become your suitor, and bend, and crouch before you like a lashed dog, that I may ascertain your wishes?"

"No, Dermot—no! I do not ask or require such a thing," said the trembling lady imploringly. "But must you—will you bring down unutterable misery on the head of the

companion of your childhood? Can you make her home a desolation? herself a widow? her offspring fatherless? No, Dermot, it is not in your nature; you dare not do it."

Had Mrs. O'Connor omitted the closing part of her appeal, it might, in the earnest yet plaintive manner that it was uttered, have had some effect on the young man's mind. But the word "dare," to him whose career had latterly been lawless, seemed to imply a suspicion that he wanted courage to perform his wicked design. "Not dare!" said he in a tone of resolute defiance. "What is there that Dermot Delaney dare not do? and who are you that supplicate the man who 'dare' not execute his will?"

"Oh, Dermot, why will you mistake my meaning?" responded Mrs. O'Connor beseechingly; "sure I intended no reflection on your personal courage, or your extensive power. It's the remembrance of old times that I meant as would not let you do the evil deed."

"Old times is it you're speaking of?" res-

ponded Delaney in a tone of bitterness. "Now, by the vestments, if the very recollection of former days does not urge me on to more deadly hate! The fever-blisthered wretch, expiring with burning heat, has his agonies increased by the remembrances of cool sthreams and shady bowers, especially when no dthrop of water will ever again moisthen his parched and withering tongue. The visions of past enjoyments do but heighten the madness of the wretch who will never taste them more! Woman, you plead in vain!"

"An' what 'ud we be halting here for, captain?" asked Mike Hagan, who had come into the rear to communicate with his chief; but, seeing Mrs. O'Connor standing before him, he added, "Ah, bad luck to the petticoats! it's meself thinks the divel wears them to kiver his crooked bastely shanks."

"Pace, ye scorner!" said Bridget, with peculiar emphasis; "an' give place to your betthers. Dermot, you have been my pet, my darlin'; these ould arms have held yer both, one on one

shouther, and the other on the other,—Kathleen and you! Ye smiled and prattled face to face in infancy; ye grew up hand in hand, the pride and beauty of the valley; ye lived — ye loved —together, in the blossoming of youth; ye—"

"D—n, woman!" shouted the man in a tone of voice almost amounting to a scream, "would you probe the wound still deeper? would you press the searing-iron on the scorched and blisthered heart? Where is she now? and who was it that for the gain of filthy lucre looked cowldly on, and scorned the lad they had formerly encouraged? Who was it that took—hell, no! — not took, but rent her heart from mine? And, do you think I'll not have my revenge when it is securely within my grasp?"

"An' shure we will!" exclaimed Hagan; "an' why not?" He caught sight of Lady O'Toole, who stood farther back in the recess. "There's two of yer as I knows, but who's the third ye've got stowed away in the hole?"

When Hagan made his first appearance in

front of the cavern, Lady O' Toole was too much agitated to take any especial notice of him, though his voice seemed familiar to her ear; but Bridget's remarks, and Mike's rejoinders, had filled up the lapse of memory, and she now well remembered that on one trying occasion she had rendered him a most essential service. The recollection was sudden, and might well have seemed the result of inspiration. Without a moment's hesitation she stood forward, and, assuming the manner and even the idiom of those before her, she uttered, "And it's who am I, Mike Hagan? Is it you who would be asking who I am? Where was you, Mike Hagan, when the soldiers were loading their firelocks in the wood to take your life? And who was it that risked her own to save you from dying the death of a thraitor?"

"It's thrue for you, my lady, an' I know you now," replied the man, abashed, but not subdued. "For yourself and yourn my heart's blood is at your command; but, who was it that

hunted me into the wood with his bagles, and led the sodgers there? who was it that helped to bind me to the tree, and tould the red-back slaves to load? Shure 'twas the O'Connor; he who stowle away our captain's bride. The dioul be wid him, and fetch his sowl this night!"

"Have I the honour of being in the presence of Lady O'Toole?" said the leader as he respectfully uncovered his head. "May every blessing and every happiness be showered upon you!" his voice faltered almost to feminine softness. "May your days be many and prosperous; for it's you, my lady, and them belonging to you, as is friends to my unfortunate counthrymen. My curses rest upon their enemies!"

"Then to you will I address myself, young man," said her ladyship, resuming all her natural dignity. "I am well aware of your lawless purpose in being in this neighbourhood. Your person has now become familiar to me; your companion there I am well acquainted

with; and, though it is my pride to shield the defenceless, and protect the innocent, I will not on any consideration spare the wilfully guilty."

"Your threats are worse than useless," said Bridget, deprecatingly; "and the boys there forenent you—do you think, my lady, they are like the king's throopers, to be marched and wheeled-about like slaves? Oh! spake softly to Dermot, an it's himself 'ull listen to your requests."

"Well, then," said Lady O'Toole, changing her mode of address to one of supplication, "I will solemnly exhort and implore you to forbear your meditated injury."

"I cannot, my lady; it is now too late," returned Delaney; "the men are wild and impatient; they have, at my desire, thravelled more than sixty miles, almost without sustenance, to wreak this vengeance for me, and to teach the proud oppressor that the sthrong arm can reach him from afar."

"But they will act in obedience to your will.

Captain Delaney," argued her ladyship persuasively; " you have only to speak the word—"

" And lose their confidence for ever after!" interrupted Dermot in a tone of remonstrance; " they are now my safeguard—my protection; but what would they be should they find their chief, like a whipped schoolboy, abandoning his enterprise because a woman weeps? No, my lady, it cannot be done, and we must on!"

" Go then, sir; hasten to the consummation of your hellish rage," said Lady O'Toole with startling energy; " satisfy the wolfish cravings of your desperate band; and when your infernal purpose is accomplished, return to your home, with the gratification of knowing that the woman you once loved—"

" Once loved!" shrieked Delaney, as he struck his clenched hand with violence on his forehead—" once loved, did you say? It's here her image is!" and he smote heavily with his open palm upon his breast; " here—stamped,

and for ever—aye, burnt into my heart's very core! May hell's hottest ashes be heaped on him who blasted all my hopes of happiness! Once loved?—my sowl can never know another!"

"And yet you would perpetrate an act of—of vill——; that is, I mean revenge, upon a woman whom you love!" urged her ladyship; "you would involve a household in destruction, and the principal sufferers must be Mrs. O'Connor and her child!"

"Mille dioul!" exclaimed the chief fiercely, as if stung with sudden phrenzy, "why do you spake that hated name to me—to me, who loved her as Kathleen Macgennis?—Her child, too!"—and his wild laugh rung horribly through the cavern—"March, boys!—on!" and he essayed to depart.

At this moment Mrs. O'Connor dropped on her knees before him, and caught his arm.—"No, Dermot!" said she, "you must not, shall not, do this thing! Would you have my

curse for ever ringing in your ears—the curse of her you loved? I became a wife to save my parents from ruin; and, now I am a mother, would you make me desperate? You do not love me; it is false; you have never loved me!"

Delaney looked down upon the beauteous woman who was pleading at his feet, and better feelings stole over him as he gazed. "A wife! —a mother!" repeated he; "but who is there now to cheer *my* desolated home? No wife will ever greet me there—no child will bear my outlawed name to posterity."

"Have better hopes, my friend," said Lady O'Toole with soothing kindness; "you are yet young; the human mind is not so fixed as that despair should hold her seat for ever. Withdraw your armed force; return to your allegiance to your sovereign; become a useful and honourable member of society—"

"A wife—a mother, Kathleen, and you not mine!" said Dermot in a voice of melancholy musing, though sweetly harmonious; and her

ladyship became aware that her excellent advice had been unheard and unheeded, as the mind of the individual addressed was absorbed in other contemplations. "Kathleen!"—and his voice shook with emotion as he passed his hand over her pale cheek—"you said a wife—a mother!"

"Boderation! are we to march?" shouted Hagan. "How do you know but this is all a fetch, to save time and bring the peelers upon us?"

"Pace, you ne'er-do-well!" exclaimed Bridget; "if treachery had been meant, I need not have been here."

The chief, however, heard them not; his heart was bowed down by powerful and oppressive emotion; big, scalding tears came dropping from his eyes, and fell upon the face of her who knelt humbly before him; his limbs trembled—his pulses throbbed—and a few more persuasive words from the lips of Mrs. O'Connor, his purpose would have changed. But at this moment a loud shout resounded in the van of his

party; the report of musketry, and the whistling of bullets, as they pierced the bushes and rung against the rocks, was heard. Delaney sprang forward as if bitten by an adder; all his energies revived in an instant as he stood proudly erect. "We are bethrayed!" exclaimed he to Hagan. "Bring the men in amongst the rocks," he then shouted in the native tongue, and dashed onwards to the front.

Then arose yells, and shrieks, and groans, mingling in wild confusion with the shouts of combatants and rattling volleys of musketry; whilst the darkness was lightened up by bright flashes from the guns. The females shrank back within the cavern in terror and affright; nor were they sensible, till he spoke, that a new comer had joined companionship in the person of Sir Phelim O'Toole. A cry of delight escaped from her ladyship as she clung to her husband; but the feeling of pleasure was instantly subdued when she called to mind the great peril he was in.

"How has all this happened?" inquired the agitated lady; "we should have prevailed on the rebel chief to go back but for this outbreak; what is it, Sir Phelim, and what has caused it?"

"The rashness of O'Connor," replied Sir Phelim. "It was as we suspected: he had been enticed away, but soon became aware of the trick. It excited his suspicion, and he procured a body of police and soldiery to return with him to the hall. On their way the fire from the burning of several haggards attracted their attention, and Terence, thinking he was bound, in his magisterial capacity, to render assistance, was hastening towards the conflagration. I fell in with him a short distance hence, and gave him an intimation that he had better march to the defence of the hall. He resolutely refused, and I then felt bound to tell him the peril to which he and all of us would be exposed if he persisted. Nothing, however, could stop him; he would advance; it was a point of duty with

him. The parties met, and are now engaged in deadly strife."

"Oh! Dermot, Dermot! you will be avenged this night; and I—what will become of me?" groaned Mrs. O'Connor. "But my husband is in danger," continued she with more firmness, "and it's by his side I ought to be. My friends are brought into trouble through my unhappy fate; but here, my lady, you will be safe, and I must seek O'Connor."

"My dear creature," said the kind-hearted baronet, "any attempt to reach him would be worse than madness; the bullets are flying in all directions; a chance blow might cut you down; even the sight of you would but inflame the villains more, and urge them to greater desperation."

"Rest quiet, madam," said Bridget, who addressed her young mistress with deferential respect in the presence of a man of rank and title. "Shure, and Sir Phelim knows best what's properest to be done."

"But they will meet! Bridget; oh, Sir Phelim, they will come face to face, and murther will be done!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Connor. "If I was there I might prevent it."

The baronet was ignorant as to what the allusion was pointed at. He knew but little of Mrs. O'Connor's early history, but when Lady O'Toole explained the circumstance of the rebel chief having been formerly a lover of Kathleen, from whom she had been separated by her parents because the O'Connor match was one of greater advantage to themselves, as well as to their child, as far as station in society and wealth were concerned, Sir Phelim keenly felt the very awkward situation in which they were placed, and he determined not to quit the females, but to become their protector against all foes.

"Indeed—indeed I cannot remain, my lady?" mournfully uttered Mrs. O'Connor, as she attempted to depart, but was stopped by Sir Phelim and the nurse. "Oh, this is cruel

kindness!" added she, "and Dermot will have no compunctious visitings of pity."

"Dermot may himself be worsted," said the baronet, as he drew her back within the cavern. "But, hark, the fight is rolling backward on us; even here you are not safe. Quick! quick! in to the priest's room; no shot can reach you there. I will guard the entrance. In quick, I say!" and he almost rudely pushed them into the inner apartment, where they were involved in the very blackness of darkness; the two ladies firmly clinging to each other, and Bridget on her knees, uttering "och hones!"

The ground on which the parties met was broken and uneven, so that those who were on horseback were compelled to dismount, and as the passes were narrow and tortuous, the firing was kept up in a sort of tiralade, personal contact seldom occurring; yet it was not less bloody, and the wild howl that frequently arose added horror to the battle.

Backward indeed rolled the contest, for the

rebels by command of Dermot were retreating amidst the rocky fastnesses, and, whilst sheltering themselves amongst the barriers, they dealt destruction to their assailants; in fact, it was just the sort of warfare that suited the insurgents, giving them a decided superiority over the troops, who were more accustomed to the open plains. Almost every interstice amongst the confused and irregular mass of rocks was occupied by one or more of the rebel band, whose death-dealing instruments laid many a stout heart low, never to beat with the cares or enjoyments, the pains or the pleasures of life again.

But still the soldiers persevered, and treading over the bodies of their slain comrades, they boldly continued the attack, stretching many a stout fellow on the ground, never to rise again. No quarter was given; the conflict was one of desperation; and Mr. O'Connor on his side, and Dermot, with his second, Mike Hagan, were constantly seen moving rapidly in every

direction, to encourage and support their several partisans.

It was in the open area or space in front of the cavern that the two leaders met, and there was a sufficient glimmering of light to render mutual recognition immediate. If, however, any doubt had arisen through the density of the evening gloom as it fell upon the landscape, that doubt was soon removed by a sudden blaze that ascended high amongst the trees from the exploded cartridges having ignited the dry grass and stunted shrubs, that had been profusely heaped together in certain places by the eddy winds as they whirled amongst the rocks. The whole place was illumined, and the red glare falling on the combatants, gave them the appearance of demons insatiate for slaughter.

"O'Connor, you villain!" shouted Delaney, as he threw himself in front of his rival, "there is no one to plead for you now," and he aimed a blow with his up-raised sabre, which would have instantly deprived the magistrate of his

life, but for the timely succour of a stout gigantic figure, who rushed between them, and brought his bludgeon with accurate precision to the guard. But the sword of Dermot severed it in two, as if it had been a mere twig, though without harming the man, who with a bound and a spring had retreated out of the way.

"Take back your villain, and with it the name of rebel, you rapparee!" exclaimed O'Connor as he levelled his pistol at the other's heart, —the trigger clashed,—there was a bright flash, a report, the whistling of a ball, but when the smoke partially cleared, Delaney stood uninjured, Mike Hagan having very opportunely knocked up the muzzle exactly at the right instant of time, to prevent it's doing execution.

"Hurroo!" bellowed Mike as he sprang towards the man who had saved O'Connor; "Is it yerself, Larry Laffan, you thafe o' the world!" and Larry's skull rattled again beneath the stroke of Mike's stick. The blow, however, seemed to produce but little effect beyond a

short stagger, and Laffan having supplied himself with a *twig* to suit him, resolutely returned to the affray.

"An' it's hurroo again, Mike Hagan!" roared Larry, as he placed himself in hostile array against his antagonist. "Shure an' I know your thafe's face, in spite of the divel's colour you've shaded over it! Faix, an' ye'll be black enough there when ye get the rope round your neck."

Then did these two giants address themselves to the encounter, and never were gladiators better matched. Both had cutlasses, but they preferred the genuine shilaleagh as the most national and natural to them. The very ground shook under them as they bounded and sprang upon each other, and the air rang again with their wild shouts, and the rattling of the sticks.

In the meanwhile the two principals had become engaged with the sword, and as both were perfect masters of the weapon, an obstinate combat ensued. The fire continued to blaze

with greater fierceness, so as to throw a stronger light upon the spectacle. The noise of the musketry ceased, except a random-shot now and then in the distance. The insurgents had gathered round the arena to witness the double fight, whilst the wily serjeant of the soldiers cautiously and silently withdrew his men from the imminent peril into which the ardent zeal of O'Connor had brought them, though by so doing he left the haughty magistrate to shift for himself.

Delaney and O'Connor, Larry and Mike, placed in juxta-position, carried on the war; but Hagan kept diminishing the distance between the separate parties, and at every bound he continued to approach nearer to O'Connor, who had quite enough to do to attend to his own immediate opponent. It was just at this interval that Mrs. O'Connor could no longer be confined by Sir Phelim O'Toole, and she rushed out upon the scene of strife at the very moment when Mike Hagan, his eye keenly fixed on

Larry, but confident that his point was gained, made a sudden and tremendous sweep with his bludgeon, performing a complete revolution with his body, and inflicting a heavy blow on the neck of the magistrate, that sent him instantly to the earth. Dermot, in the blindness of his hate and revenge would have followed up this advantage; he raised his sword to plunge it in the heart of the prostrate man, but the fallen body was covered by that of his wife, and Delaney's impetuosity had nearly thrust the weapon into the bosom of her whom he still most passionately loved.

A fierce shout of applause and defiance rose wildly in the air from the insurgents, who now became aware that the enemy had left them, and murmurings arose "the pass—the pass!" Larry Laffan stood patiently abiding the scoffing and occasional blows that were levelled at him; his spirit seemed to be conquered as he beheld the body of his chief, and he felt certain that he had now no one to back him. Mike

Hagan addressed Delaney in Irish; it had an electric effect upon him, for putting a whistle to his lips he sounded its shrill notes and all of his followers who had survived the conflict were immediately gathered round him. In a short, but apparently by his gestures forcible speech, he spoke to them in their own tongue, and at the conclusion Sir Phelim and the females were made prisoners, whilst two of the party raised O'Connor on their shoulders to carry him off.

"Believe me, Sir Phelim, no harm is meant you," said Delaney with fervour; "my folly and rashness have brought these lads into throuble, —some of our comrades,—rest their sowls— must remain behind—more's the pity, but we must hasten hence. It is not far you 'll go, Sir Phelim—and you Kathleen," added he, as he approached her, "never will you have molestation from Dermot again,—never! As for him," and a scowl of contempt passed across his features, "his time's not yet come. I will

have a heavier, deeper revenge than taking his life, though you have saved him, Miss Macgennis." He then with his prisoners safe guarded proceeded to take the lead, and shouted "March, boys!—Keep close order!"

The light from the fires faded away as the band, receding from the spot, wound their devious path in narrow passages between lofty rocks that sometimes overhung their heads so as to exclude a sight of the heavens, where the stars were shining in all their brilliancy and glory. Mrs. O'Connor walked by the side of her husband's body, her heart almost bursting, whilst Delaney kept near her, though he forbore to disturb her grief.

"I had hoped betther things of you, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "I have heard your name spoken of as a thrue pathriot for Ireland. But this is not thrue pathriotism, and what can you do should these misguided men be taken,—what can you do to save them?—You may

have left wounded comrades, whose lives will become forfeited to outraged laws."

"It grieves me to hear the censure of one who is so well known as owld Ireland's friend," returned the outlaw; "but what is there left for the proscribed but to dare his foes, or quit his counthry. I've suffered, Sir Phelim,—but it is principally for these," and he waved his hand towards his followers, "that I draw the sword. As for the wounded, they have been taken care of. A thrue Irishman will never abandon a friend in distress."

"I trust you will never attempt again to desthroy the peace of a harmless woman, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "As for my being now detained, although an outrage, yet I know the cause,—but should your scheme fail, what then do you propose to do?"

"No injury to you or yours, Sir Phelim," returned the outlaw. "I have enough already to atone for.—Curses be on them as forced me

to it! But I must trust to your aid, Sir Phelim to negociate—. The fellow there," and he pointed to O'Connor, "is only stunned a bit, though Mike's argument will not be very soon driven from his head. The ladies are safe, all are safe, and you would not see more Irish blood staining its native soil? the officer commanding, be he who he may, does not know our present intents; nor indeed can I fully answer for the boys if once they are thoroughly incensed. You know their nature, sir, and—"

"I perfectly comprehend your meaning, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet, interrupting him, "and on condition that you pledge yourself never to molest Mrs. O'Connor or her husband again, I will comply."

"Lave out the man, sir, and I instantly agree," replied Dermot. "It is he, and the likes of him, that have brought me to this desperate condition. He has been my bane—my curse,—a broken-hearted mother dragged untimely to her burial,—a desolated heart,—a

solitary home,—mille dioul, and I yet live to bear it!"

"I can make no deductions in my terms," said Sir Phelim, firmly and with decision. "Promise me you will never again personally injure Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, nor harm anything belonging to them, and I think I may ensure your safe retreat; otherwise I am ready to brave the worst, though it may fall on those whom I esteem dearest and best."

"For myself, sir, I am regardless as to consequences," returned Delaney, in a reckless tone; "but for these," again he waved his hand, "though victory is sure, yet numbers must perish, and not a trooper would be left alive to carry back the intelligence of defeat. I will leave the conditions to yourself, Sir Phelim."

"You promise, then?" uttered the baronet as he suddenly stopped and grasped Delaney by the arm.

"My oath upon it!" replied the outlaw, as

he made the sign of the cross with his thumb and finger, and pressed it to his lips.

"Enough!" exclaimed the baronet, as he again pursued his way, with Lady O'Toole leaning on his arm.

Apart from these and side by side walked Mike Hagan and Larry Laffan, like twin Goliahs overtopping the heads of their neighbours. Near them, and within earshot, came Bridget Macarthy the nurse, full of anxious fears for her darlin Kathleen, and well knowing the peril they had yet to encounter, for she was unacquainted with the arrangement entered into between Delaney and Sir Phelim O'Toole.

"An purty news for the owld mother it ull be, Larry Laffan," said Mike Hagan, with mingling feelings of emotion and contempt. "An much she'll be pleased when she hears that her own boy (Larry was nearly seven feet in altitude) has lent himself to do the bidding of his counthry's enemies—why?—An joyous it will make the lasseen in the valley when she's

tould that the lad of her heart has become a thafe-o'-the-world of a dthriver—why?"

"An where is the use o' starvin', Mike Hagan," replied the other, somewhat mournfully. "I 've a good set o' tath and a keen stomick, Mike, and devil a bite or a sup could I get to appase my hunger, for no one would give me work, bekase I come from a proclaimed district, shure."

"In regard o' the work it may be thrue, or it may not be thrue, Larry Laffan," rejoined Mike, perseveringly; "but for the bite and the sup it 's a lie jist!—for the bite and the sup are niver denied yer at Castle Toole!—Long life to Sir Phelim, and may the blessed saints guard her ladyship's bed. It 's sowld yourself to O'Connor you have, and left the owld woman to die alone in her cottage, with sthrangers to close her eyes, and sthrangers to make her wake."

The Irish are proverbial for their filial affection, especially to their aged parents; and Larry Laffan, rough as was his nature, felt the holy

distilment in his heart. The picture of his early home, and the girl he had plighted troth with, rose before his imagination. "An will you spake pace to her, Mike?" said he.

"An what would his words be at second-hand, Larry Laffan, seeing as it's not the voice of her son she harde?" uttered Bridget persuasively. "Go back to her, Larry, and comfort her owld heart in the chilling winther of its age. Lave the furaners and their laws, and rethurn to your own counthry, Larry. Why, shure, and it's a quiet conscience as ye'll get, and not false oaths and wicked shuits to murther the poor."

"Nor broken heads and bruised limbs," chimed in Mike, "barring in the way of love at a pathern or a fair—an he the second best at the shtick of any man in the province."

The report of a musket right in their front, and the whistling of a bullet close above their heads, gave intimation that further progress would be contested. They were, in fact, about

to emerge from the pass into the open plain, and as only two could go out abreast, a quick and well-directed fire was calculated to produce great destruction amongst the insurgents. The serjeant, when he withdrew his men from amidst the rocks, had sent a part of them to defend O'Connor Hall, should the rebels proceed thither; whilst with the rest he made a rapid *detour* to the entrance of the pass, naturally concluding that if they retreated in that direction they would be almost entirely at his disposal. Delaney, however, commanded a halt, and with that quickness of thought which characterized him, he directed all his men who had fire-arms to climb the rocks in the best way they could, but not to fire till they received his orders. In a very short space of time, although the difficulties of ascent seemed almost insurmountable, the rebels had accomplished their task; and crouching down on the summit, they completely held the soldiers under their guns, though the darkness prevented their numbers being ascertained.

"There will be no necessity for negociation, Sir Phelim," said Dermot, proudly. "Do you and the ladies retire within the pass—the first turn, and you are safe. Those fellows must be taught to respect us; our conthract's at an end."

"Is that honourable, Mr. Delaney?" asked the baronet; "had the force opposed to you been superior to yours, would you have considered the contract void?"

"The conditions, Sir Phelim—the conditions," returned Delaney energetically. "I cannot in my conscience keep them as it respects the man. He may purshue me, pershecute me, and am I to be passive? For her, I swear she shall ever be safe from me;—for him, I will do him no personal harm, unless in self-defence. Are you content with that?"

The baronet was speedily apprized, by the skilful manœuvre of the outlaw, that the troops were entirely at his mercy, and, willing and desirous to prevent bloodshed, he acceded to the

terms. But the difficulty was in communicating with the serjeant, as there could not be a doubt that, whoever presented themselves outside the gorge, would instantly meet their death. As a proof of this, Delaney suspended a cottamore at the end of a pole, and thrusting it out, it was instantly pierced with balls, and a shout arose from the soldiers as the fancied rebel fell.

"Mike Hagan!" shouted Delaney to Mike, who, with Larry by his side, was seated on the summit of a rock.

"An it's here I am to the fore," answered Mike, looking down, but retaining such a position that his old companion and antagonist could take no advantage of him.

"Fire a single shot over them throopers, and then let all the men shout—d'ye mind," said Delaney.

"I do," replied Mike; and then calling to the people in their own tongue, he repeated the orders:—"Padreen Cahill, send a bullet out yonder, and don't touch anybody."

"Divel a bit of a body will I touch," replied the man, as he presented his piece right in the very centre of the soldiers, and fired. Then arose a loud shout from the rocks; and the serjeant became aware, by the fall of one of his men, how much his position was exposed, whilst, at the same time, he wondered at the forbearance of the rebels. A volley, however, was fired upwards by the incensed soldiers, who were maddened at the death of their comrade; and this drew down a scattering fire from the insurgents in return.

"All hope of conciliation is at an end, Sir Phelim," said Delaney; "men like mine cannot always be kept under conthroul. The soldiers, however, will retreat directly, and my word shall not be held the less sacred for not having had occasion to use your promised interference."

"I am satisfied, Mr. Delaney," returned the baronet; "but let me beg of you to stay the work of slaughter."

"They must be driven off, Sir Phelim," urged the outlaw; "my men shall not purshue them, unless they attempt to follow us. I bid you farewell, Sir, for we must part here.—Katherine!" and he turned to Mrs. O'Connor, whilst his voice underwent a change—"Katherine! this is my last adieu in this world!" He took her passive hand, pressed it to his lips, and suddenly burst away.

As Delaney had anticipated, the serjeant found that his ground was no longer tenable; the bugle sounded the retreat; the soldiers rapidly withdrew; and the insurgents falling in, in regular order on the plain, marched off till they were lost sight of in the darkness—and with them went Larry Laffan, the driver.

CHAPTER IV.

"All memory is a trance,
In which love is the fondest of the dreams—
Or, let us change the image—in the shrine
Of the veiled soul there is a lyre whose themes
Are vowed to love—the feelings are its strings."

E. L. Bulwer.

Mr. O'Connor (who had been placed sitting on the ground with his back against a rock, and his head supported by his wife) gave manifestations of returning consciousness. Had the blow been much heavier it must have dislocated his neck, and probably would have done so as it was, but for the thick well-padded collar of his coat. At all events it produced insensibility as far as outward objects were concerned, and the sickening sensation and dizziness it

caused, as perception was restored, rendered him unable to move, or to articulate for some considerable time.

Happily the soldiers who had repaired to O'Connor Hall made such representations that some of the domestics hastened to the holy well, and meeting with the sergeant and his retreating party, as well also being joined by a reinforcement, who had been drawn towards the place by the firing and the blaze which illumined the sky, they repaired to the cavern, and finding it empty they traversed the defile, and and eventually came upon Sir Phelim and the ladies. A rude litter of tree boughs and stakes was quickly put together, and whilst a few remained to guard Mr. O'Connor to his home, the rest set out in pursuit of the rebels.

Many weeks rolled over the head of the magistrate, during which he was unable to quit his chamber; but his rigour was increased rather than relaxed, and his deputies were more active than ever, though in their personal encounters

they sadly missed their champion Larry Laffan. Towards his wife his manners had assumed a harshness she had never experienced from him before; in fact he felt sore, though he was too proud to own it, that she should have met his rival at the holy well; he fancied that her solicitations for his safety had humbled him before Delaney, and wounded pride rendered him churlish and despotic. With the family at Castle Toole he would hold no communication or correspondence, and Sir Phelim, after two or three attempts at neighbourly conciliation, found it necessary out of respect to himself to desist.

The effects of the rencontre with the rebels was not long in producing its full and pernicious influences on Mrs. O'Connor;—premature labour came on, and after a dangerous period she brought into the world a second son,—she lived but to look upon her child,—a cold shudder passed over her frame, and her spirit winged its flight to the pure realms of immortality and peace.

Although Mr. O'Connor had somewhat changed in his usual kindness to his wife, he had nevertheless loved her most passionately, and when her decease was announced, it deprived him for a time of reason. He had never contemplated such a thing as her death, and its suddenness came like the lightning's searing flash to his heart and brain. For months he was in a state of moody melancholy, and when this was conquered by the skilful management and attention of the physician, he continued inconsolable for the loss he had sustained; no visitors were ever invited to the hall,—no convivial parties ever beheld him at the festive board,—he shunned society, though he still continued his active duties as a magistrate, and at the commencement of a new reign he was elevated to the dignity and title of a baronet, as a reward for his unwearied exertions—some asserted persecutions—against suspicious characters, that is, the poor wretches who by the conversion of land from a state of pasturage to

that of tillage, were deprived not only of their work, but even of their habitations. The commons were enclosed contrary to solemn engagements, and thus another source of subsistence was cut off from them, and being, according to the historian, "provoked to resentment, and joined by numbers whom idleness had driven into vice and disorder, these unhappy people assembled together at night, and began to take the redress of grievances into their own hands Beginning with the demolishing of the fences of the common lands, they thence obtained the name of Levellers, but were afterwards distinguished by that of Whiteboys, from the practice of wearing white shirts over their common apparel."

The royal troops were very active against the Whiteboys, and the lord lieutenant had issued positive commands that no officer should be absent from his regiment, as was then too much the practice, for commissions in the army were at that time looked upon as a sort of

aristocratical sinecures. The outrage in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, together with some subsequent violence, was the cause of a numerous body of horse and foot being posted in the district, and as Castle Toole was never closed to the rites of hospitality, numbers of the aspirants to military honours were frequent in their visits; nor was the beauty of Miss Alicia less cause of attraction than the hearty welcomes of her indulgent parents.

Alicia had now turned her eighteenth year,—lovely as nature could well make her,—warm-hearted to the extreme of generosity, for it was friendship and affection that kept the flame alive,—attached to her country, and sensible of the wrongs of her rash fellow subjects, she became the idol of the lower orders, though the young sprigs of nobility who had been accustomed to butterfly it round the vice regal chair were shocked at her democratic notions, and at the humanity she practised towards her suffering neighbours, whose cause she made her own.

Amongst the young officers was the Honourable Augustus Frederick Gordon, a lieutenant of dragoons, and second son to the Earl of Gordon, Viscount Gordon, and Baron Farley, a peer of the realm by his second title, and one of the Privy Council, a staunch Whig in politics, inclining more to liberality than the usual run of the caste. Possessed of high aristocratical notions, he hoped and desired that his sons might form matrimonial alliances calculated to extend their influence, and to secure their own prosperity in future. But the sons were mortal; Lord Farley, the eldest, had married a rich citizen's daughter, and was looked upon as lost to the fashionable world, which considered him wrecked to all intents and purposes, though the rock on which he had struck was a golden one.

The noble earl, foiled in his hopes by his eldest son, turned with more eager expectation to his second, who was entirely dependent on his father for the maintenance of his present rank and the prospects of his future advancement, which the

more fortunate elder brother was not. He was an extremely good-looking young man, though the cynics pronounced him more showy than handsome; his manners were prepossessing and engaging; his accomplishments and quickness of intellect far beyond the usual attainments of the scions of nobility; his temper was doubtful, but there was an easy carelessness of disposition that often rendered him the dupe of designing knaves, who tempted, and led him into error; he was generous and humane, and could enter into all the enjoyments of life, whether they were to be found beneath the gilded dome of a regal mansion, or partaken of under the straw thatch of a peasant's cottage; he was kind and charitable to the poor—the advocate of the oppressed—in short, he was the very individual to make an impression on a young female of Alicia's temperament, and she was the personification of the *belle* ideal he had formed of the being whom his very soul could love.

So much for his good qualities—now for his

bad; he was an inveterate gambler, subject to sudden fits of moroseness or passion, which, though they did not last long, were terrible whilst upon him, and made him dreaded by all who witnessed them, or experienced their effects. As a social companion, he at once assumed the manners and habits of those with whom chance or circumstances had located him for the time being; and whether it was the solemn divan of antiquated, but coronetted spinsters, dealing out scandal with the cards, or jolly good topers in a tap-room, who destroyed their bodies by swallowing spirits—whether in the senate (for he was an M. P. for one of his father's rotten boroughs) or in the cockpit, shaking hands with noble peers, or "tipping his mawley" to some ignoble boxer—he was never at a loss.

These latter imperfections were, however, unknown to Miss Alicia; she had seen only the bright side of the picture, and not the reverse; he had more than once been her gratified companion in relieving poor families in distress;

they seemed to be actuated by one motive, one principle, one heart, for, before he was aware of it, he passionately loved the little beauty, and, heedless as to consequences, he became every thing she could desire. But Alicia's was not a mind to be trifled with; she had a keen penetration of her own, as well as a watchful mother, whose eye and ear were constantly on the alert lest harm should befal the darling of her heart.

Tedious courtships are generally unknown in Ireland. Sir Phelim's consent to their union was obtained, provided that the noble earl would proffer no objections, and make a suitable provision for the young lieutenant. With respect to the first, the haughty peer neither assented nor dissented; he left the Honourable Augustus Frederick entirely at his own disposal; but in reference to the second, he decidedly declared his intention of withdrawing all future support in the event of his marrying out of the peerage.

Sir Phelim was nettled; the lieutenant, in making himself all things to every body, had

crept into the baronet's good graces, so as to render himself somewhat essential to his enjoyments; he was a keen sportsman; never flinched from the bottle, yet was always fit to appear afterwards in the society of the ladies; he told a clever story, could sing an excellent song, showed himself a good judge of horses and dogs, and yet conducted himself with so much deferential respect, that his remarks seemed to emanate more from Sir Phelim himself than from the gay dragoon.

With Lady O'Toole he was equally a favourite, for he was well acquainted with all the pleasant modes of gaining a lady's esteem; in fact, what would have taken others years of anxious toil and study to acquire, was in him perfect nature—a sort of Crichton for good or evil. But Alicia idolized him; her heart was never formed for cool, calculating speculation as to wealth or rank; she saw only the man as he appeared in all his shining and remarkable qualities before her; she loved him with all the

intensity of a young and artless Irishwoman, and she would have perished had he betrayed and left her.

What was to be done? The Honourable Augustus Frederick, with the most perfect candour, revealed his situation to the baronet, who was piqued by the slight the peer had put upon the descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland. The noble earl had talked of his aristocratic station, but the baronet d—d his blood for placing it in competition with the royal current that flowed in the veins of the O'Tooles.

"And what's to be done in this affair, Mr. Gordon," enquired Sir Phelim, as the two gentlemen sat over the bottle, after the departure of the ladies from the dinner table. "I would speak with all due respect of the noble earl, your father—fill your glass Augustus, and pass the wine back—yes, with every respect, but my little darleen shall go begging to no peer of the realm—no, nor even to his sacred Majesty either, God bless him, though he's a young and gra-

cious king as well might wish to have such a beautiful bride for his queen, and she with royal blood in her veins."

"I fully comprehend the difficulty of my situation, sir," responded the Honourable Augustus Frederick, as he filled his glass; "but I assure you, sir, that every thing which honour and affection can dictate, it shall be my earnest study to perform."

"No one doubts you, Mr. Gordon; at least, no one in Castle Toole," rejoined the baronet, as he held up his glass between his eye and the wax-light. "But, sir—drink your wine Augustus, and fill again, for we mustn't be long absent from the ladies, and the decanter is only half empty—I was saying, sir," he paused for a minute, and then continued: "D— it, I don't know what I was saying or going to say. It's a work of delicacy, young gentleman, and during dinner, whilst I was dismembering the goose, a thought crossed me—not the merry-thought, you wag, for I see your grin;—no, no, but an

idea came over my mind that you should go to London and see your father—" and the baronet paused.

"Any thing you may be pleased to direct, Sir Phelim, shall meet with prompt obedience," said the young officer; "my future happiness is in your hands."

"Yes—yes, you shall see your noble father," said Sir Phelim; "and if a personal interview has no effect—if he is still inexorable—" the baronet stopped and mused.

"I throw myself upon your mercy, sir," uttered the dragoon, to whom suspense seemed agony. "Your decision must make me either happy or miserable through the residue of my days."

"And is it make you miserable I would?" said the kind-hearted baronet. "Not I, my boy. But it is a delicate affair. My daughter shall be forced into no man's family. Thank God! her blood is more than noble; and as she is to be my heiress, why her fortune, let alone her

beauty and accomplishments, need not be put up to auction. Still it is her happiness I have most at heart—don't sip your wine, Augustus, but empty your glass, and fill again; I am waiting for the bottle—I was saying it is her happiness I have most at heart; and if the earl refuses, I'll get you removed to some other station."

"Good God! what is it you can mean, Sir Phelim?" exclaimed the young man, in evident alarm. "Would you fix my earthly doom in wretchedness?—would you force me away?"

"For a few months, Augustus—only for a few months, to test the interval," replied the kind-hearted baronet. "Both of you are young—too young for an immediate union. And who knows what may happen in the mean time?"

"True, sir, very true," responded the officer, looking rueful enough; "no one can tell. My regiment may be ordered abroad; Miss Alicia, perhaps—yet no, I will not wrong her nature by one ungenerous thought—I will be obedient

to command, Sir Phelim. Dispose of me as you please."

"Well, be a good lad during your probation —the wine stands with you—and we shall see what the end of it will be."

"I trust I shall not be altogether excluded from your hospitable mansion, Sir Phelim," said the lieutenant, deprecatingly. "I hope I may sometimes—"

"The gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you," returned the baronet. "But come, fill a bumper: we're rather below the mark. Let us drink 'the ladies.'" The command was complied with enthusiastically by the young officer, after which Sir Phelim continued: "I was saying the gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you as long as you continue to retain my friendship, but you must not come too often. Attend strictly to your military duties. I am somewhat known to Lord Halifax, and — but times will change. Your father's commands must be obeyed; it is

your duty to obey them, nor will I sanction any thing like disobedience. There, don't look so melancholy; we'll take the field early in the morning, and renew the conversation as we ride home. By the bye, 'his lordship' is getting quite stubborn."

"Do you mean the earl or the horse, sir?" inquired Augustus, with a look of arch demureness.

"I mean the horse, to be sure—the horse, you wag!" returned Sir Phelim, laughing as he refilled his glass. "You shall ride him for me to-morrow. Now, fill your glass—come, no flinching." The young man obeyed. "And now the decanter is empty, we'll adjourn to the ladies."

That evening was passed in more anxiety and sadness than Alicia had ever experienced before. She was sincerely, devotedly attached to the young officer; and though her pride was sensibly hurt at the earl's uncourteous conduct, yet no blame whatever could be imputed to the

Honourable Augustus Frederick. Still she was rather nettled that the lieutenant should have so readily acquiesced in the proposal of her father for his departure from the neighbourhood of the castle.

The hounds met the following morning. The muster was numerous and respectable; a fox was soon found, and away they went in full cry to enjoy that exhilarating exercise which is the delight of the hunter. The Honourable Augustus Frederick, according to agreement the evening before, was mounted on "his lordship," a self-willed beast, that required good management, but in other respects a capital horse for strength and spirit. Now, whether the lieutenant's thoughts were otherwise occupied, or from whatever cause it sprung, certain it is that he attended but little to the sport, and still less to his animal, who, with the natural instinct peculiar to the hunter, was speedily made sensible of the fact, and at the earliest opportunity took advantage of it by pitching his rider

over his head into a broad deep dyke that the dragoon wished him to cross without the aid of a bridge. Had he merely fallen into the water, the cold-bath might have had a beneficial effect upon his spirits, so as to revive him from his lethargy; but unfortunately there was part of a gate sticking in the clay bottom, and upon this the young lieutenant descended, dislocating his shoulder, and fracturing two of his ribs.

Sir Phelim's sport for the day was ended—the matter was too serious to be left to the direction of others. A carriage was promptly procured, and the Honourable Augustus Frederick was conveyed back to the castle in a dangerous state, to the great alarm of Lady O'Toole, and the severe grief of Miss Alicia. Surgeons had been immediately sent for, and of course they were instant in their attendance, for noble ribs require greater promptitude than those of plebeians. The bones were well set; quiet and care insisted upon, with a due portion of medicine regularly administered.

A communication was forwarded to the earl, acquainting him with the occurrence, and the Irish blood of the ancient kings of Ireland was again inflamed by an assertion of the aristocratic father, that his son had done it on purpose, and commanding the lieutenant to quit Ireland as soon as he was in a fit condition to be removed; leave of absence having been obtained for that express purpose. As a matter of course, this order did not in any way tend to accelerate the gentleman's recovery. He was, however, at length pronounced out of danger—the rites of frank-hearted hospitality were freely and fully exercised. Alicia frequently visited the invalid with her mother, who had personally nursed him with great care and kindness, and the lieutenant went the length of declaring that "his lordship" was the best friend he ever had.

The time arrived when the Honourable Augustus Frederick was able to quit his apartment, and on one of those resplendent evenings when Nature holds supreme dominion over the

human heart, the lovers enjoyed a delicious interchange of vows, binding them to mutual affection and fidelity. The next day they parted, and the lieutenant proceeded to Dublin, from whence he crossed the water, and travelled by easy stages to London. Here he was graciously received by the earl, who looked upon his obedience as an evidence that all further correspondence with the O'Tooles was at an end; but when, in the course of an inquisitorial conversation, he ascertained how the facts clearly stood, his vexation, acting upon an extremely irritable temperament, threw him into an uncontrollable fit of rage; his passion burst forth like a torrent, sweeping even reason before it; he raved like a maniac, or rather like a demoniac, and in the midst of the direst denunciations, a gush of blood issued from his mouth and nostrils: he had burst an artery, and in a few hours was a corpse.

So melancholy a catastrophe operated very powerfully on the mind of the son, and brought

on severe indisposition; in fact, he was reduced to the very brink of the grave, and but for the skill and unremitting assiduity of the physician, he must have sank under his affliction. His brother, now raised to the earldom, treated him with real fraternal affection; nor was the countess wanting in those acts of kindness that evidence a feeling and benevolent heart. But there was another thing that tended materially towards his recovery, *viz.* the prospect of being united to Miss O'Toole; for the will of his father had made no distinction between the two brothers as to personal property, and Augustus found himself amply provided for. In fact, as soon as the proper period for mourning had expired, Castle Toole displayed a brilliancy such as had never been seen within its walls before, to celebrate the marriage of the "young misthress, having the raal blood of the ould kings of Ireland in her veins, with a born gentleman of the nobility of England—Hurroo!"

Glorious was the day, and Alicia, beautiful as

the morning-star, when the first silvery light of early dawn surrounds it—warm, yet chaste—smiled with delight on the bridegroom of her heart. There, too, were Sir Phelim and his valued lady; the baronet's countenance fraught with honest pride and jocund glee—his wife,

"With a smile on her cheek, but a tear in her eye,"

looked with a mother's fondness on a daughter with whom she was soon to part, having entrusted her future happiness to the care and custody of another. Yet other thoughts were still actively busy: "Who would tend her with the same unwearying devotion that her maternal parent had? Who would look upon her little failings and imperfections with the same partial eye as she who nursed her in her infancy?" Hopes and fears, prayers and blessings, came spontaneously mingling on the lips, and all the mother kindled in her bosom.

Glorious, indeed, was the day! There were all the gentry from miles around the country;

there were the peasantry and tenantry of the neighbourhood; and even the still-workers from the mountains assembled to do honour to the occasion. Outlaws, that had ensconced themselves for many a long dreary month in solitary concealment, ventured forth, as if fearless of molestation during the general rejoicing; and, in fact, there seemed to be a total cessation of hostilities in the district, the flag of truce being entwined with the banner of Hymen. All loved the O'Tooles, and all joyously united in testifying their regard on this happy event.

All?—oh no! not all—for there was one who sat cheerless and sad in his home of sorrow; no beam of light breaking in upon the darkness of his heart; no cheering ray of hope illumining the desolation of his mind. The sun shone forth with brilliant splendour; but the room of the moody man was darkened by the thick heavy curtains that were drawn across the windows, creating a dubious twilight in the midst of brightness, and rendering the antique furniture

of the apartment fantastically mournful in the unnatural gloom. The heavens were calm and clear; not a whisper—not a breath was heard; no wind swept the foliage even to awaken the slumbering leaves from their dreamy rest; the silence was profound.

The individual was young in years—but the ravages of austerity and grief were visible in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. He sat with his elbow on the table, and his forehead reclining on his open palm, as he bent his sight upon a fine old hound that crouched at his feet, and seemed to partake of his master's thoughtful melancholy; for he looked up in his face, as if musing on events that had made such sad changes on a countenance whose expression instinct had taught him to read with accurate precision.

Numerous weapons, principally fire-arms, were handily arranged, so as to be ready for instant use; and they marked the characteristic of suspicion in the owner's breast. At a short distance

in his front, seated on a low stool, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her clenched hands firmly fixed beneath her chin to support her head, was an elderly female, whose grey hairs descended below her close cap with flowing lappets on each side, and who wore a sort of dark serge cloak or mantle over her shoulders; whilst her looks were alternately bent upon the man and upon his faithful animal. It was the nurse Bridget—and he whom she fronted was lord of O'Connor Hall!

Since the death of his wife, Sir Terence had lived in a state of seclusion; he expressed but small attachment for his children, who were consigned to the care of menials. Bridget had quitted the Hall to return to her native home; but she had now been summoned by the baronet, in consequence of his eldest boy having disappeared in a manner so mysterious that no clue whatever could be obtained as to the means of his removal, or whether he was living or dead. In fact, nothing whatever was known, except

that he was gone; and as every probable place had been examined without avail, the mind of the unhappy man was left to its own torturing conjectures.

Bridget declared her inability to afford him information, although she professed to have been diligent in her inquiries and investigation; she had just finished her report, and was still in the presence of the baronet as above described, watching the effects that her narrative was calculated to produce.

But this is a day of rejoicing; and, therefore, we must quit the sombre shades of O'Connor Hall for the mirth and pleasure of Castle Toole. And right joyfully did the pealing sounds of revelry fill the air! Millions of welcomes were showered upon all comers; unbounded hospitality prevailed; the feast was spread with lavish profusion for both rich and poor; the sweet strains of music were responded to by the dancers;—in short, it was a jubilee of unlimited delight, and the remembrance was cherished for

many years by all who shared in the happy festivities.

In a few weeks Alicia and her husband departed for England, and in London were warmly welcomed by the earl and countess. The beauty of the bride was the prevailing topic of the St. James's world; but it was decided upon by the leaders of the *ton*, that her native simplicity of mind and manners would not do for more than one season. As the lovely wild Irish girl, she was considered as no contemptible novelty to attract an assembly; and, as a matter of consequence, invitations poured in from all quarters, the principal portion of which her husband had the good sense to decline—reserving, however, a few whose friendship, though questionable, it was nevertheless necessary to cultivate; and thus the novelty-hunters found themselves foiled.

But another and more important change took place soon afterwards in the circumstances of Alicia; for even before the season was brought to a conclusion, the young earl was seized with

sudden illness in the House of Peers, and brought home more dead than alive. His disorder baffled the skill of the physicians, and was so rapid in its devastation, that at the expiration of a fortnight he breathed his last in the arms of his heart-broken lady; and in another week, his crimson velvet-covered coffin was deposited in the family vault, by the side of that of his deceased father—a sad memorial of the mutability of human greatness, and a humbling lesson on the uncertainty of existence.

Thus, in a short time, the daughter of Sir Phelim O'Toole became a countess, though the title was not immediately taken, as it was by no means certain that there might not be another claimant. The question, however, was soon afterwards set at rest, and the newly-married couple took their appointed places amongst the nobility of the land.

For several months, Alicia (now Lady Gordon) felt herself supremely blest; her husband was all that her fondest desires could wish; the

widowed countess became a sister and a friend; royal favours and smiles were bestowed upon her, for the king and queen had themselves but recently entered the wedded state, and perpetual sunshine seemed to settle on her head.

But the heart of the youthful countess was more adapted to domestic enjoyments than to the glittering circle at St. James's; and though she knew herself to be the object of universal admiration, yet she shrunk from public gaze, and sighed for that delightful privacy which is so exquisitely precious to the innocent and artless mind. The earl, too, was now much oftener from her side; and when she looked back at the happy moments which she had formerly enjoyed, when he was her devoted companion at Castle Toole, she ardently longed for a renewal of what was to her a season of indescribable bliss.

At first, business alone drew the young nobleman from his home and bride, for he had obtained a diplomatic appointment of some trust, and was diligent and attentive to its duties; but

old associations were revived, the novelty of wedded life was wearing off, and other pleasures had their attractions, till he gradually yielded to their seductive influences, and the passions that had never been eradicated, progressively resumed their ascendancy over his mind and actions. Still Lady Gordon, though she deeply regretted his absence, was unconscious of there being any cause for complaint; he was kind, indulgent, and affectionate, almost to a fault. She had immense wealth at her disposal; luxuries of all kinds, and of every clime, awaited her commands; but yet she sighed for the unostentatious retirement of her native Irish home, and she longed to dispense the bounties with which heaven had been pleased to favour her, amongst the poor peasantry, who were constantly associated with the recollections of the parental roof.

But the time approached when she gave indications of becoming a mother, and for a season the earl's attentions were unremitting. Unfortu-

nately, however, a fall destroyed his expectations, and the disappointment seemed to work so considerable a change in his manners, that Lady Gordon could not but be fully sensible of it. Alas! that there should be any of the female sex so devoid of principle as to take pleasure in withdrawing the affections from the wedded wife, though it rarely happens that they secure those affections for themselves. Yet such there are, and to the wily blandishments of a *danseuse* at the Opera House, the noble and talented Gordon became a victim.

Was he blameless in this? Certainly not; his conduct merited the severest reprehension, if not condemnation, for there was confiding and attached beauty in the person of his lovely wife, who based her earthly happiness upon the husband whom she almost worshipped; and yet, whilst she stood in the pride of fancied security, he was undermining her peace; whilst she thought herself the envy of those who suffered neglect from their partners, she was actually the

object of pity to those whose situation she commiserated.

Here, then, was ruin in full operation, to work its baneful and pernicious effects on one of the fairest and most innocent of God's creation. Happily it was long concealed from her, and it was not till the period advanced for the prospect of her again becoming a mother, that the astonishing facts burst upon her; and as the avalanche with impetuous force rolls ist enormous weight upon its victims, so did the horrible conviction overwhelm her reason; and when, after many months, her intellect was restored, her heart was crushed and bowed down, never to feel the elasticity of hope again.

But the young countess knew and persevered in her duty as a wife, and ultimately the earl experienced remorse at being the cause of such intense suffering. He gave up his appointment, and retired to his beautiful seat in the country, determined, if possible, to redeem the past; for he had experienced what Solomon had pre-

viously discovered, that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit." But the character which has been given of him in the early part of this chapter, on introducing him to the reader, was daily more and more exemplified; and though, at the expiration of six years from their union, the countess gave birth to a daughter, which detached him from many of his demoralizing pursuits, yet, like a wilful suicide, though he was surrounded by every thing which Providence had bestowed as blessings, he persisted in converting them into curses; and when his child had attained her fifth year, he sank into the grave, unwept and unregretted, leaving the countess a splendid fortune, but, in the case of her marrying, to revert to his daughter.

Lady Gordon was still beautiful, and numerous were the offers she received; but she declined them all, though one was backed by a ducal coronet. She preferred the quiet of retirement with her child, to all the fascinations of the world and the temptations of ambition. Her parents

still lived, and she visited them, gladdening their hearts, and dispensing her generous bounty to the poor; but the principal portion of her time was passed in Kent, where she was universally beloved.

Her daughter grew the very counterpart of what her mother had been at the same age; but, unhappily, manifesting at times a portion of her father's unamiable propensities. These the anxious parent endeavoured to eradicate; and, as the maiden's years increased, the fond mother had the satisfaction to perceive the good results of patience and perseverance; and she looked forward with pleasure, though not unmingled with anxiety, when her child would become the stay and prop of her declining life.

Inscrutable are the ways and decrees of Omnipotence! The Creator seeth not as his creature seeth; he giveth and he taketh away, and who shall arraign his immaculate wisdom? The beautiful girl, highly accomplished, attained her sixteenth year, the pride of her mother's heart,

the delight of her mother's eyes. Young as she was, the royal sailor, Prince William Henry, then in his eighteenth year, was captivated more by the sweetness of her disposition than by her loveliness, and, in the frankness of his nature, he acknowledged his regard. But death!—death was busy. Subtle disease even then was preying upon her vitals; and in less than six months she was consigned to the cold tomb of her ancestors—another evidence of the frailty of human life!

For some time Lady Gordon was inconsolable, but religion came to her aid; she kissed the rod, and bent meekly to the stroke, consoling herself, as David of old did, "Though she cannot return to me, yet I can go to her."

And now the countess was at the residence of Mrs. Jones, to comfort her under the bereaving affliction she had also sustained; but so gratified was her ladyship with the appearance and behaviour of little Ellen, that she at once proposed to adopt her as her own—it would serve

to fill up the vacuum in her heart; and the serjeant's wife was invited to accompany her.

The offer was promptly communicated to the monarch; her majesty eagerly advised its acceptance; every arrangement was speedily concluded; and young Ellen, assuming the maiden name of her benefactress, so as to prevent the prying curiosity of the domestics, was conveyed as a relation to Mendelshem Park—directions having been left at Weymouth, that should any intelligence be obtained of the lads, it was to be instantly forwarded to the noble-minded and generous countess.

CHAPTER V.

How bright to the ardent lover's eye
Is the moon in the heavens above,
When summer winds wake the balmy sigh
From flow'rs that heave their breasts on high,
And woo the breeze to their wanton love;
But dearer to me is the roaring gale,
The rolling sea, and the close-reef'd sail,
In the craft with contraband.
With pleasure we watch the signal flash,
And then through the foamy breakers dash,
And quickly our cargo land.

MS.

But to return to the two boys, Hamilton and Ned, whom we left spanking away over the clear waters in the lovely cutter, "Blue Bob," with all her reefs out, and squaresail and square-topsail set. She kept her course considerably to the southward of west, as if desirous of avoiding the English coast, and any straggling cruizer that might be creeping alongshore.

The Blue Bob was a fine craft of one hundred and twenty tons, manned with a crew of seventy men, and carrying fourteen six-pounders, though at this time they were not mounted. Her captain was a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, with the traces of strong passions marked upon a countenance that would otherwise have been handsome. He was nearly six feet in height, of muscular proportions, indicating great strength and power of limb. His curling hair clustered about his forehead, and above a pair of laughing eyes, that evidenced a love of good-humoured pleasantry; but there was also at times a redness in their terrific glare that told a tale of lawless inclinations to horrible revenge, when fancy or reality whispered he was injured or insulted. To the rough, straightforward manners of the British seaman were superadded a considerable degree of French politeness, whilst his speech evidently betrayed that his birth-place had been Ireland.

The next in command was a short, thick-set

man, with a thick bull-neck, ferocious features, heightened in their repulsiveness by enormous whiskers, and fierce, sanguinary eyes, that seemed as if they would take pleasure in the sight of blood; he was every inch an Irishman of the worst breed. Junior to him was Peterson, a Guernsey man, who had passed much of his time in the three countries, England, Ireland, and France, his real name being Delcroix.

"It's a mighty pity they missed the gal!" said the first mate, as he paced the deck with his commander, rejoicing in the breeze, "for it's kill two birds with one stone we could, and the Baccah safe in his shoes—"

"To laugh at us for being fools, O'Rafferty," responded the commander, interrupting him. "But, what do you mean by being safe in his shoes?"

"Troth, an' it's small occasion ye have to ax me, Captain Feaghan, seeing as yer mightily in his confidence," returned the other; "an' there 's Teddy, too;—perhaps I dunna, and

perhaps I do. However, the gal's not to the fore—though he need not be towld that same—and what matter so as you get rid of two?"

"When I want your counsel, O'Rafferty, I'll ask you for it!" said the captain proudly, and looking down upon his second with a feeling that in any other situation would have prompted him to the bestowal of a hearty kick.

"Shure, an' yer welcome to it for all that," responded the pertinacious mate, without meaning, however, to be impertinent. "And when, captain, dear, do you propose to turn 'em adrift?"

"Turn who adrift?" inquired the superior, angrily, as he stopped short in his walk, and faced—no, he could not face—but looked down on the individual beneath him.

"Well, then, it's meself as is puzzled intirely, anyhow, Captain Feaghan," responded the man, taking no notice whatever of the hostile tone he had been addressed in. "You seemed to be acquaints with the whole consarn afore we

started, and now sorrow the know you knows about it, for 'turn who adrift?' axes you, and it 's turn the childer adrift, ses I."

"Villain!" muttered the captain between his compressed teeth. "His mind is ever gloating upon murder." He then added louder, "that larboard squarsel-earing is not close out. Go forud, Mr. O'Rafferty, and see that they bring it chock a block!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the mate, proceeding to obey, and mumbling as he walked forward, "hannimandhioul! and is it 'villain' you're after calling me? By the powers, Captain Feaghan, but it's me own eye that's upon you, and, long as you are, your race may be shortened, or I dunna—Rouse out this squarsel-earing, lads!"

The commander walked the deck, apparently much agitated. The mate did not return, but remained in conversation with some of the people near the windlass; but, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour the captain hailed him to

come aft, issued his orders to be called instantly should anything heave in sight, or change take place in the weather, and then went below. The children, with their little arms encircling each other's neck, were sweetly sleeping. The young seaman held the lamp above them, and gazed earnestly upon their features. "That rascal scents blood-money," murmured he; "but not a hair of either head shall be injured, as far as life goes, whilst I have power to prevent it;" he again suspended the lamp to the beam from which it swung, wrapped himself in a thick warm overall, and throwing himself along the cushioned lockers, was sound asleep in a moment.

Nothing material occurred till near daylight, when Ushant light showed itself just dipping on the verge of the horizon, and well open on the starboard-bow. The captain was immediately informed by Peterson (who had the watch), and after directing him to keep for the Passage du Four, between the island and the main, he

turned himself round, and again sunk into slumber. But this did not continue long; day burst forth with all its gorgeous splendour; the sun arose bright, and beautiful, and clear; he shook off his sloth with his covering, and in a few minutes was on deck, piloting his craft amongst those rocky islets that just show their heads above the water, like a fin-back spouting, as the waves lashed over them, and threw the feathery spray high in air.

Onward flew the beautiful vessel, cleaving the ocean as a swallow cleaves the sky, and playing with its own peculiar element. The breeze was still fresh at south-east—the cutter hugged the shore, almost shaving the rocks, which sometimes sent their froth flakes upon her decks; but there was an eye upon her course, to which the concealed bottom of the ocean was as familiar as its surface. The square-sails are taken in, the spread yard stowed, the sheets nicely trimmed, and a single reef hauled down in the mainsail, as she stands off dead upon a

wind. But now the water is comparatively smooth, though the rippling waves strike against her bows, and then dash off again in myriads of crystal gems. About she comes, her sails quivering as she flies into the wind, then gracefully bends upon the starboard tack, and rushes with impetuous haste towards the iron-bound shore. The breakers are a-head, —they are almost at her bowsprit end—a few fathoms further and the Blue Bob would be anatomized—but, hark! "Helm a lee!" and round she comes again, leaving the danger in her wake.

Oh, it is the seaman's delight, thus to sport with his enemy, and prove the capabilities of his lively craft;—had she missed stays, her cruises would have terminated for ever; but the captain and the people smiled with pleasure at her ready obedience to command—her sails trembled for a mere instant, "the creatur could do anything but speak," and away she bounded, disappointing the craggy barrier of its prey.

Thus plays the pintado bird round the nose of the greedy shark—just gliding above his head, and then soaring beyond the reach of his monstrous jaws.

A bold stretch they make of it this time, and in they stand again—St. Matthew's point is weathered, and thus they continue working to windward. The children are roused out and dressed — an ample breakfast is provided — Captain Feaghan eyes them with complacency in spite of his rough manners; the mate's look forbodes evil—it is sanguinary—but neither the one nor the other communicate their thoughts. Upon deck they go again, the boys delighted with their holiday, and playing with the large Newfoundland dog, Neptune, who seems to think by his gambols that the children were brought on board purposely for his amusement.

"There's a rock a-head, sir, a little open on the weather bow," shouts one of the men from forward.

"Very well," returned the captain, aloud, and

then muttered, "Its the Cock above water, close at it my boy," to the man at the helm; "we mustn't go to leeward of the Gallic cock at all events; luff you may lad, luff."

"Luff it is, sir," replied the helmsman, as he inclined the tiller almost imperceptibly to the lee-side; but the cutter felt even that slight deviation of her rudder, and she boldly sprang to the wind.

"You'll hardly weather it, sir," said Peterson, as he elevated himself upon the windlass; "it's dead a-head as ever it can be."

"I *will* go to windward of it, by ——!" returned the reckless man, "or Blue Bob shall see which is hardest. Mind your helm, lad; luff to the breeze."

A sudden puff heeled the vessel over, and her increased impetus seemed hurrying her to destruction; but the skilful helmsman again pressed the tiller to leeward, and the cutter once more sprang to it gallantly, opening the rock a short handspike's length on the lee-bow. The

puff was past, the sails were lifting, the rock was scarcely eighty fathoms distant, every eye was fixed upon it with breathless attention; yet there stood the reckless captain, apparently unconcerned. The cutter was dashing on, but the rock did not open away from her bows an inch: a few minutes would decide their fate, supposing the commander was foolhardy enough to risk their lives, and he manifested no indication of changing his declared purpose. The men gazed alternately from the captain to the foamy breakers — for both seemed mad, when down came the puff again; instant advantage was taken of it. "Give her the helm, boy!— luff you may!" shouted the captain. The order was promptly obeyed; the beautiful craft, as if conscious of her danger, tried to avoid it. There was now no space to go to leeward; their lee-bow was actually in the white foam of the recoiling waters. Had the wind dropped, it appeared as if her fate must then have been sealed; but the breeze held on. The rock was

abeam ; a biscuit might have been pitched from the deck on to its summit ; the vessel trembled, as if sensible of her situation ; another minute, and she was again in the clear blue water ; the Cock was weathered and passed, and the laughing captain resuming his walk, exclaimed : " I knew Blue Bob could do it, or else be made fire-wood of. I was never mistaken yet."

Had Feaghan no motive for this ? The mysterious communings of the men, the reverential look with which they eye their commander — the demoniac curl of contempt upon the mate's lip indicate that he had ; and his own fearless glance of pride which he threw around him, evidenced that his purpose had been fully accomplished. He had calculated upon that which the others had not, a strong weather-tide, and the promptitude of the cutter in answering her helm. The people, fond of the marvellous, and influenced by superstition, attributed their safety to some superhuman power possessed by their daring chief.

"There's an English man-of-war brig, with her colours flying, in Bertheaume roads, sir," shouted Peterson from forward.

"Clear away the ensign-halliards at the peak, and hoist ours," was Feaghan's response.

"What flag are we to show, sir," inquired Peterson in an under-tone, as he came aft to the tafferail, where the captain was executing his own orders.

"Dutch, Peterson — Dutch, by all manner of means," returned his smiling commander. "Show 'em the stern and steady Van Tromp; our Irish lads will easily pass for Hollanders if you keep 'em clear of the whiskey."

Up went the Dutch ensign, blowing out gaily from the gaff-end. The cutter made a long reach into Bertheaume roads, and then stood out again towards those numerous black rocks which stretch out a mile or two from the Camaret land, leaving, however, a narrow passage between them and the shore. But she does not approach them; the entrance to Brest

is well opened; the castle on its craggy basis is well in sight; the tide is running in like a sluice; the dangerous Mingon in mid-channel is passed; the Gullet is gained; the town, as if running down a hill, is in full view; preparations are made for bringing up; the jib and gaff-topsail are taken in; the tack of the mainsail is triced up; the foresail halliards are let go, and the rattling hanks descend the stay as the canvas falls in folds below: the helm is clapped hard down; the cutter shoots up head to wind; the buoy is streamed; the vessel has lost her way; the anchor is let go; the range of the cable smokes out of the hawse-hole as she drops astern; a proper scope is given, and Blue Bob is proudly and saucily riding in the midst of the navy of France, and in one of the finest and safest ports in Europe.

Captain Feaghan received the officer on guard with phlegmatic politeness, invited him to partake of some excellent schiedam, and kept up a rather long conversation in French (the

officer not understanding *Dutch*), and soon after his departure the commander went ashore.

"Well, my boy," said Peterson to one of the children who stood by himself, whilst the other, full of life and glee, was racing with the noble dog along the deck; "well, my boy, and what is your name?"

"Ned Jones," replied the lad, somewhat morosely eyeing the inquirer; "and I want to go back to my mother."

"But your brother doesn't want to go back," said Peterson, "and I suppose he loves his mother as much as you do?"

"He's not my brother; and he's got no mother to go back to," responded the boy. "Hammy's happy anywhere, so that he's not put in a passion."

"And then, I dare say, he's a very terrible fellow," returned the other. "But, what is his name, if he's not your brother?"

"I told you his name was Hammy," rejoined Ned; "he never had any other except what the gentleman gave him."

"And, pray what was that which the gentleman gave him?" inquired Peterson.

"You're mighty inquisitive, Musther Petherson!" said the chief mate, who had overheard the conversation. "Maybe Captain Feaghan, and them as I know, wouldn't throuble themselves to thank you for it."

Peterson gave his superior a peculiar look of defiance, whilst his tongue was curbed by deferential respect for the other's rank. "I am merely speaking to them, Mr. O'Rafferty," said he; "but I can discontinue that, if it is your desire."

"By no manes in life," returned the mate, as he scowled upon the Guernseyman; "let 'em have a merry time, as their hours are numbered."

Peterson, though he heard the last remark, took no direct notice of it; but stopping Hamilton as he ran aft with the dog, he asked, "Well, Hammy, and do you like Neptune?"

"That I do," replied the laughing boy; "he

is so good-tempered. And, I like you; but I don't like him," pointing to the mate, "he looks so ill-natured and cross."

"An maybe there's more thruth in that than you think for, ye brat!" uttered O'Rafferty, with a ferocious look of anger at the boy. "Small blame to you for finding out that I'm not a sae-sick girl, though but little's the experience you have yet had as to the fact. And," turning to Ned, "don't you take a fancy to like me, eather!"

"I should like you," returned Ned, "if you wouldn't speak so rough and angry, and if you would take me back to my mother."

"Oh, never mind, Ned," exclaimed Hamilton, throwing his arm round his companion's neck. "We shall soon go back, and then what a fine story we shall have to tell nurse and Ellen; but I should like to take Neptune with me," and his other arm was entwined round the shaggy neck of the fondling animal.

"Ay, ay, my darlin'," said the mate, "ye'll

just go back when the cows come home; and that'll be niver, maybe." The boys looked ruefully on hearing this declaration. "Its meself as knows how many blue beans make five atwixt the skipper, an' one who shall be nameless. Five hunder's five hunder all the world over, barring that it's more in Ireland than any where else. An it's Mr. Morgan O'Rafferty here to the fore, as manes to have his share of it, anyhow; for, dead or alive, sorrow the scurragh of it can he touch without my sartificate that both on 'em are disposed of."

"You are making very strange allusions," said Peterson; "and, though they are in some measure enigmatical to me, yet they might hereafter be construed into certain admissions if repeated to any one else."

"Oh, don't mintion it — niggermatical are they?" rejoined the mate. "Well, then, it's meself as doesn't care a dudeen o' baccy about it; the money's mine, and some of it will come to you, safe enough."

"I know nothing of what you are hinting at," said Peterson sternly. "I have obeyed orders, as in duty bound, and I respect Captain Feaghan, who has on all occasions behaved extremely well to me."

"Exstramely well, no doubt on it," growled the mate; "an' the divel may swear him to his good behaviour. But it's small disthance that I'd trust him with five hunder pounds, and part of it in my own pocket — that is, ought to be as Morgan O'Rafferty's share."

"The children will remain uninjured by the captain, I'm very confident, if your allusions point at them," said Peterson, warmly; "he wouldn't hurt a hair of their heads."

"Whisht, ye know-nothing! arrah, whisht!" uttered the other, in a tone of ridicule and contempt. "Vestment oaths are not owld songs, or custom-house swearing. I say it must and shall be done!"

"What?" exclaimed Peterson, with sudden

vehemence, and looking his superior full in the face. "What must and shall be done?"

"Catch a weasel asleep, ye omadhaum!" returned the mate in anger. "How long have ye been a father-confessor? an afore the deed's done, too!"

"Come, come, Mr. O'Rafferty, there can be no good in our quarrelling upon such a subject," said Peterson, good-humouredly desiring to put an end to the dispute. "I'm certain, notwithstanding all you have said, that it is not in your nature to hurt or do harm to such innocents."

"An them so fond of me, too," bitterly responded the mate. "You forgot that, Petherson!" He turned to Ned, who had remained unmoved, though Hamilton had resumed his play. "An so you don't like the looks of me, eh?"

"No, I don't," boldly answered the boy; "I like Neptune better," and he clung round the

neck of the fine animal, who wagged his bushy tail, and looked the picture of delight."

"Out o' that, ye baste!" exclaimed the mate, giving the dog a brutal kick. "Go forud, sir! an you to be prefarred before a Christian?"

The creature gave a short moaning howl of complaint, looked in the brute's face, and then, hanging down his head, and dropping his tail, he promptly obeyed. Ned's face crimsoned with passion; Peterson seemed vexed; but Hamilton, who had been making Neptune fetch and carry a boat's-tiller that he had picked up about the decks, and still held it in his hand, struck the mate as sharp a blow as his strength would admit across the shins. "You're a baste yourself," said he, "and that's for you!"

"Hannimandhioul!" shrieked the mate with the acuteness of the pain; and catching up the youngster who had caused it, with a sudden fling he precipitated him into the sea, before Peterson, who seemed instantly aware of his intent, could seize

hold of him to prevent it. A shrill piercing cry of terror and anguish rang wildly in the air as the body descended into the yielding waters. Peterson, in the emergency of the moment, had grappled with the mate, who turned upon him with desperate fury, so that he could not disengage himself to leap to the rescue of the child; and there the mates struggled, whilst the people thronged the sides, and gazed upon the catastrophe. But, though O'Rafferty was the stoutest and the strongest man, yet Peterson had superior skill and science. He pressed firmly against his antagonist, apparently to throw him backwards. The mate sternly and powerfully resisted, when in an instant Peterson yielded, and sprang back, and his murderous opponent—overbalanced by his own pressure, which, instead of meeting resistance, was accelerated forward—lay stretched upon the deck.

"Jump in the boat—save the boy—for the love of Heaven, save him," shouted Peterson, as he ran to the tafferail and beheld the dog Nep-

tune paddling up astern with the child clinging to his neck, whilst he held his head above water by retaining the lad's curly hair in his mouth. Neptune had, in fact, witnessed the whole transaction; he heard the plunge as Hamilton fell heavily into the stream, and with one bound he cleared the gangway rails, and swam to the rescue of his little playmate. The boat shoved off—both were picked up and brought on board—the boy scarcely sensible—the animal, shaking his rough coat, seemed delighted with the approbation he received, frequently ran to the side and to the stern, and looked over upon the rippling tide to see if there was further occasion for his services.

The mate had been somewhat stunned by his fall, and, though almost immediately raised up by some of the men, he did not recover entire consciousness till Hamilton and his preserver had been brought back in safety, and then, with that startling revival of energy which pugilists at times evince when all hopes of their coming

to the scratch are gone, he sprang up from his recumbent position—reeled a pace or two—gave a peculiar kind of howl that drew together in an instant all the wild Irish amongst the crew—caught hold of a handspike, and, with maddened rage, prepared to rush upon the man who had done him so much dishonour. Nor was Peterson wholly unsupported, for several of the people, execrating the conduct of the mate, and expecting that his fury would prompt him to some infernal deed, had come aft and rallied round the second officer with a determination to protect him. Amongst these was old Graves, the boatswain, a native of Folkstone in Kent, a man of dauntless courage when it was called into action—a thorough cutter and lugger seaman (for he had never sailed in any other craft)—intrepid in the midst of danger—a very devil in the way of his profession—yet at other times as harmless and as playful as a junior school-boy.

"Muster Rapartee," exclaimed the boat-

swain, "I'll thank you to keep the peace, sir; and you—(to the Irish backers of the mate)—you conger-eaters, away forud every soul of you, and don't come athwart the hawse of owld Tom Graves!"

"To the devil I pitch 'em," shouted the mate, who stood a little before the starboard gangway, making ready with his barbarians for a desperate rush on the opposing party, who, with Peterson and Tom Graves at their head, had assembled on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, having an open hatchway and a skylight intervening between them and the expected assailants. "Huroosh!" again shouted the mate, and was answered with a similar cry from his adherents, as they flourished their weapons above their heads and bounded from the deck. "Your sowls to glory, have at 'em, then," added he, and with one spring he cleared the hatchway to cope with Peterson, but was instantly knocked back again, and tumbled down below by a blow from Captain Feaghan.

"Down—down, ye scoundrels," exclaimed the young commander, as he laid on them without mercy; "is this the way my authority is respected? my property taken care of? Down, ye villains. Graves, Peterson, heave the rascals overboard!"

The mysterious appearance of their captain at so critical a moment, and the summary punishment he had inflicted on the mate, at once decided the affair; the men slunk quickly away below, the decks were speedily cleared, contusions and broken heads were dressed, and Peterson related to his commander the events that had occurred.

The boys had been taken below directly Hamilton had returned on board, and, by the exertions of the steward, the latter was now quite revived, though still labouring under great alarm. Neptune received sundry friendly intimations of his master's approval, and followed him into the cabin, where he laid himself quietly down at the feet of the terrified boys.

But Feaghan spoke kindly to them, and produced toys and cakes from his pockets, as also a quantity he had brought in the boat. Novelty and amusement soon drove away remembrance of the past; they were encouraged to play, and, with Neptune to assist them, they were not long before they were again enjoying themselves in all the thoughtless mirth of childhood.

"A boat from the French frigate, sir," said Peterson at the cabin door, and Captain Feaghan immediately ascended to the deck, of which an officer and a party of armed men had taken possession.

"Are you in want of help, captain?" inquired the lieutenant: "we saw symptoms of mutiny, and are now ready to tender assistance."

"It was an affair of but little moment," returned the captain of the cutter; "a mere quarrel, and was quelled the instant I came aboard. But," and he bowed with well-affected elegance, "a word or two from you, monsieur,

might have a sensible effect upon them. Shall I order the fellows on deck ?"

"You do me too much honour," said the officer, returning the salutation with compound interest. "Do they understand the French language ? In that case I will speak to them."

"Most of them do, monsieur," replied Feaghan, "and those who do not shall have it translated to them." He turned to Peterson, and commanded him to "send every soul on deck directly."

The order was promptly obeyed; the men came sneaking from below, and ranged themselves abaft, many displaying bandaged heads; and, as soon as Graves had made his report, the officer mounted the skylight and called the marines to his side. Feaghan beckoned to Teddy, and in a whisper requested him to translate the French lieutenant's speech into pure Irish. Teddy stared for a moment, as not a word of French did he know anything about; but a wink from his commander and a word or

two from Peterson (who felt really alarmed lest the reckless humour of his captain should be seen through by the Frenchman) put him up to the thing, and he took his station. The following speech was then delivered, and progressively translated :—

"Gentlemen, citizens,—or, I beg pardon, subjects of the King of Holland," exclaimed the officer, throwing out his right foot and giving a graceful flourish with his hand.

"You tundering thaves o' the world, as loves whiskey and Hollands," roared Teddy, imitating the actions of his principal.

Officer.—"Obedience to superiors and tranquillity amongst yourselves are, as you must well know, essential to the well-being of every community, great or small."

Teddy.—"May the divel fetch every mother's son of you as ever says of your chief, 'black's the white of his eye.'"

Officer.—"Standing here as I do, the representative of *la Grande Monarque* (here he

took off an enormous cocked hat, and made a reverential bow), and supported by his invincible navy, I should be doing nothing more than my duty were I to send you all to *prison*."

TEDDY.—"You brute bastes, as makes no more of a paceable craft than you would of *Noah's Ark*," (here Teddy took off his hat and bowed)—"bad manners to every sowl of you as desarves to be sent double ironed to *Dublin jail*."

OFFICER.—"In consideration, however, of the intercession of your captain, I shall not at this time proceed to extremity; but should you offend again whilst in the port of Brest, you must expect no mercy to be shown you, but be executed for mutineers."

Captain Feaghan whispered to the lieutenant, who whispered to the sergeant of marines, who whispered to the corporal, and so on till it passed along the line.

TEDDY.—"Its hanging's too good for such a set of rapscallion mutineers; but if you don't promise never to do so again, and down on your

marrow-bones and cry for marcy, I'll shoot every sowl of you, like dead dogs."

Feaghan waved his hand—there was a rattling of muskets amongst that terrible-looking band of moustachioed marines—they brought their firelocks to the recover—to the present, and down dropped "the boys" on their knees, jabbering for mercy. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and Peterson felt the utmost difficulty to refrain from laughing, whilst Feaghan, who inwardly enjoyed the sport, preserved the gravity of a judge. But even his countenance was sadly tried, when just at this eventful crisis Neptune came bounding up the companion-ladder with an immense counsellor's wig (which the children had found in one of the lockers) tied upon his head, and, placing himself in front of the kneeling men, he raised himself erect and began to beg.

"Pauvre bête," exclaimed the lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders, "c'est nature, monsieur;" and then, laughingly, added, "il est

un chien de mer. Fort bien, vous avez mon pardon."

"Send them below, Teddy," whispered Feaghan, and then, waving his hand, the marines came to the recover and shouldered arms.

"The officer of the King of France forgives you," said Teddy, "in consideration of your counsellor; so jump below, ye rapparees, and make small stowage o' yourselves."

A second bidding was not required; the decks were cleared in an instant. Peterson removed the wig from the dog's head, whilst his master complimented the lieutenant on his eloquence, and begged his acceptance of a silver snuff-box as a memorial of his esteem. The marines were treated to some good Hollands gin, and they all parted the best friends in the world.

O'Rafferty in his fall had dislocated his shoulder; he was conveyed to his bed, in a little state room on the larboard side of the cabin, to the great terror of the children, who

dreaded being in his neighbourhood, and were permitted to go on deck, where, with Neptune dressed up in the old wig and the playthings brought from the shore, all painful recollections were soon subdued.

"A fine day's work you've made of it, Mister O'Rafferty," said the captain, as he seated himself on the lockers abaft in the cabin. "And well licked you've got for your pains. Will you never leave the brandy alone? must you be continually burning up your liver and muddling what little brains you have with liquor? Suppose you had drowned the boy? a pretty figure-head that of your's would have looked carved off by the axe of the guillotine. You would have belonged to another sort of cutter then."

"You may make your sport of them as is down, Captain Feaghan," groaned the mate; "but I want the doctor, so I'll thank you to send me ashore, sir, where I can —"

"Play me some scurvy thrick or other, eh, O'Rafferty?" said the captain, interrupting him.

"No, no—I shall be off in the morning, and then, if you still wish to remain, I can put you on board the frigate; they have a skilful surgeon, and you will be well taken care of there."

This was uttered in an off-hand, careless sort of way, so that an uninitiated listener might have construed the offer into a manifestation of kindness. But not so the mate; the words were scarcely uttered when he vociferated, "For the love of Christ, Captain Feaghan, don't do that —the French frigate! Then, by the seven crosses, they'd make a Dutchman of me whether or no, and she going to sail round the world to the Aste Ingees!"

"I left it to your own choice, Mr O'Rafferty," returned the captain, quietly, but at the same time fully sensible that his hint had taken due effect, the frigate being in want of hands, and the officers not over scrupulous in the manner of obtaining them, as few good seamen would volunteer for so long a voyage—to the French settlements in the East-Indies. "I do not want

to send you away, but as you wish for excellent surgical care —"

"Oh, oh!" groaned the mate, "the Lord save us from harme; I'm all obadience, Captain Feaghan, and sick and sorry I am for offending yer—why?"

"The infernal old hypocrite!" muttered the captain to himself, and then uttered audibly, "Now, O'Rafferty, you talk like a sensible man; the surgeon shall come on board to you and splice your timber—that is, if there's no necessity for docking it;" (the mate uttered a deep groan), "and then, when the anchor's a trip in the morning, we'll have a shore boat ready to land you, should it be required, or should you feel so inclined."

"Two boats alongside with goods, sir," said Peterson, at the cabin door; "there's wet and dry, sir."

"Very well," returned the captain, "tell Graves to clear the hold and take in, and set a gang to mount and fit the guns as they're

hoisted up; I shall be on deck directly. And now, Mr O'Rafferty," continued he to the mate as he took hold of a tumbler of grog the steward presented him with, "I shall leave you to your meditations—here's wishing you a speedy restoration to health, and a betther mind to enjoy it." He swallowed the grog, and ascended to the deck.

Here all was activity and bustle; on the larboard side laid a boat filled with four-gallon casks, whose staves were beautifully white, and every cask was already slung with nicely fitted slings, leaving sufficient becket in the middle for a good stout fist. To hand these in and stow them away in the hold occupied very little time, and no sooner was one boat cleared than another supplied her place, and this continued for several hours; every cask that was handed in being connected with a long line in the same tier by means of a piece of three-inch rope, to each end of which a heavy weight and a small grapnel was attached, for the purpose of secur-

ing them in a known position, should they be compelled in a storm, or by any other untoward event, to throw them overboard. In this work Tom Graves was in his glory; his eye seemed to measure the stowage with all the accuracy of a two-foot rule; he knew the exact space required for every cask, and the precise spot in which it ought to be placed. Carefully did he examine every pair of slings, and with his own hands did he raft them together by secure seizings, every now and then swallowing a dram from a tub, the head of which had been purposely knocked in. On the starboard side, two or three boats succeeded each other, being laden with small bales, that Peterson took under his charge and stowed away abaft and forward, each bale, like the casks, being carefully slung, and of just sufficient weight for two to be carried by one man. The cutter had plenty of hands, and, as every one was actively employed, by evening the cargo was completed; the guns were mounted, and a surgeon having seen to the

injuries O'Rafferty had sustained, Feaghan determined at once to put to sea. He settled his affairs ashore whilst the mainsail was being hoisted and the cable heaved in. The merry song of the seamen rung through the harbour as they sweated up the jib purchase. The captain returned on board—the anchor was weighed, and Blue Bob, gracefully making his best bow to the "invincible navy" of "*la grande Monarque*," rattled past Point d'Espagnol, and, hugging the weather shore till he had cleared the Fillets, up went the square sails, the sheets were eased off, and away he went nearly dead before it for the outside of Ushant.

CHAPTER VI.

"Go along—go along, Bob."

It was a beautiful autumnal evening—the red glare of the setting sun still lingered in the west, whilst over the land to the eastward night had already commenced its reign, though the dark craggy ridges were clearly distinguishable, standing out in bold relief from the lighter sky. The breeze was fresh—the rippling tide, now again flowing in, set strongly against the cutter, and, being adverse to the wind, a short sea, bubbling and breaking and tossing its many-pointed crests in mimic fury, dashed against her bows or washed along her bends, as, pressed beneath her canvas, she breasted the opposing current. High on her

starboard hand did the roaring breakers foam over the "black rocks," and distinctly visible was the milk-white surge that rose loftily in the air, as if lashing the uneven surface into greater rage.

The cutter's commander stood leaning against the companion, apparently looking at the tumult of those ever-restless waters; but there was an air of abstraction and a deep shade of melancholy on his handsome countenance. The watch had been called, the decks were all clear, and every rope coiled down in its proper place, ready in a moment for the least emergency. Look-outs were stationed at each cat-head—the man at the helm watched the alterations of the compass with a seaman's eye, whilst Tom Graves, with untiring zeal, paced to-and-fro, fully sensible of the importance of his charge as officer on duty, for Peterson had turned in. The boatswain, however, took no notice of his commander, who remained undisturbed and unmoved, though the rocks were passed, St. Mat-

thew's tower lost sight of, and Ushant light opened broad away on the starboard bow.

It was, indeed, a lovely night, warm yet clear, and overhead the stars, in all their brilliancy and splendour, spoke of other systems and of other worlds, as in harmonious order they shone with their own unborrowed lustre—a book of nature, whose glorious page was constantly unfolded to the study of the unlettered seaman. This is the period for meditation; the eye as well as the mind has ample scope to range around where sky and ocean meet in one vast circle, whose line is clearly defined by the horizon. On land, even from the summit of the loftiest mountain, there is something to break the curve and give an idea of terrestrial distance beyond it; but, upon the wide waters, to find yourself the centre of an immense circumference which is everywhere united, and to witness the rising, meridian altitude, and declension of the heavenly bodies in the immensity of space—oh, this—this it is that assures us, that though man

is fearfully and wonderfully made, yet the mechanism of the human frame is as nothing compared with that stupendous machinery which rolls the globe in its diurnal motion, and whirls it with such amazing rapidity through its annual revolution round its primary. It is from the vessel's deck that these thoughts are cherished with a true feeling of the sublime and a conviction of the truth.

Was Captain Feaghan thus occupied?—who can read the human heart? Yet there he still remained till Ushant light, from a beam, shone vividly down on the cutter's sails, giving them an unnatural and spectral appearance. No one broke in upon his moody reveries; the steward had several times approached him, but, struck by the fixedness of his gaze, had again retreated. Tom Graves, in issuing the necessary orders, spoke in a subdued tone; the men silently contemplated the strangeness of their chief, and huddled together to give vent to their imagination in whispers; there was no whistle-

ing of the wind, for the vessel was yielding to its power; all that broke the stillness was the wash of waters as she ploughed the furrowed course, and threw aside the waves that rose to impede her way.

Midnight arrived, and Feaghan retained his position unmoved and apparently immoveable; the other watch was called, but he gave no heed to it. Peterson relieved the boatswain, and they conversed together in an under-tone at the gangway, as the veteran Graves directed attention to the captain. Ushant light drew away upon the quarter, diminishing to an insignificant size, and a clear horizon was before them. Suddenly the captain started. "Who touched me?" he exclaimed, with wildness in his manner as he glared around him, but no one was near; he looked down, and crouching at his feet saw his faithful dog, who had rubbed against his master's hand. "Thou art a kind friend, Nep," said he; "thou hast aroused me from a fearful dream," and he shuddered, as if recol-

lecting some imminent peril from which he had just recoiled. The animal rose up and fondled the man whose voice was the voice of kindness. "Good creature," continued Feaghan, patting his bushy neck, "I understand your meaning, and will attend to it;" he then inquired, in a louder voice, "Who has the watch?"

"It is I, sir—Peterson," replied the Guernseyman, as he approached and stood respectfully before his commander.

"How's this—I thought 'twas Graves who had the first watch," said Feaghan; "Ay, ay, I recollect it now—say no more. Peterson, you acted with insubordination to-day in striking the mate; and yet I cannot blame you, but still the affair must not be suffered to go further. The enterprize on which we are engaged is a lawless and a desperate one, and it will not do to make an enemy of one whom our own interests tells us it is best to keep as a friend. O'Rafferty is in a considerable degree useful to

us; he knows all the coves and bays along the coast better than any other man on board, as well as every cave and mountain pass on shore. I know them too, but we cannot always act together, nor is it possible for me to be in more places than one. Besides, there is a certain bond between us which cannot well be dissevered, or else we had parted long ago, for I detest his murderous propensities. It will personally oblige me, Peterson, if you will think no more about your quarrel with O'Rafferty; and if he extends his hand, give yours in return." Peterson was about to speak; but Feaghan interrupted him. "I know what you would say—those children are not safe if left to his barbarous nature; yet, Peterson, both I and O'Rafferty are under solemn engagements to destroy them, at least one of them, since the girl has escaped." The second mate started, and gave his chief a look of horror; but he did not seem to heed it, for he went on. "That fool would execute the com-

mission to the very letter—not in compliance with his oath, for he would swear any thing, but to satisfy his wolfish appetite for human slaughter. And what would be the result? The hunch-backed villain who employed us would at all times have our lives and destinies within his power. The deed once done, he would laugh at our claim for the reward, and threaten us with the law as murderers. How stands it now? I have his secret—O'Rafferty has not: the boy alive, and there is a sword constantly suspended over him, so that fear of disclosure will bend him to my every purpose; he has hitherto been my employer—but now I become his master. Do you comprehend me?"

"I do not know the secret, sir," replied Peterson; "but I think I understand the drift of your meaning."

"Ay, ay, 'tis clear enough," rejoined the captain; "the secret must rest with me till—— we are better acquainted, Peterson. Remember, sir, I have spoken to you in confidence; there

must be no betrayal. Good night, Peterson; let there be a good look-out and steady steering—the course for the present, nor-nor-west; set Ushant light before it disappears. We have thirty leagues to run before we shall make Scilly; and as she is slipping through it at least seven knots, with an increasing breeze—— But what is the use of present calculation?—Come, Nep." He patted the dog's head, and commenced his descent.—"Call me, Peterson, should any thing occur; you will find me on the lockers. And, Peterson, think of what I have said; let us have no animosity; seamen, and especially seamen in our service, should be above it. Good night!"

Daylight broke upon them as they came within the fair-way of the British Channel. The breeze had freshened, and there was a misty haze upon the waters, although the sky above was clear. The watch was again relieved; Peterson, in resigning charge, pointed out to Graves several strangers that were in sight, and, with canvas

packed upon them from the deck to the trucks, they were running with the wind on their larboard quarters, and making the best of their speed in their outward-bound voyage. There was a schooner on the lee bow, close-hauled on the starboard tack, crossing the cutter's course. He saw nothing, however, as he said, "either to suspect or to fear."

Old Tom inspected his sails, to see if they were nicely trimmed, occasionally passing a few words with Teddy, and then tried to make out the strangers through his glass. "That's a Smyrnamun," said he, looking at a brig with squarer yards than usual in merchant vessels; "she's well manned and armed against them thieves o' pirates, the Algerines; a valuable cargo she'll bring back, if so be as she escapes. Yon's an Ingeemun," directing his glass to a large ship, whose bright sides and painted ports were clearly defined as the light of the morning broke upon them; "she'll be for China, to fetch home sowshong and hyson, and gunpowder to

blow up the women-kind. And that is," looking at a smaller ship, whose well varnished sheer glistened as the rising sun appeared above the horizon, " that is a Southseamun, going on a whaling voyage, with light goods for the fur trade, and hard shot for them as interferes with him. And there bowls a sober Dutchman for Saint Ubes; and yonder goes a West Ingeemun, to bring back sugar for the Chinamun's tea, and some rum for the ladies;—and," directing his attention to the schooner, that had now opened a little out on the cutter's starboard bow,—" and that is—eh! let me see." His gaze became intently fixed for a minute; he then walked forward and steadied his glass on the bulwark, as he renewed his earnest look for a longer period. " That is," said he, suddenly springing up and slapping his hand upon his thigh, —" then I'm blow'd if it arn't the Spider!"

Without a moment's delay, Graves descended to the cabin, and aroused his commander. One touch was sufficient; he sprang from the lockers

as the boatswain exclaimed, "Spider in sight, sir!"

"Kill it then," returned the captain; "we're no fly to be caught in its web." He rubbed his eyes. "Oh! daylight, eh? What's the news, Graves?"

"Muster Anderson's crossing our hawse in the Spider, sir," returned the boatswain; "and though he makes believe not to see us, he's too many owld hands aboard not to know the cut of our jib."

"If he's ahead, Graves, you must be aware that we are end-on to him," returned the commander; "and it's no easy task to make out the identity of a craft under such circumstances."

"I don't calculate much about 'dentity,' sir," responded Tom; "but I'm thinking he can make out the *dent* he made in our square topsel last run, though it be well patched with my own palm and needle."

"What tack is he on, Graves?" inquired Feaghan. "But never mind; jump on deck,

old boy, and I'll be alongside of you in an instant." He reseated himself as the boatswain disappeared. "That d—d fellow, Anderson, has already crowed and used his spurs; but I must clip his wings," ruminated the captain. "If I shorten sail and haul to the wind, I know I can beat him dead in four or five hours: if I run, he sails nearly as well as the cutter, going free, and an unlucky shot may carry away a spar, so as to bring us fairly alongside of each other." He paused. "And what then? He carries fourteen guns—and so do I; his men will fight for prize-money—mine, with a hangman's noose before their eyes. It will not do to work back; we must try our luck." He ascended to the deck.

"There she is, sir," said Graves, directing the attention of the captain to the schooner, that, notwithstanding the stiff breeze, was making but slow progress through the water.

Feaghan raised the glass to his eye; one moment's look served to convince him. "It

is the Spider, Graves; turn the hands out directly."

The Spider, a man-of-war schooner, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, who had rendered himself remarkable, and even dreaded, by his active hostility against smugglers, was dragging on under a press of canvas, though making but little headway, apparently regardless of the cutter, or any thing except standing in for the Land's End. This, however, did not deceive Feaghan, who was well assured that he was both seen and known; and the schooner, by some practical manœuvre, was deadening her way, so as to draw him down. "Starboard, lad!" said he to the steersman; "keep her away another point, and mind your helm.—Trim sails, Mr. Peterson; and every man to his station; see all clear for jibeing."

The alteration in the course was not unobserved by the schooner, who edged a little off the wind for a few minutes, and then wore short round on the opposite tack. "The fool!" said

Feaghan, "does he fancy that I'm asleep?—Steward, give the men a dram.—Teddy, bend on the Dutch ensign abaft.—Graves, see your guns all clear, and don't be sparing of the shot, sir. These fellows will be knocking holes in some of the tubs; but we'll try their metal and rate of sailing for all that. You know the Spider well; can Bob spare her any canvas?"

Old Tom deliberated for a few seconds, and then, with a knowing look, replied, "I think he might, sir; but, if I may be so bowld as to speak my mind, I'd bother him."

"It would be worth a trial, Graves," said the captain; "but Anderson is too clear-headed to be easily taken in. Our cargo is too valuable to be played with; yet I will not haul my wind."

"Even if you were so determined, it would be running out of one fire into another, sir," said Paterson, who had been scanning the horizon astern; "there's the man-of-war brig, that was in Bertheaume Roads, away on the

weather quarter, and a signal from the schooner would bring her down."

"There it goes, then," said Feaghan, as a wreath of smoke curled for a few seconds amongst the Spider's sails, and the report of a gun came faintly on the ear; "if he does not see the signal, I think the sound will hardly reach him right in the wind's eye."

"But he does see it, sir," exclaimed Peterson; "he's bearing up; his yards are squared; they're rigging out the studdensel-booms. But a stern-chace is a long chace, and so he'll find it."

"Right, Peterson," returned the commander; "he does not at present give me a moment's concern. Now then! see all clear for shortening sail; but keep every thing ready to crack on her again the moment I give the word. There must be no delay—no hesitation. Send a couple of hands aloft, as if to take in the topsel; get another pull at the jib-purchase, and secure it to the mast-head by the chain.—Graves, quick with half-a-dozen men, to clear away these

stern-ports; and the aftmost guns must be shifted into them directly the helm is put up. Ay, ay, there comes a shot, dancing across the water.—Steward!" (the man approached), "see to the children, and put them in a place of safety with the dog. Hoist Van Tromp abaft, and stand by, my boys."

The vessels were now rapidly nearing each other—the schooner, on the larboard tack, obliquely crossing the cutter's fore-foot, and firing her larboard bow-guns without effect. The position was favourable to the former, for the cutter was nearly dead before it; and a slight variation in her course to starboard would have rendered it necessary to jibe, which Feaghan appeared desirous of avoiding; whilst, if he hauled more up to port, his lee-guns would be so low, that he would not be able to bring them to bear. Still every moment became more and more precious; they were nearly within hail.—"Port, lad—port!" said Feaghan; "gather in the main-sheet abaft; shorten sail."

Down came the squaresail; the topsail fluttered in the breeze, and was gathered in folds upon the yard. The vessel, obedient to her helm, wore round to the starboard tack, flew up to meet the wind, and her canvas lifted as she closed with it; whilst Feaghan, with a countenance on which was produced cool determination mingled with anxiety, kept his eye keenly fixed upon his opponent. "That's a tub of Nantes in Father Fogarty's pocket!" said he, rubbing his hands with eager delight, as he saw the schooner on his lee bow heave about; and no sooner was she head to wind, than his voice, though low, was distinctly heard fore-and-aft by his ready men, "Make sail, lads; hard up with the helm, and meet her in time; sway away forud. Hurrah! my boys—well behaved! we've done the old 'un like sons of thunder."

The lively vessel responded to control, and again flew off before it, though not with the same rapidity as that in which she had luffed up; and this brought the adversaries almost

within jumping-distance of each other. The squaresail and topsail were again spread, as if by the effects of a magician's wand; the schooner had not yet gathered way, when Blue Bob passed close under her stern, pouring in a raking broadside, and making every shot tell as it swept her decks. "Mind your helm, lad," exclaimed Feaghan; "steer her small; there—steady, so; nor-nor-west again. Well-behaved with those stern-guns, my boys! He ran aft to render some aid, and beheld the commander of the schooner standing at his own lee-gangway. Immediately, he sprang upon the taffrail; his hat was raised, and he saluted the lieutenant with a mock gravity that was inimitable. A volley from the marines was the response; but Feaghan looked proudly around him, as he retained his position apparently uninjured. In a minute or two he descended from his exposed situation; his step was firm; his look was undaunted; not a feature of his face betrayed the slightest suffering or pain; but, calling the

second-mate to his side, he said in a half-whisper, "That's all one gets for being over-civil, Peterson; those infernal rascals have riddled me! I have three balls in or through my body; how many more, I know not. But whatever happens, Peterson, should the command devolve on you, do not give her away. There—take no notice of what I have said. Steady, boy—steady! Get a pull of the main-guy there, forud. Keep the mainsel from lifting by the lee, my man. The schooner is paying off! Tom—Tom Graves, try the range of those stern-chasers; take a steady aim, and expend some of his gear—a yard or a topmast; King George has plenty more in his dock-yards."

The lieutenant of the schooner was greatly enraged at finding himself outwitted, and, for the moment, his anger deprived him of that cool judgment which is so requisite in cases of emergency. But this soon vanished; sail was made upon the Spider, and she endeavoured to keep upon the cutter's quarter, so as to bring her

bow-gun to bear. The Blue Bob, however, had got nearly two cables' length start of the schooner, and, as their rate of sailing was about equal, they kept up their relative distance with scarcely any alteration. Old Tom had several times pitched the iron at the Spider, and the holes in her sails plainly indicated that his aim was good, though no spar had as yet been touched. On the other hand, the cutter's canvas was something like Paddy's main-lug, when, in a squall, he cut a piece out of the middle to let the wind blow through: there were not a few ribands flying away, for the schooner's bow-gun was cleverly performing its duty.

"Had you not better go below, sir?" said Peterson to his commander; "the blood is running down your fingers; let me see if I can do any thing for you."

"Thank you, Peterson—thank you," returned Feaghan; "gun-shot wounds seldom bleed much. There's a fellow in the thick part of my arm, brought up all standing, pretty close

to the bone, I think;" and he shewed the hole in his rough jacket through which the ball had passed. "The visit of another was only momentary—he gave me a hint just here," pointing to the fleshy muscles an inch or two above the hip-bone; "and, as I perceive, by the sally-port he's made abaft, he was in too much of a hurry to stop—the place gives me great pain; but really I haven't time to think about it. The third is in my thigh; so that, you see, there is no great danger.—Steady, boy; mind your helm, and be d—— to you!" He turned round in anger; the steersman was stretched upon the deck a corpse, a shot having literally smashed his head to atoms.

Peterson ran to the tiller, and immediately rectified the deviation which this fatal occurrence had caused in the cutter's course; and though the whole had passed in a very short time, yet it enabled the schooner to gain upon the chase. "Poor Miller!" said Feaghan, looking at the fallen man, and throwing a boat's sail over the

quivering body, "you've had no lingering pains, any how.—See to your gun, Tom Graves!" shouted he, with vehemence; "all this noise made, and so little work done.—Hark!" (a cheer came down upon the breeze); "the fellows are laughing at you. There goes that infernal bow-gun again!" (a crash was heard aloft)—"and, by ——! they've knocked away our topmast."

A stern expression of revengeful feelings passed over the features of Captain Feaghan, as he saw the shattered stump of his mast just above the cap, both square-topsail and gaff-topsail hanging down before the squaresail. Another loud cheer came from the schooner; and there were some dastard hearts in the Blue Bob that began to quake under the fear of capture. Not so with the captain—not so with the mates. O'Rafferty had listened to the firing undisturbed; he had been aware that more than one or two lives had been lost, yet it produced but little excitement in his breast; but when he

heard the crashing of the spars, and became aware that the vessel which he loved was injured, he immediately left his bed, and, though with only his trowsers on, he ascended the companion at the very instant that the shouts of the Spider's crew came down upon the blast.

"Your sowls to blazes," roared the mate, as he ran aft to the chase gun, which had just been reloaded; "let a clear eye and a steady hand come. Out o' that, Tom Graves, and give me the match; he's coming up with us hand over hand."

And so the schooner was, for the breeze had increased to little short of a gale, and the cutter soon felt the loss of her canvas—the squaresail had been rent by the falling mast, and the Spider, ploughing the boiling foam that roared and hissed under her bows, was carrying on and rapidly diminishing their distance, so that there seemed no alternative but to fight or surrender. It often happens, however, that a fresh eye along the sight of a gun will do more in one

minute than the practice of a previous hour, and such was the case now. O'Rafferty, with scarcely an effort, just watched the rise of the cutter's stern, then ranged his rapid scrutiny from the muzzle of the six-pounder towards the Spider; the match was applied with the rapidity of lightning; the smoke abaft obscured his immediate sight, but a shout from forward told him execution had been done, and the exclamation, "His foreyard's gone right in the slings!" informed him of the extent. The schooner's squaresail and topsail were rendered useless, and they were once more placed upon something like an equality in the progress which they made, though Blue Bob enjoyed a small advantage.

"Bear a hand, lads,—up with the spare topmast," shouted Feaghan; "get out the small squaresel and shift it. Look smart, my boys,—aloft, and show those man-of-war's men what clever topmen you'd make. Try your range again, O'Rafferty; the Spider's cook will thank you for a supply of chips."

O'Rafferty did try, but without avail, except to cut away a rope or two, and work daylight through his sails. Tom Graves was busily employed getting the spare topmast rigged; and, in a space of time that would seem almost incredible, both topsails were again set, and Blue Bob was walking off from the Spider almost two foot to one. But the royal cruiser was not idle; the foreyard was shifted, and once more, under a cloud of canvas, she held her own with the cutter. Firing had ceased for some time, when above the haze, which had greatly thickened on the surface of the water, St. Agnes lighthouse showed itself a conspicuous object to direct their course—it bore north-north-east, or pretty well open on the starboard bow.

Captain Feaghan had permitted Peterson to see to his wounds; that in the side was roughly dressed, the ball extracted from the thigh, but that in the arm could not be moved. The children and Neptune were released from their confinement, and a substantial meal set out in

the cabin. All traces of animosity had subsided between the mates, for the Spider had reunited them by a bond which admitted of no errors or mistakes.

"We shall have a gale before sun down," said Feaghan, as he seated himself at the table and pulled the chair of Hamilton close to his side.

"Don't you think the cutter is pressed now, sir," said Peterson, in a tone of deferential inquiry.

"Not yet — not yet," returned the commander, "though it certainly will be wise to ease our lofty spars before long. Blue Bob will tell us when his head's too low, depend upon it. We've a long run yet, and, if nothing crosses us, shall make the Cape about daybreak to-morrow. Well, Hammy, and are you frightened?"

"No!" replied the boy; "only I don't like to be shut down in a dark place. Why didn't you let me come up to see you fight?"

"And did you want to come up too, Ned?" said the captain; "did you want to see us fight?"

"No," responded Ned, "I don't like fighting, no more don't Neptune; he crouched down in the corner every time you fired the cannons."

"Ah, Nep's a coward," said Hamilton boldly; "he was afraid of being shot, and yet he's a dear good dog in the water. Are you going to fight again?"

"That must depend upon others and not upon me," answered Feaghan, as he helped the children to food.

"And what did they fight you for?" inquired Ned. "What had you done to them to make them try and kill you?"

"Why, my boy, we've a commission from the Pope of Rome to freight ourselves with parish churches if we can hoist them aboard," replied the captain; "but as we've no stowage for the steeples, we are obliged to content ourselves with a cargo of holy-stones and hand-bibles."

"And did they want to take them from you?" asked Hammy, in the innocency of his heart.

"They did, my boy," replied Feaghan; "but you know it would be wicked to part with the property of the priesthood—we mustn't make enemies of the parsons."

"There's a cutter retching out from under the land, sir," said Tom Graves, as he stood hat in hand at the cabin door; "and to my thinking, sir, she looks very much like the —"

"Dolphin!" exclaimed the captain, hurriedly interruping him. "Oh, there can be no doubt about it; when a fellow's luck is down upon him he never gets it singly. Has the schooner caught sight of him yet?"

"Yes, sir," answered Graves, "the Spider sees him, and is trying to do a bit of talking with his flags."

"Then, my boy," said Feaghan, turning to Hamilton, "we *shall* have another fight, for we mustn't lose the holy-stones and the hand-bibles. What distance is she, Tom?"

"It's getting very thick, sir, so as to make a man somewhat dubersome about distances," replied the boatswain; "but I should take him to be not more than three mile."

"And broad away on the starboard bow, Graves, I think you said," observed the captain, as if working some mental calculation.

"I didn't say as much, sir," answered the boatswain, "but that's whereabouts she is."

"Then we shall beat him without the help of the guns, Tom," said Feaghan. "Keep her off another point, nor-west and by north, old boy, and a couple of good hands at the tiller. Have the men finished their grub yet?"

"Almost, sir," answered Graves, as he turned to depart. "But I think, Captain Feaghan, the cutter's overpressed. Poor thing, she tries to go faster, but the canvas shoves her nose under, and she can hardly lift it again. One can hear her groan."

"Very well, Tom, I'll see to it presently," returned Feaghan, smiling, "Bear a hand up,

old boy—remember, nor-west and by north, and steady hands at the tiller."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the veteran, and, closing the door of the cabin, he reascended to the deck.

"Hold on, good spars!" exclaimed the captain, looking up the skylight. "That's a pretty stick that topmast, it bends like a coach-whip. And so, Peterson, we have two of our oldest friends close at hand, full of eager desire to assist in discharging our cargo. We're clear of the schooner this bout, though I dare say Anderson is chuckling with glee under the hope that the Dolphin's guns will disable me; and so they may, but that's the chance, and I've run worse hazards than this,—ay, under a frigate's bows, and laughed the wind out of 'em—I haven't time to tell you now. Anderson thinks he has me snug enough, and certainly there's nothing very flattering in our prospects. But I will teach the fool another lesson if he has not had sufficient for one day, should I come along-

side of him. I have a small reckoning placed to his account—a kind of *pledge* for his *three balls* that——But eat, youngsters, eat; you must go in the hole again for a short time, and take care of Nep."

"Oh, let me go and see you fight," said Hamilton, eagerly; "indeed, I wo'n't get in anybody's way."

"No, no, Hammy," answered Feaghan, "you must not go upon deck; who can tell but you may take it into your head to be trying to stop the shot?"

"Indeed, indeed I won't," responded Hamilton, with eagerness; "I won't stop one shot, if you'll only let me be by your side."

Feaghan eyed the boy for an instant; but Hamilton manifested no want of decision.—"Look here," said he, baring his arm, and showing his shirt saturated with blood even through the bandages; "and here!" he pointed to the deeply-stained dressings on his side. "You see, my fine fellow, I have been stopping

the shot, and that's what they've done for me."

Hamilton said no more, and Ned sickened and shuddered at the spectacle; whilst Neptune placed his fore-paws on his master's knees, gazed wistfully in his face, and gave a short howl. Feaghan patted his head, rose from the table, and went on deck.

The alteration in the cutter's course had brought the schooner nearly astern, and opened out a wider space for the Dolphin from the Blue Bob's bows. But the revenue vessel had also bore up and made sail, running on a parallel line with the craft she was desirous of catching; yet was the wind so awkward, that there was no possibility of getting nearer without jibeing; and that was a work of peril, as well as delay. It is true, the revenue cutter sometimes yawed to port, to diminish the distance between them; but it was evidently the cause of her losing ground, and it was discontinued. In the mean time Blue Bob was steered with such nicety,

that though the seas toppled and ranged along her sides, not one broke upon her deck.

"This cannot last much longer, Tom," said Feaghan, addressing the boatswain; "the sea is getting up, and the gale is increasing." He looked astern. "Ha, ha! the Spider is drawing in his legs; he has got enough of it; where's the glass?" Graves presented one to his commander. "Reefing his topsel, and double-reefing his mainsel! Good-bye, old Spider; I'm out of your claws this voyage, at all events. —Where's the brig?" He looked towards the place where she had last been seen. "Not in sight. —And now, Mr. Dolphin? Well-behaved, my lads—following the example of the schooner! Have all hands ready at their stations, Graves, and see every thing clear for shortening sail on the instant. I'll try my canvas a little longer."

The Dolphin, a revenue cutter, stationed off the Scilly Isles, was well aware of the character of the Blue Bob; and such was the deadly feeling of hostility between the crews that, had they

come alongside, sanguinary indeed would have been the conflict. The time occupied in reducing sail in the other two vessels gave Feaghan a decided advantage, as he evidently gained upon his enemies; and, notwithstanding the rolling motion of the cutter and the pain of his wounds, he stood balancing himself by the companion, and whistling snatches of Irish songs. Old Tom frequently looked at him with a restless and uneasy eye, but did not speak, though he seemed almost bursting with desire to say something. At last, addressing himself to the second-mate, he said, in an under-tone, but loud enough to reach the captain's ears, "Would you be good enough, Muster Peterson, just to make bould to ax the skipper to leave off piping that devil's delight. Any one may see as we've got quite wind enough, without wanting a cap-full more, and the poor thing already strained beyond her nat'ral bearing."

"And so, Tom, you think it is bad luck to

whistle, do you?" said the captain, who had overheard his remarks.

"No, sir, not bad luck," replied the boatswain; "but, if you 'tices the breeze, it's sure to come, and, with the cloth we've got abroad, another breath would make the sticks chatter. The lower-mast-head is wringing now, and that topmast wouldn't hould much more strain. The other craft are making snug—"

"And we are leaving them fast, in consequence," argued Feaghan. "But there is a squall coming astern, Tom; is every thing clear? By Jove, the schooner's got it! Stand by there, forud!"

Far as the eye could reach astern, there seemed to be a white foam arising through the dim haze, and spreading into wider expansion as it approached. The curling tops of the seas were not to be distinguished from the smoother surface, and there was a blackness hovering over all that contrasted fearfully with the milky hue

of the rolling waves. The schooner had carried on to the last moment, and then every thing was let go; her topsail flew from the yard, and passed away ahead, like a cloud borne on the fleet wings of the wind; and her jib, exposed to the fury of the blast, on the sudden lowering of the squaresail split into ribands, and fluttered in mockery of their efforts to haul it down.

"In sail!" shouted Feaghan; and in a few minutes the Blue Bob was running almost under a bare pole; for the squaresails were taken in, the gaff-topsail stowed at the mast-head, the mainsail lowered, and the boom shifted to the lee-quarter, ready for reefing the sail. Down came the squall, scattering the spray over the decks like a shower of hail-stones. The vessel reeled for several minutes, as if in affright at the war of elements; every plank in her quivered; her mast shook like a reed, and the ocean around her seemed to smoke with the friction of her sides, as she rushed on in her headlong course. But all was snugly housed—not a rope-yarn was

started; and though Tom Graves did exclaim, "Poor thing!—how she trembles!" yet the lovely sea-boat rode buoyant over the billows, like a duck at play; the mainsail was double-reefed—the foresail set, and there was scarcely a wet jacket amongst the crew.

CHAPTER VII.

The tar delights on the skies to gaze,
When the breeze is fresh and free,
And the heavens are clear from cloud or haze,
Whilst the stars in their brilliant glory blaze,
Or dance on the deep blue sea:
More precious to me is the thickening gloom,
Though silent and dark as the dreary tomb.

Over the wild waters bounded the lively vessels—the pursuers and the pursued. The haze grew more and more dense as the shades of evening were closing in around them. The schooner was barely visible astern—the Dolphin was now broad away on the starboard quarter; but both of their commanders were well acquainted with the probable destination of Blue Bob, and, should no other vessel appear to intercept his

progress, yet still they cherished the hope that, by carrying on, they might keep sufficiently near the chase to prevent the landing of the cargo, or to seize it if landed.

Feaghan was aware of this; his well practised mind embraced all the difficulties of his situation; he knew that he might haul his wind, and escape his enemies—but then they would get the start of him, and he would have no chance of running his crop, as the whole coast would be alarmed. To continue on, however, was a hazardous experiment, and could only be warranted by his accurate knowledge of the several coves and inlets, where, for a short time at least, he could lie undiscovered and undisturbed. The alternative was desperate; but he determined upon trying it.

The mainsail had been treble-reefed, the bowsprit reduced, the topmast struck, and every thing was made snug, as night—a dreary, tempestuous night—enveloped them in darkness. Rolling sheets of foam was around them below; and

above this a thick mist encircled the vessel in its gloomy shroud; yet myriads of bright gems sent forth their sparkling effulgence through the dim vapour, and the track of the cutter was gloriously lighted with dazzling splendour, as if she had been ploughing up diamonds. The Spider and the Dolphin were no longer to be seen; the watch on deck were huddled together; Peterson had the charge, and might well be trusted. But Feaghan would not go below; his eye was every where, but chiefly upon the compass-card, to observe that the steersman kept her steady in her course.

"This is *rough* work, as the monkey said when the bear hugged him," uttered the captain to his second-mate; "but I've been in greater straits before now. We shall not be able to see the land till it is close aboard of us, and perhaps not till we feel it. The Fastnet may be a more fatal web than that which the Spider would have wove for us; and the Cape will be any thing clear to-night. We'll keep her another point to

the westward, Peterson, and try for Mizen Head."

"Very well, sir," replied the subordinate; and he immediately carried into effect the orders of his superior.

"I like such nights as these, Peterson," said the captain, as they stood together by the companion; "they seem to accord with the natural feelings of my heart, so as to arouse every latent energy. I could not sleep, nor do I feel the slightest indication of weariness or want of rest. My wounds are rather troublesome, yet I scarcely give them a thought, so powerfully is my mind pre-occupied—steady, boy; steer her small—and yet, strange as it may appear, it is at these moments that remembrances of my early years are the most vivid—for, whilst looking on the dark haze as it rolls its mysterious forms along the gale, I seem as if holding converse with those who are tenants of the tomb."

"I know but little of such feelings, sir," returned Peterson, who, in his unsophisticated

nature, experienced a degree of awe whilst listening to the language of his commander. "For my part, I can see nothing but the haze which shuts out the sky, and the sea as it generally looks in a gale of wind."

"I could almost wish it were so with me," continued Feaghan; "and yet there is a sort of delightful witchery in such reveries, though I must confess that at times they produce enervation.—But hark!" exclaimed he with vehemence, "can you not fancy there are voices on the breeze; and is it not gratifying to suppose that the spirits of departed friends are hovering in the mist to bear you on in safety?"

"I hear nothing, sir, but the whistling of the wind through the blocks, as the Dutchman said, when he'd only half a sheave at his mast-head," returned Peterson; "and as for spirits, I know of none but what's in the hold."

The sea rose higher and higher as it gained a longer range, till it became extremely hazardous to keep before it. Sometimes the waves would

run fearfully high above the vessel's stern, as if about to bury her beneath its mountain weight; and, had their curling summits broke over them, none would have escaped an ocean-grave. But the buoyant vessel lifted herself lightly as the swelling billows seemed to approach; and then her taff-rail was thrown high in air, whilst her bowsprit pointed into the very heart of the next wave, as if she was about to rush headlong into it.

Thus passed the night till daylight came. The haze was still thick; and as the sun arose, it assumed a red and angry hue that was sickening to the sight. Not a vessel could be seen, and still the cutter was flying over those raging waters, like a bird that sported in the spray, and just descended to wet its wings. Morning advanced, and, by Feaghan's directions, the steward brought the children upon deck. Ned shrank back in terror, and cried out when he beheld the sublime but fearful spectacle presented by elemental commotion. Hamilton clung to the steward in wonder, but there was no semblance

of fear; he looked upon the ocean as something to excite admiration—not alarm; and Feaghan watched them both with an intensity which could only have had its origin in mental speculation. "Are you not afraid?" inquired he, addressing the youngest of the boys.

"No," answered Hamilton, "I am not afraid—for Nep is playing in it;" and he pointed to the dog, who was ranging the lee-scuppers as the seas toppled over, to catch at any thing that might be floating.

"Will you be a sailor, my boy?" exclaimed Feaghan, as he observed with pleasure the undaunted look of the child.

"I should like to be with you and Neptune, and go and see Ellen sometimes," responded Hamilton.

"And what do you say, youngster," addressing Ned, "should you like to be a sailor?"

"I want to go to my mother, sir," answered the boy, dejectedly; "but still I should like to be with Hammy."

"We'll be sailors, Ned!" exclaimed his juvenile companion, laughing, "and I'll be the captain."

"I love to see ambition even in a child," said Feaghan; "but take them below, steward, and see them well secured—we shall not be so quiet presently if I have any instinct in my nature." The children disappeared. "Peterson, she will not bear this mainsel if we are compelled to haul our wind—let the reefed trysel be set in its place, and get out the storm jib."

The orders had been scarcely obeyed, when "Breakers a-head!" was shouted from forward, and a dark mass with the breakers dashing over it was dimly seen rising out of the gloom at no great distance from them. "Port, lad, port!" hallooed Feaghan, "trim sails!" and every one was instantly on the alert; but such was the velocity of the cutter that she was in the backset from the rock before she cleared it, and a few fathoms further their fate would have been

sealed for ever—as it was, there was sufficient to appal the stoutest mind.

The cutter in coming to the wind shipped a tremendous broken sea that swept her decks, and carried off every thing that was not well secured. Whilst running before it, the fury of the storm was but little more than witnessed; it was only when opposing the fierce gale that its strength was fully felt.

"Breakers on the lee-bow!" was again shouted, and once more the threatened danger was barely avoided by wearing the cutter round, for it would have been madness to attempt tacking in that heavy sea. The sweet craft behaved with becoming alacrity, and the men apostrophized her as a thing of life. Proudly she laboured to climb the mountain waves, and then carefully descended into the watery valley, as if fearful of straining her timbers.

"There is no land to be seen, Peterson," said the captain, and human ingenuity is at fault to recollect this spot. I know of but one

like it, but we can hardly have made good the distance."

Once more the shout arose from forward, but it was more alarming and embarrassing than before. "Breakers on the lee-bow!" was followed by "Breakers on the weather-bow!" and immediately afterwards "Breakers right ahead!" the cutter was rushing into the very midst, for a glance from Feaghan showed him a long range of raging foam right under his lee. "Ready about!" he uttered in a voice that mingled wildly with the winds, and every man was at his post. "Down with the helm, lad! —there's a lull—helm's a lee!" The beautiful vessel rolled over the advancing wave as she flew up in the wind; but the next deadened her way before she could be brought round; there was a fearful moment of breathless suspense as the people watched her motions, but this was succeeded by a horrible certainty: she tended the wrong way, there was not room to wear, and inevitable destruction stared them

in the face. A long line of breakers, through which the dark and craggy reef occasionally showed itself, was dead under their lee—the cutter could not hope to escape—blank despair sat on every countenance, and even Feaghan had lost his usual self-confidence and command—as death, a dreadful death, seemed to await him.

But with the captain this was only momentary. He quickly but intently cast his eyes along the reef. The cutter was, as before, upon the larboard tack, gathering way a-head: and a few minutes—only a few minutes—were left to call for mercy, as their fate appeared to be decided. Up rose a wild cry—a shriek—but there was a voice that was heard above it all, as it shouted—"Hould your divil's skrecking, there, for'ard: every man to his station. Clear away the anchor!" It came from the helmsman; and there stood O'Rafferty, who, with a desperate recklessness, had forced the tiller to windward, as if to hasten on the melancholy catastrophe that was to precede their dis-

solution. Away flew the cutter's head from the wind, and dashed onwards to the reef. Feaghan caught the intentions of his mate, for baffled memory had resumed its power, and hurrying to the stem, he mounted on the bowsprit, and clung to the stay, as if in expectation of being saved upon the mast when it should fall. The men looked on aghast—they were in the very midst of the white foam — a tremendous sea had lifted them up, and as the vessel rushed down again, they expected she would strike; but she still continued floating through the hoary froth, as the dashing spray flew past them, and the breakers were "curling their monstrous heads on either side."

"Starboard!" shouted Feaghan, and was responded to by the mate. "Steady! steady! so, meet her!" exclaimed the captain; and "Steady!—meet her it is!" answered O'Rafferty. The cutter seemed to be in the midst of boiling water, but the heavy rolling sea was no longer felt. "Port, lad—port you may;"

uttered Feaghan, at the top of his voice, and "Port it is," equally vociferous, was the reply of the mate. Then came the "Steady, steady!" from forward, and the "Steady it is!" from abaft. The element beneath them still hissed and undulated in convulsive agitation; but it was smooth compared with what they had just left; and in a few minutes, by skilful steering, they had passed through the danger. The land rose upon their sight, and was promptly recognised; and in the course of another half-hour the cutter was riding to her anchor in a snug cove, completely shut in from the howling gale, except when the heavy puffs came whirling down the mountains that rose in majestic grandeur all around them.

"O'Rafferty, your hand," said Captain Feaghan; "let us be friends: we cannot afford to be enemies."

"And you not to know the Hen and Chickens!" said the mate, reproachfully, as he extended his hand; "but its bothered you was,

and so would meself have been entirely, had I been in your place."

"I *was* bothered, O'Rafferty, and that's the fact," replied the captain; "the thick weather and the broken water deceived me—or rather, I feared to be deceived, and so was averse to throw a chance away. But how comes it that you knew the spot in an instant?"

"Aisy enough: 'case I dthramed about it," answered the mate; "and waked out of my sleep by the hullaballoo as they made; for it was all in my dthrame; I bundled upon deck, and found it thrue. I saw the channel directly, and clapped the helm up"—

"At the very moment I caught sight of it," said the captain; "and here we are snug enough from storms, and Dolphins, and Spiders, and the whole devil's set of them. And now for working the crop; we must have it all ashore in a brace of shindeys. We couldn't have hit it better if we had had a clear sky and fine weather. Information must be given to

the lads. Dennis sees us by this time, and the boyeen is away up the mountain. Will you go ashore, O'Rafferty, and let the docther see to your hurts!"

"The docther?" repeated the mate; "well, then, its meself as will go to him, as soon as the vessel's clear. But there is something else, Captain Feaghan, as I'd speak a word about."

"The children, you mean," returned Feaghan, carelessly, though his eye was fixed with intense interest on the face of his subordinate; "they shall be taken care of."

"It's not exactly that, Captain Feaghan," responded O'Rafferty, with well-affected diffidence, as he inclined his look upon the deck.

"Oh, d'ye mean the reward?" said Feaghan, assuming an indifference. "Leave the settling of that to me, O'Rafferty. You know, Peterson becomes entitled to a share; but the question is, what we'll get, since the girl was not thrapped. The baccah is close-fisted; but if

you'll leave it to me, I'll squeeze the whole of it out of him."

"I'd lave it with all the pleasure in life, Captain Feaghan, only why,—the hunchback's not the fellow to pay for work as hasn't been done," argued the mate.

"That's precisely what I say," urged the captain. "We've only secured the boy, and the baccah will want to get off with half the money. I know him well."

"And the boy to the fore," uttered the mate, looking in the face of his chief, with a peculiar expression.

"Ay, and the boy to the fore, O'Rafferty—and shall be to the fore!" exclaimed Feaghan, warmly. "If we're to steer different courses, well and good. Take yours, and I'll take mine. If we're to sail in company, then we must both keep upon the same tack. Make your choice."

"Nade's must when the divil dthrives," re-

turned the mate, in a tone of ill-repressed dissatisfaction. "Arrah, captain, is it honour bright, now?"

Feaghan gave him a fierce scowl of contempt as he replied—"And who is it that dare doubt me—you?" He turned upon his heel, and walked away.

"Bad luck to that same, an' he's angry now," muttered O'Rafferty; and then in a louder tone, he exclaimed, "arrah, captain, dear, have it your own way." But either Feaghan did not hear, or hearing, paid no attention to it.

The cove, or basin, in which the cutter lay was nearly oval in shape; about half a mile across the middle, and about three quarters of a mile in length. It was so completely shut in from the sea, that none but a well-practised eye could detect the entrance. The shore was formed of huge masses of craggy rock, that seemed at different periods to have been detached and hurled from the summit or sides of the moun-

tains by a convulsion of nature, and rolling down to the base, had become fixed in strange, uncouth, and fantastic figures. There was scarcely any appearance of vegetation, and no visible place for human habitation; though the light blue smoke, curling in misty wreaths, contrasted with the blackness of the background, gave proof that, either in huts or caverns, man had found a shelter.

Before the sails had well been stowed, a light boat, resembling in shape a washing-tub, or a sauce-tureen afloat, shot out, or rather bowled out from between two rocks; and a man paddled it along over the swell, that, notwithstanding the enclosed nature of the cove, continued to run in from the sea. He came alongside, and a conversation took place in Irish, between him and Teddy. A warp was carried out from the cutter to a part of the shore where the fallen rock presented a sort of platform, or quay. The man returned, taking Teddy with him. The boats were got in readiness, and the cargo

was discharged into them, and landed upon the platform.

About noon a gentlemanly-looking man made his appearance, and was soon afterwards followed by nearly a hundred wild, rough beings, whose jargon grated on the ear. They were, however, remarkably fine-looking men. The first operation was to broach a cask of brandy, which the gentleman, who acted as agent in the transaction, served out to them.

"You have made a capital run, Captain Feaghan," said he; "and when the goods are housed the profits cannot be a ha'penny less than twelve thousand pounds—you must be making a fortune."

"But I've an Irish purse, Mr. Driscoll," returned the captain, laughing; "there's three holes in it. One in the middle to put the money in, and one in each end, where it slips out again, so you see there's two to one against me. The Spider and Dolphin were after me coming across, and no doubt are somewhere on the coast, though

may be its too thick to see 'em. Is Mister Cornelius well?"

"In health, never better," replied the agent; "but," shaking his head, and laying his hand upon his breast, "there's something wrong here."

"That's his own affair," rejoined the captain, with seeming indifference; "does he know of my arrival?"

"I sent immediately to inform him," replied Mr. Jerry Driscoll, "and no doubt he will either come, or you will hear from him. I had my directions beforehand, as he thought you would not be long, though he did not expect you quite so soon."

The business of landing the cargo was carried on rapidly, for every man assisted as if for life or death: nor was Neptune idle, for with a delighted activity he lifted a bale or a tub at a time, and with the utmost care deposited it with the rest in a large cavern of peculiar construction. A low archway, under which the sea flowed, so as to entirely conceal the entrance at half-tide,

opened into a spacious vaulted apartment, the floor being at all times under water with sufficient depth, even at the lowest ebb, for a small boat. At the far end was a fissure between the rocks, and either nature had wrought, or art had constructed to imitate the vagaries of nature, several steep and rugged steps, which, being ascended, a hole about three feet and a half in height, and two feet in width presented itself; but the surface was on an inclined plane sloping inwards, so as to be entirely concealed from persons below. This hole descended obliquely into another large room high above the level of the sea, and here it was that the cargo was deposited, every tub and bale having to be raised to the aperture in the outer cavern, and the cutter having been hauled in nearer to the platform to facilitate the operation, which was superintended by O'Rafferty in person.

Towards evening a communication was made to Captain Feaghan by a messenger who had crossed the mountain, appointing him to be at

a certain place as soon as the sun had gone down, for the purpose of meeting his employer.

The light of the day had not departed when the cutter was pronounced cleared, and preparations were instantly made for going to sea, whilst at the same time no means were neglected to ensure a well-organized defence, should there be any occcasion for it, and men were stationed in the different passes of the mountain, to give immediate notice of any approaching danger.

O'Rafferty was still on shore, when Captain Feaghan, after confiding the children to the especial care of the second mate, and leaving orders as to what was to be done with the cutter, in case of surprise during his absence, landed on the platform, and with his faithful animal proceeded up the mountain. The gale had done homage to the setting sun, and subsided into a gentle breeze; the sky was no longer obscured by the thick haze—for the face of the heavens was beautifully clear, and its myriads

of glories shone forth in their fullest lustre. There was, however, a chilliness of atmosphere as the captain continued to ascend; and he drew his rough overall tighter about him.

Half an hour's quick walk brought him to a small hut, constructed in the rudest manner; it stood in a sequestered nook on an exalted eminence, commanding a most extensive view to seaward and along the coast. The roof was made of rough rafters from the branches of trees that had never been barked, and these were laid across a chasm between two rocks—the space below forming the apartment—the back and sides being the rough stone of the mountain.

Lightly treading, so as to make no noise, Feaghan approached the door, and listened; but all was as silent as the grave. He was then cautiously receding; but a low growl from Neptune arrested his steps, and, throwing back his overall, he grasped the butt of a pistol, and the click of the lock echoed amongst the cavities of the rock.

"Open hands, and not concealed arms, should be the greeting for friends, Captain Feaghan," uttered a voice plaintively harmonious and musical.

"There's scarcely any telling friends from foes by this light," returned the captain, "especially when they're not to be seen. The voice, however, is enough for me this time, and there's one whose ear is more delicate than mine rests satisfied."

"Fidelity in all things is excellent," continued the voice in the same pleasing tone; "I will be with you directly."

In a few minutes, a strange uncouth figure stood before Feaghan, wrapped up in a cloak that concealed his person except the upper parts. In height, he was not more than four feet six, but bulky, with a very large head sunk in between his shoulders, as if destitute of neck; a slouched, broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his features. "I'm pleased to see you, Captain Feaghan," said the dwarf, whose

well-attuned accents proved him to be the individual that had addressed the commander of the cutter—" very pleased to see you. Your voyage has been quick and successful—the cargo safe—the vessel ready for sea again—eh?"

" Precisely as you say, Mister Cornelius," responded the captain; " and Driscoll tells me the profits—"

" Never mind Jeremiah and the prophets," said the dwarf, who had been styled Mr. Cornelius, as he laughed at his own joke; " I shall not forget your zealous services, Captain Feaghan. But the night air is cold—Michael is on the watch—let us in to the cottage, and stir up the embers of the fire."

They pushed open the door, and entered this cheerless abode; the ashes of a turf and wood fire glowed as the sudden draft passed over them, and, some remnants being collected, there was soon a cheerful blaze. The dwarf threw off his cloak; and then, though elegantly dressed, his full deformity became apparent. He was hump-

backed—his throat swelled out before, as if his neck was unable to sustain the weight of his enormous head, and the latter rested entirely on the shoulders—his legs were short and thick—his arms long and stout; and his whole frame, though unnatural to look upon, manifested possession of great physical strength. His features were far from ugly; he had a fine high open forehead, over which his jet-black hair hung in bushy clusters; and his eyes were restless and piercing, as they seemed to flash with the blaze from the revived flame.

"And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan?" inquired the dwarf, as he held his delicately white but large hands over the blazing turf, that shed its light around this wretched habitation. An old chest stood in one corner; in another was a sort of wooden frame, on which was spread a quantity of straw covered over with two or three blankets. The trunk of a tree, sawed into three several compartments, served for seats; and there was a scanty supply of

culinary utensils, There was no fire-place—the fire being made upon the rocky floor in such parts as fancy or circumstances decreed, and was kept together by pieces of misshapen stone arranged round three sides of it—the smoke escaping where best it could. "And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan?" said the dwarf.

"There's but little stirring in the world, Mister Cornelius, but what comes to your knowledge," answered the captain: "the revenue chased us in; and your friend, Mr. Anderson, was close at our heels."

"He is off Mizen Head," returned the dwarf; "and what was the revenue craft you fell in with?"

"The Dolphin; but he's not much used to this coast," replied Feaghan—"though, I believe, he has some of the bay boys on board of him."

"I have not heard of his being seen," observed the dwarf; "and as the goods are safe, and you will sail in the morning, there is nothing to be apprehended. But"—and he turned a

searching look upon the captain's countenance—"have you executed that little commission for me which I entrusted you with?"

"Partly it has been done," returned Feaghan with well-assumed confidence; "it is not in human power to command perfect success."

"Partly!" repeated the dwarf, in a tone as discordant as his voice had hitherto been musical—"partly!" he again uttered, as a fierce scowl passed over his features. "Have you seized them?—disposed of them?—or what?"

"I say once more, Mr. Cornelius, your wishes can be but partly gratified," uttered the captain, firmly, and disregarding the menacing manners of his companion; "we have got one of the children—the other escaped."

"Which of them?" eagerly demanded the dwarf, as he caught Feaghan by the arm—"which was it that escaped?"

"The girl—she ran away, and gave the alarm as the man was about to seize her," answered the captain.

"And the boy—the boy, Feaghan! Tell me of the boy. Is he safe?—secure, eh?"—and a gleam of demoniac pleasure, heightened by the hue of the fire, shone upon his face.

"Yes, Mr. Cornelius, he is safe enough," answered the captain, proudly, as he disengaged himself from the grasp of the dwarf.

"My excellent friend, Feaghan—my noble fellow," responded the other; "then as far as he is concerned my heart is at rest; I have nothing more to fear;" and he laughed with wild delight.

"I have merely to claim the promised reward," said the captain; "which, of course, is ready for me."

"Hold, hold, not so fast, Feaghan," urged the dwarf; "you have not fulfilled the whole of the conditions; there is the girl; dispose of her, and the reward is yours."

"I have already done my best, Mr. Cornelius," argued the captain; "there were others

engaged in it beside myself, and I stand pledged to them for payment of the whole."

"But you are not entitled to the whole," urged his companion, angrily; "only half your commission has been executed; and remember, even that I can withhold."

"I know it," returned Feaghan; "but the best half has been done; it was the boy you feared the most."

"And he," uttered the dwarf, as he wildly laughed; "he! the boy, you know, now is securely at rest—"

"On board the cutter, Mr. Cornelius," responded Feaghan, firmly, and his hand instinctively approached the butt of his pistol; "nor shall he quit her till the whole is paid."

"Mille dhioul," shrieked the dwarf; "you have done nothing; the boy lives when I thought him dead. This is treachery, and you are——"

"Avast! Mr. Cornelius, no hard names, if

you please," exclaimed the captain; "we are on a level here."

"I will be revenged for this," uttered the other, in a deep sepulchral tone; "Feaghan, you shall repent it; I will take the cutter from you."

"But you cannot take the men—they are mine, soul and body, stock and fluke," uttered the captain, in derision; "and as for repentance, let the whole weight of your displeasure fall upon my head, I'll bear it, though——" he was recklessly going to add, "though it is not quite so big as yours," but he stopped short, for he felt he had a point to gain.

The dwarf remained silent a minute or two, as if labouring under a severe mental struggle; at length he uttered, in his usual harmonious tones, "I am overhasty, Feaghan; I jump to conclusions too soon; it is the sanguine nature of my temperament. You will land the boy, Feaghan, and then we can come to some arrangement."

"Divel a foot will he land, Mr. Cornelius," replied the determined captain, "till the money's paid. I've said the word, and I'll stick to it."

"But this is not acting honestly," argued the other, with apparent mildness; "the reward was to be given for certain services performed, which services have not been fulfilled."

"As you please, sir," returned the resolute seaman; "keep your money, and I'll keep the boy; if he's not worth five hundred, he's worth nothing."

"I am overreached," murmured the dwarf, fiercely; "Feaghan, do you know your situation? do you forget that you are an outlaw, and within my power?"

"Exercise it if you dare!" boldly exclaimed the captain, crossing his arms and raising himself proudly erect; "Do you think I am ignorant of the ground I stand upon? No, Mr. Cornelius," and he elevated his voice; "I am Smasher, the smuggler-chief, for whose apprehension two hundred pounds is offered," he

laughed recklessly; "I have read the bills myself, and you are—"

"Your friend, Feaghan, your friend," interrupted the dwarf, in a subdued tone; "yes, I repeat it, I am your friend, if you do not stand in your own light."

"A friend is always a friend, let what will occur, Mr. Cornelius," answered the captain, proudly; "I hate pretenders. Once more I say the boy shall not land till the five hundred pounds is paid in hard cash; no bills—no afterclaps; and even then I must be informed as to what his future destination is meant to be."

"Why, what can his future destination matter to you?" said the other, scornfully.

"My nature is very rugged, Mr. Cornelius," answered the seaman; "and it sometimes happens that feelings of affection and humanity will stick to its ruggedness, even in spite of myself."

"You!" shrieked the dwarf; "you! the desperate outlaw, the hardened smuggler, with

blood upon your conscience; you have feelings of tenderness! Ha, ha, ha!" and his laugh rung wildly through the clefts.

"And why not, Mr. Cornelius?" said Feaghan, as calmly and collectedly he prepared for some sudden outbreak of passion; "you, yourself, trust to my generous forbearance, or else why are you here to taunt me?"

"Because I can set you at defiance; because I have you under control; your property, aye, your very life is in my hands," responded the dwarf.

"Tut man, I fear you not, and I am too proud to retort in wordy warfare, else I might soon turn the tables on you," said the undaunted seaman.

A growl from Neptune, who had crouched at the entrance, watching what was passing within, gave notice of some one's approach. "Good Nep," said the captain, "see to 'em, boy—the faithful creature warns both friend and foe." The animal raised himself from his recumbent

position, looked out into the night, sniffed the breeze, gave a low whine, and wagged his bushy tail, as a man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, hastily entered the hut.

"They're upon us, Mr. Cornelius, jewel. —Arrah, captain dear, but its close to us they are," uttered he; "make haste to your cutther, captain, and be off out o'that wid yer. Och hone, that Mike Hagan should live to see the day when his arem must hang down by the side of him," and his shtick be propped again the wall.

"Who and what are they, Mike?" inquired Feaghan, with perfect coolness and self-command.

"They're furreners, captain dear, and its myself is bothered intirely," answered the man.

"Did you catch any of their conversation," asked Feaghan; "be alive, Nep, look out good lad." The dog slowly raised himself and walked to the outside. "Could you hear them talk?"

"They're Englishers by their brogue," re-

plied the man; "and they spoke something about a long chace for the Blue Bob."

"By the divel's bells but its some of the Dolphins it ull be," exclaimed Feaghan; "were there any countrymen amongst them?"

"Indeed an' there was," answered Mike; "and thrue for you they said something about Doll Finn, bad luck to her, if it's throuble she's bringing, and these owld arems like withered twigs—och hone."

"Well, Mr. Cornelius, then here we part," said Feaghan; "if it's the revenue men, I know my duty to my people." The dog gave a low moan. "Nep hears them, and I must be off down the mountain."

"Arrah, Captain dear,—quick your sowl to glory!" said Mike, running to the corner, where the chest was standing,—"rouse it out o' this," and he slowly moved the ponderous ark; "down, down," uttered he, as a cavity appeared beneath where it stood, "down wid yer, and you'll be safe."

The offer was tempting ; but Feaghan feared the treachery of the dwarf ; besides, he did not care to let him think that he relied upon any thing but his own exertions for safety. "No, Mike," said he, "I will not hide, and leave my bold lads in peril." Neptune growled louder. "I hear you, Nep ;—farewell, for this voyage, Mr. Cornelius ; my next trip is for Bordeaux." He quitted the hut, but on perceiving several men close to the only passage to the flat, he hastily returned again ; the chest had been replaced ; the dwarf had disappeared, and Mike was extinguishing the fire, so that in a few seconds all was darkness.

"Down, Nep, good fellow, down," whispered Feaghan, as the animal uttered a deep growl, "hold your noise, lad ;—whist, whist!" The creature obeyed, and following his master to the corner near the door, he crouched at his feet.

"I am sure I heard voices," said one of the party outside ; "I say, Jem, what an infernal place this here is to come bush-fighting in,

and as for the Paddies—halloo ! what's that ?—Who's flinging stones at me ?"

" Silence, there among you !" commanded another, in an authoritative tone ; " Hold your noise, or you'll be drawing something upon your heads rather heavier than stones ;—where's Macshane ?"

" It is here I am, Sir," replied the person named, in a fine Munster brogue, as he hurried up to his officer.

" Well, now, Macshane, you pretend to know whereabouts we are; pray what have you brought us here for ?" inquired the leader.

" Case it's just this way they'll be bringing the goods, if the smuggler's down in the cove," responded the other.

" Are you sure you are not mistaken in the track ?" inquired the officer.

" Oh divel the hap'orth o' mistake about it," answered the man,—" an' here's Mike Hagan's hurricane-house to the fore."

" A hurricane-house, indeed," returned the

officer, surveying the hut; "it is a very appropriate designation, and the place looks like some infernal hole, in which the witches brew the heavy squalls that come down off the mountains."

"Brew whiskey, I'm thinking, Sir," said another of the party; "only it's so quiet, I should swear there was a still close to us."

"Faith, an' it's still and quiet they are, any how," said Macshane; "owld Mike may-be down at the cove, or out on the watch."

"Owld Mike is here, forenent yer, Larry Macshane," exclaimed Hagan, coming forth from the hut, "an' what 'ud the gentleman be wanting with me, Larry?"

"Where's the Blue Bob, ye owld sinner?" uttered Macshane; "isn't it down in the cove she is now, Mike?"

"Myself does 'nt know," answered Hagan; "I've been away over the hills till dark, and was just kindling my bit fire when you came."

"A fire!—let's in, my boys; perhaps we shall

find something to warm our insides, as well as the out," uttered the first man who had spoken: "where's Jennings with the dark lantern ?"

The lantern was brought, and Mike preceding the party, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone,— "Whisht, lads, whisht! there's a stranger, as I picked up in the mountain, lost his way in the dark, an' he's now slaping on my bit bed;— whisht, and don't wake him, lads."

Feaghan's first intention was, to let some of the men enter, while he was concealed behind the door, and then to rush out and force a passage among the remainder; but Mike's hint was not lost upon him, and noiselessly he hurried across the rocky floor to the pallet of the old man, where, wrapping his overall about him, and covering himself with the blankets, he laid as if in a profound slumber, whilst Neptune sat watchfully by his side.

"A stranger," said the officer inquiringly,— "what stranger would be wandering among these mountains after night-fall ?—we must see the gentleman."

"Were you ever here afore, sir?" asked Mike, as he stopped short at the threshold, to give Feaghan time.

"Never, my man," returned the officer; "I never had my foot on the Irish shores before to-day."

"Then there's more nor one sthranger in the mountain this blessed night, Sir, any-how," answered Mike, as he entered, and was followed by the party with their light.

The officer cautiously peered around him, as he sent the rays from the lantern into every corner. Neptune laid perfectly still, but there was a fierceness in his eyes, as he frequently displayed his terrible set of teeth when any one approached him. "Call away the dog, fellow," said the officer, addressing Mike.

"An' small use there'd be in that, Sir," answered Hagan;—"the crater belongs to the sthranger, and a faithful baste it is, an' quiet enough,—only barring his teeth."

"Halloo!" shouted the officer, "Yo hoy there,

my friend!" and Feaghan, as if aroused from his sleep, raised himself from the bed, and rubbing his eyes, stared with surprise around him. "Pray who are you, and what are you doing here?" inquired the officer, in a haughty manner, whilst Mike was drawing the attention of Macshane to a stone jug, containing potcheen.

"An you'll not bethray owld friends, Macshane," whispered Hagan; "have you forgotten the day we laid Dermot Delany under the sod? have you no remimbrance of him who saved the life of you there, ayont?"

"Whisht, Mike, whisht!" returned the man, in the same low tone, as he eagerly grasped the jug, "they've forced me on it; but I scorn to bethray him as owns the dog."

"I am waiting for an answer to my question," exclaimed the officer haughtily; "is it your pleasure to give it, or not?—Who and what are you?"

"I see by your uniform that you have a right to make the inquiry, and, therefore, reply,—a

stranger in these parts; I ascended the mountains, to view nature in some of its wildest forms. The mist came on, and I lost my way, where I was obliged to pass the night; cold and hungry, and stiff with fatigue, I should have been compelled this night also to remain unsheltered, and perhaps have perished, but that yon worthy fellow, who proves that humanity may be found in rough exteriors, fell in with, and brought me hither. Now, sir, I have answered, are you satisfied?" uttered the captain.

"And was the dog, that sagacious animal, lost too?" inquired the officer. "It is seldom the Newfoundland breed are so dull of comprehension."

"The creature would not leave my side," responded Feaghan; "he seemed to be aware of dangers that were concealed from me, and knowing that he had never been here before, I feared to trust him as my guide."

"Bring here that tub that you picked up outside," said the officer, and a small empty cask

similar to those with which the cutter had been stowed, was brought forward; the officer held it by the slings. "Heigh, boy!" exclaimed he, holding it in a position for the animal to take; poor Neptune forgot his propriety; he saw only the tub that was offered to him for conveyance, and bounding forward, he caught the slings in his jaws, and wagging his tail, turned triumphantly to his master. "I thought so," exclaimed the officer, "we are accustomed to these things at Dover and Deal." But Nep. saw no approving look upon the captain's face:—the motion of his tail ceased:—he dropped the tub,—returned to the bed-side, where he doggedly remained, in spite of every effort to entice him away.

"The dog tells us a tale at all events, sir," said one of the party; "its plain he's up to the thing, and I wish I had the value of all that he has ever carried."

"The conduct of the creature is natural to all such animals," responded Feaghan; "but I am

weary, gentlemen, is it your pleasure to let me sleep?"

"Macshane," called the officer, and the man came to his side. "You have found one old acquaintance, it seems,—pray do you know anything of this dog, or of his master?"

"Sorrow the bit I know," returned Macshane, as he gave a glance at both; "barring its Mr. Dooley the natural—"

"You are right, my friend," said Feaghan, catching at the man's meaning; "I am Mr. Dooley, the naturalist, as people are pleased to term me, and it was in search of lichen and mosses that I lost my way in the mountain."

"You can have no objection then to return with me to a place of greater safety, sir," returned the officer; "I respect the man of science, and shall be proud to give you an escort."

"Which I will most cheerfully accept," uttered Feaghan, rising from the bed with his overall closely folded round him; "I am, it is true, extremely weary, but the prospect of better

accommodation will atone for present labour. I am ready, sir."

"You will have a basket or box for your specimens, Mr. Dooley," said the officer inquiringly; "I am partial to the study of botany, myself, and when we get to our moorings shall be happy to inspect the fruit of your toil."

"I fear you will be disappointed then," said Feaghan, "for unfortunately my basket and my box were blown down a hideous chasm yesterday. I had placed them on the ground for a few minutes, when the gale in its wild fury whirled both away, and with them went the little food I had provided."

"Well then, we will make up the loss by conversation," said the officer, preparing to depart; "and, as it would be a folly to descend to the cove with no certain knowledge of the smuggler being there, we will return over the mountain and wait for daylight."

"Farewell, my worthy friend," said Feaghan, addressing Mike, and slipping some money into

his hand, so that the revenue party might see him ; " you know the spot where my provisions and specimens are to be found ; bring them to me at Bantry, and I will reward you. I shall stay at Bantry a few days."

" The Saints' blessings on your honour," returned Hagan ; " its few that spakes a word of comfort to owld Mike's heart now, for them are gone as onest owned me and cherished me—och hone !"

" Well, well, my honest fellow," said the officer ; " you have done a Christian-like act, and gratitude is due to you. The cutter, you say, is not in the cove, but she must be in some of the nooks along this coast, and as your nest here commands a long view, I think you cannot help seeing her."

" Barring its thick weather," observed Mike, with well-assumed simplicity of manner.

" Of course, I do not expect you to keep fog-spectacles," said the officer smiling : " but Mike —I think your name's Mike."

"Mike Hagan, at your honour's service," returned the old man, bowing with obsequious deference.

"Well then, Mike Hagan, if you will keep a good look-out during the night, and ascertain what is going on, so as to give me information, you shall be well rewarded. The captain of the smuggler is much wanted at Cork."

"He has many friends there, sir, may be?" said Mike; "an its well and pleasant to be in request by one's friends, though I shall never enjoy that same again."

"He is in great request," assented the officer, "and if you can let me know where he may be found, your future condition shall be amended, and provision made for you to the end of your days."

"Its meself then as will sake him, and tell him of it," said Mike, putting on a look of pleased intelligence.

"No,—no, not for the world!" exclaimed the officer, "you must not say a word to him, but

come to me at—" he whispered in his ear, "and let me know without uttering a syllable to any one."

"Oh ! divel the breath shall cross my lips about it," uttered Mike ; "an may you fall in with him this blessed night of all others."

"Come lads, get into order, have your arms ready, look to your primings, and away," said the officer.

The command was obeyed, and the party quitted the hut, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, Mike showing them a shorter passage than that by which they had come down.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?"

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the habitation of old Mike he felt it as a reprieve, for he made no doubt of effecting his escape in some of the passes of the mountain, the whole of which he was perfectly acquainted with; and as he still retained his arms, he determined that even the shedding of blood should not deter him from making the trial; but when he beheld the judicious arrangements made by the officer to prevent surprise and to form a body guard around them, he at once became convinced that an exceedingly difficult task lay before him, and the success-

ful performance of it extremely problematical. Besides, he laboured under lassitude, weariness, and pain; he had not been in bed for several nights, and the previous one had been passed upon the cutter's deck; his wounds, too, were troublesome—they had no other dressing than that given by Peterson; the ball in his arm had not been extracted, the part was inflamed and swelled, and his whole frame was stiff and sore.

The officer was a rosy-faced, good-tempered Englishman, of that class who, fancying themselves extremely knowing, are generally the first to be deceived. The account of himself given by Feaghan was only in part credited, for there was a lurking suspicion, a sort of presentiment of something undefined, that induced him to place his men in such order that they might be ready for anything that might occur. He walked steadily by the side of the supposed Mr. Dooley, narrated the events of the chase after the Blue Bob with accurate precision—stated that the Dolphin had got into one of the small

harbours in Bantry Bay, and that he had been despatched with twenty men well armed, and Macshane for a guide, to reconnoitre up the mountain, making every inquiry as to whether the smuggler had got into the Devil's Cove. "But where's your dog, Mr. Dooley?" inquired he; "I wish the noble animal was mine—surely we cannot have lost him."

Feaghan had missed the creature soon after they had set out, and hoped that he had gone back with Hagan; but, to avoid being suspected, he gave a shrill whistle, and forward bounded Neptune, carrying in his jaws the identical tub that had caused some uneasiness in the hut. The officer just noticed the circumstance, but made no other observation than praising the animal, who wagged his tail and carried his head erect as he proceeded onward with his prize.

Several times did Feaghan try to give his companions the slip, but, so closely did they stick to him, that he feared it would be impos-

sible unless he had recourse to violence, and the odds were fearfully against him. Once he endeavoured to overturn the officer by pretending to stumble, but the man was on his guard, and though he staggered a little, yet he never lost his footing, and Feaghan became convinced that he had a most powerful enemy to contend with. Nerved to desperation, he at length chose a convenient spot where the bushes grew thickly and the ground was uneven, so as to offer concealment in the darkness. Slipping off his cloak, as an incumbrance, he knocked down the man by his side, and then made a vigorous spring into the thicket; but his strength was not equal to his expectations, the fallen man suddenly bounded up and caught the smuggler's foot as he precipitated himself forward; in an instant he came heavily to the ground, and the next minute was a prisoner and disarmed.

"You're a strange man, Mr. Dooley—a very strange man," said the officer, as they tightly pinioned Feaghan's arms behind him; "any one

might tell you was a man of science, you're so erratic in your movements. Who you are, or what you are, is at present beyond my comprehension, but you must excuse me for depriving you of your liberty, Mr. Dooley. Naturalist you may be, but, for my own part, I take you for as errant a duffer as ever run a cargo. However, we shall see presently; our commander is to be at O'Connor Hall, and thither shall I conduct you, Mr. Dooley."

"You will use your own free will, sir," responded Feaghan, proudly; "though I cannot see what legal right you have to detain me, and more especially to treat me in this manner."

"I own, Mr. Dooley," returned the officer, provokingly, "that I am not lawyer enough to know under what Act of Parliament I am keeping you in safe custody—I must leave that to the wiser heads of you gentlemen naturalists. But you have committed an assault, Mr. Dooley—an uprovoked assault, and you may be tempted to repeat it if I suffer you to be at large again;

it is probable you may be known at O'Connor Hall, and then, Mr. Dooley, if you are Mr. Dooley the botanist, you shall have immediate release."

Feaghan had every reason to believe he should be recognized at O'Connor Hall, but not for the purpose of being set at liberty; he regretted that he had not used his pistols, but now he had no alternative, and must remain a prisoner, perhaps be consigned to jail and suffer an ignominious death, in expiation for his offences against the laws. These were by no means pleasant reflections, and his reckless nature tried to drive them away; but he was feverish and irritable, and, as far as the thoughts were concerned, he had lost all self-control. The officer continued Mr. Dooleying him as they walked forward, but Feaghan merely returned monosyllables to his inquiries; he felt an unusual depression of spirits, and every effort to rally his energies only served to bow him down still lower.

It was near midnight when they passed through the avenue of fine old elm trees that formed an appropriate approach to O'Connor Hall—the porter at the Lodge having promptly opened the gates to admit them as soon as he had ascertained their errand. All was still and quiet within the venerable building, when the loud summons at the door announced the party, and in a few minutes, from an eminence commanding the entire front, inquiry was made relative to the intruders. The officer explained his situation, and required admission to communicate with his superior.

"Which vessel do you belong to?" asked the domestic; "we've two commanders in the house."

"The Dolphin, revenue cruiser," returned the officer; "Captain Lilyburn. Have the goodness to inform him of my arrival, and that I have got a prisoner."

"I'll do that thing," returned the servant. "Wait a minute, an' I'll be back presently. They're neither of them abed yet."

In a short time the doors were thrown open, and the party entered the spacious hall, where lights were arranged by the servants who had not yet retired for the night; whilst the others, disturbed by such a summons, at a season when alarm prevailed, very soon made their appearance amongst the rest. The place they were assembled in was one of those spacious ante-vestibules that were formerly to be seen in ancient baronial residences, serving the double purpose of an entrance-hall and a guard-room. The dark and highly-polished oak panels, inlaid with brass, were decorated with arms of every manual description, intermingled with weapons destined for the chase. Nor were they confined to that particular period, for there was antique armour, the stout bull-hide shield, with its brass knobs; cross-bows and bills; the long two-edged sword; the mace and the axe, with various other implements of warfare. A massive lamp hung suspended from the centre, and its seven branches, when lighted up, darkly

illumined every part of the place, so as to heighten the romance of its appearance to the eye of the stranger. The floor was of white and black marble alternately, in diagonal positions. Richly-carved oak chairs, with crimson velvet, emblazoned with armorial bearings, in the centre of their backs, were ranged along the sides, together with two huge tables of the same wood. The fret work of the vaulted ceiling frowned in the gloom, and showed the fantastic shapes projecting from the cornices in mockery of life.

The armed party, with their prisoner, stood awaiting the arrival of the Dolphin's commander; and Feaghan, who had carefully noticed every countenance that presented itself, became more at ease, as, by their being all strange to him, he trusted that the honour of being unknown was reciprocal. At length two servants, each carrying two massive silver candlesticks, with wax tapers, preceded a short, stout, red-eyed man, who called for "Mr. Dobson,"

and the officer respectfully approached him, hat in hand.

"Well, Dobson, and what news of the smuggler?" enquired Captain Lilyburn in a pompous manner.

"We can hear nothing of him, sir," answered the officer; "all is quiet up the mountains—not a thing stirring."

"We have other intelligence, Mr. Dobson—other intelligence, sir," responded Captain Lilyburn; "the smuggler is at this very moment at anchor in the Devil's Cove. But who have we here?"

The officer who had been addressed by the name of Dobson had permitted Feaghan to resume his cloak after his capture, and he now held it wrapped round him, as he stood between two men with pistols ready cocked. "He says his name is Dooley, sir, a naturalist, botanizing in the mountains."

"And is that any reason for bringing him here, sir?" exclaimed Captain Lilyburn, an-

grily. "The liberty of the subject, sir, is too precious and valuable to be trifled with. He bears the appearance of a gentleman. Release him, sir—release him."

"He attempted to get away, sir, and knocked Morrison down," said the officer, embarrassed and confused.

"And well he might, sir; the liberty of the subject, sir. Mr. Tooley"—he approached the smuggler—"I am truly sorry, sir, that you should have suffered inconvenience—stand back, men," for the poor fellows still remained guarding Feaghan. "These are perilous times, Mr. Tooley—very perilous times. Walk with me, and take some refreshment. Mr. Dobson, let the men get a good allowance served out to them, and then come to me for orders."

"The gentleman was well armed, sir," whispered Dobson to his commander, who was following Feaghan into an inner apartment, preceded by lights.

"And who, pray, do you think would be up

in those wild mountains without arms, Mr. Dobson?" returned Captain Lilyburn. "I fear you have done wrong—committed yourself, sir—violated the liberty of the subject, which should be held sacred. Bear a hand with the men, for we must instantly go on board, and be round off the Devil's Cove by daylight."

Feaghan could not but experience the greatest astonishment at the turn affairs had taken when he laid aside his overall, and found himself comfortably seated in a handsome parlour, with a cheerful fire, and at a table on which stood decanters of rosy wine.

"Come, Mr. Tooley, help yourself, sir; you must require something after your toil," said Captain Lilyburn. "That Dobson's a blockhead, or he might have known gentility. I trust, however, you will not regret the inconvenience you have suffered, since it has moored you in a snug berth, sir. Your health, Mr. Tooley, and better acquaintance."

Feaghan filled a bumper, and with gentlemanly politeness returned the salute of his companion. He did, indeed, need such a stimulant, and the cordial greatly revived him. "Your officer meant well, sir, I have no doubt," said the smuggler.

"Ay, ay, Dobson's honest enough, I'll be sworn," returned Captain Lilyburn, "but dreadfully stubborn and stupid, sir—obstinate, obstinate. I dare say, now, he took you for some desperate smuggler;" and the Captain laughed.

"It is not at all improbable, sir," replied Feaghan; "my cloak and arms, and the time of night, no doubt aided the deception."

"And you were up the mountains naturalizing, Mr. Tooley, eh?" said Captain Lilyburn. "Fill, sir, if you please, and pass the decanter. Well, I never could account for the steadiness and perseverance with which you men of genius undergo difficulty and labour in pursuit of a plant; but I suppose it is much the

same as a cutter in chase of a smuggler—all eagerness and excitement."

"Your parallel I conceive to be very just, sir, although the perils of the great waters are to me unknown," replied Feaghan, eagerly swallowing another bumper; "but I dare say the excitement of the chase equals that which the naturalist feels when in pursuit of something that may increase the knowledge of mankind. Think of discovering a new plant, sir; a plant to which the learned world may affix your name, and hand it down to posterity. The Dooleyscentum, sir,"—he filled his glass again as, with seeming ecstacy, he exclaimed, "ay, the Dooleyscentum—it would be the utmost height of my ambition."

"And a very harmless and innocent one too, Mr. Tooley," returned Lilyburn, lifting his glass; "may your hopes and expectations be realized. Here's to the Tooleysmeltum, sir."

"With all my heart," uttered Feaghan, with well-assumed delight, as he again tossed off his wine. "Here's to the Dooleyscentum; and

many thanks, sir, for the honour you have conferred upon me. I have, in fact, discovered a new species of moss, and as a token of gratitude—yes, I will—I'm determined I will—it shall be called after you, my kind friend;" and Feaghan refilled his glass, and held it up. "I'll name it the Lily-bur-nalia. Long may you live to enjoy the distinction." And down went the wine.

"Well, well," responded Captain Lilyburn—"really, I think—but there, do as you please. But you must require food. Shall a servant wait upon you, or will you help yourself at the sideboard? I hope you will afterwards accompany me to the Dolphin, and then you will be enabled to form some idea of what a real chase and sea-fight is, for I certainly shall trap the audacious smuggler, who thinks, no doubt, that he has deluded me. Deceive me? No, no, Mr. Dooley, it is not so easy a matter to do that, sir; I am not so readily deceived, as he shall learn before noon to-morrow.

Feaghan walked boldly to the sideboard,

which was plentifully supplied with substantial food, and, whilst the captain of the revenue cutter was industriously extolling his own discernment, the hardy smuggler ate heartily of what appeared before him, and felt all his energies revive.

"I wonder where Dobson can be," uttered Lilyburn; "the men must be pretty well satisfied by this time—but those fellows would gormandize for ever. Well, Mr. Tooley, what do you say for a trip to sea?"

"Your offer is extremely gratifying, sir," replied Feaghan, bowing, "but I fear my friends will feel alarmed for my safety.—This is the second night of my absence, and, if you will kindly give directions for my pistols to be returned, I shall, with the help of the Lord, proceed on to Bantry."

"To Bantry! why it would be madness to go alone, Mr. Tooley—sheer madness," exclaimed Captain Lilyburn: "if you will not go with me to the Dolphin, you had better take

a bed here. Sir Terence never sees company—he is a lone, a desolate man," said he, mournfully, shaking his head, "his son manages all; but he is absent on some important duty, and is not expected back till morning. Sir Terence, however, has given me *carte blanche*, and I am sure every degree of hospitality will be extended to you, Mr. Tooley."

The thought flashed upon Feaghan's mind, that if left behind, under such circumstances, he might easily escape from his chamber, and therefore, with a bow, he replied, "Our island is famed for hospitality, Captain Lilyburn; I am, indeed, very weary, and somewhat hurt in my fall, I will therefore remain for the night, and accept my best thanks and regards for —"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Dobson, accompanied by a thorough bull-dog looking man, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant; his face was bloated and pimpled, his eyes were large and prominent, and his voice was rough and hoarse. Feaghan turned his head

away, and a sickly dampness came over his brow. "Yo hoy, Lilyburn," said the lieutenant, "what still at anchor? It's time to be under way, else that d—— fellow will give us the slip again, though I think we have him safe enough now."

"I will retire," said Feaghan, in a low tone, addressing Captain Lilyburn, "my presence may impede business, and I wish to be at rest. May you meet with the success you merit, sir, and believe me I shall not forget you."

"Show this gentleman to a chamber," said the revenue captain to one of the servants, "and Dobson see that his pistols are restored. Good night, Mr. Tooley; I shall be proud to see you whenever an opportunity serves, and, my dear sir, you'll not forget the Lilybur—what-you-may-call-it, the new moss," he bowed to the retreating Feaghan, and then continued, "Now, Captain Anderson, I am ready to attend to you."

"Don't let me disturb the gentleman," said Anderson, who, though only a lieutenant, as-

sumed the nominal title of captain, in virtue of his being commander of the Spider. "Don't let me disturb the gentleman, it is the bottomizer, I presume. Come, my friend, one glass in good fellowship before we part."

"I thank you for your polite civility," uttered Feaghan, lowly bowing, so as to keep his face in the shade, "I have already drank sufficient; and men of scientific attainments should always keep their heads clear."

"D—— it, shipmate, one glass more won't damage your upper works," said the lieutenant, bluntly.

"Liberty all! Captain Anderson—liberty all," exclaimed Lilyburn. "Mr. Tooley is tired—force no man—freedom is every thing—yet, perhaps, Mr. Tooley, at my request, will indulge in another glass, for the sake of old remembrance."

Thus pressed, Feaghan knew not what to do—had he persisted in his refusal it might have caused suspicion, and he therefore, though with

a heavy heart, determined to brave it out: "Most assuredly, I will comply with your desire;" and, stepping quickly to the table, he filled his glass; "your health, sir."

"Gentlemanly—most gentlemanly," uttered the self-gratified Lilyburn; "no, no, I'm not easily deceived, anybody may see he is—"

"The Smasher!" vociferated the lieutenant, releasing a pistol from his belt and cocking it; "surrender, rascal, you are my prisoner."

"Eh,—how,—what," uttered Lilyburn, "the Smasher—the skipper of the smuggler—impossible—you must labour under error, Captain Anderson—no one can practice upon me."

"Practice, or not practice, that's the man," growled the lieutenant, "and I have others here to prove it. Seize him, men—if he offers to stir I'll put a ball through his head."

"Keep the men off, Captain Anderson!" shouted Feaghan, who saw that subterfuge was useless; "do not drive me to desperation. Captain Lilyburn, I claim your protection—the

liberty of the subject, sir—the liberty of the subject."

"But the face of affairs has changed, my man," returned Lilyburn; "in fact, I suspected as much all along." He shook his head. "No, no—I'm not easily deceived."

"Remember the new moss," said the reckless smuggler; "would you lose such lasting, imperishable fame—the Lilyburnalia?"—and he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which, though none knew the joke, all heartily joined. "Well, Captain Anderson, I surrender," continued he; "and now," raising his glass, "may the divel fetch every mother's son of you!"

"I'll take you on board," said Anderson—"mustn't lose sight of you again. Come, on with your storm-gear; we've no time to throw away."

"Not to-night, Captain Anderson," returned the smuggler, proudly; "I shall accept the hospitality of Sir Terence—he is a county

magistrate, sir; and I yield myself to the civil power," pointing to some of the police, who had entered the apartment with the seamen to get a sight of the notorious Smasher. "Besides, though I will not appeal to *your* humanity, yet I must claim early assistance. Your marines gave me a benediction in that little affair off Scilly: one of their blessings still remains in my body; my wounds are festering and sore; I am yet untried, and I demand the treatment of a man."

"He is right, Captain Anderson," whispered Lilyburn; "he is beneath the same roof with the civil magistrate, who cannot see him till the morning; it would be gross disrespect to our host and his worthy son, and we mustn't repay kindness by insult."

"Are there any places of confinement in the house?" inquired the lieutenant, addressing the chief of the police.

"Shure an' there is, sir," answered the man, "a tight hole enough, where I'll engage he'd

niver get out till doomsday, if you'd wish to keep him so long."

" An' no very long time eather," said another of the police, " if he's the raal Smasher. We'll take care of him, any how, seeing his head's worth two hundred pound."

" Which I shall claim," said Anderson, whilst Feaghan eyed them with silent contempt " I thought my marines must have hit you, and you well deserved it. Five of my men expended, and his Majesty's schooner riddled with shot, beside the loss of the fore-yard.—You'll go to heaven in a string, to a certainty."

" He who foretels another's fate may come to it himself," said Feaghan. " Show me my prison. You shall not see me shrink ; nor do I yet despair of nipping the Spider's legs again. From you, Captain Lilyburn, I have received generous kindness, and I will not forget it, should fortune ever enable me to return the obligation. Here, bind my hands and arms, if you wish it ; I am ready to go."

"Let him have a bed, or a mattress, at the least, with comfortable covering," said Lilyburn; "whatever his future fate may be, let us act towards him with humanity now."

"Order it as you please," said the lieutenant, "for my part, I'm off. Away fellows,—away Spiders, away. We've got the chief, and we'll have his craft before this hour to-morrow afternoon."

Well guarded by the police and the servants, Feaghan was conducted to a stone cell, about twelve feet square, with a small aperture, strongly secured by iron bars to admit air. Agreeably to the wish of Captain Lilyburn, a mattress was laid upon the wooden frame that served for the prisoner's *rest*, and blankets and coverlets were spread over all, forming a very comfortable couch for a wearied and wounded man, accustomed to privations and hardships. Some warm wine was brought to him, which he drank off freely, and then laid himself upon the pallet; the door closed; he listened to the fast-

ening of the locks and bolts, and was left in total darkness. Sleep began to steal upon his senses, when he heard a low whining noise, which he immediately knew proceeded from his faithful animal, Neptune, and instantly rising, he took the bandage from his arm, thrust it through the grated window, hap-hazard, and then called—"Away, Nep, away to the craft, boy, to the craft!" His door was suddenly opened, and a policeman looking in, gave him warning there was a sentry in the passage. The light that was thrown around his cell, added to the previous investigation he had made, amply satisfied him that egress was entirely out of the question, except through the doorway, and the policeman's carbine, ready for instant use, showed him the inutility of a personal attack. He threw himself on his pallet again, and his guardian retiring, he was soon in a profound sleep, in defiance of pain and uneasiness of mind.

Maurice Feaghan was the son of a grazier, who had been well to do in the world, and, by

attending the various markets in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, had acquired a degree of information and knowledge that gave him a sort of off-hand polish, which, added to the vivacity of his manner, and a fund of humour, elevated him above society in his own rank of life, and rendered him a great favourite amongst a higher grade, who prized his companion-like qualities, and valued his *bonhomie*.

Maurice was destined for the priesthood, and consequently at an early age he was confided to the care of the Reverend Father O'Fogharty, the parish confessor, who, with much benevolence of heart, blended a strange eccentricity of manner, and loved a good joke above all things, saving and excepting a taste of the "raal mountain dew." Yet he was far from being of intemperate habits, and his scientific and literary knowledge was sufficiently extensive to entitle him to be considered a profound scholar and excellent divine.

The choice of such an instructor to a gay,

rollicking youth like Maurice, had its evils as well as its advantages; indeed it was questionable whether, in many instances, the former did not predominate; for young Feaghan knew well how to put his "commether" on the old man, and make the worse appear the better cause; and though the lad greatly respected his preceptor, yet the volatile disposition of youth constantly involved the pupil in some scrape or other, and at wakes, fairs, and ructions, none was more active than Maurice Feaghan. It is true that the master called him to account for his outbreaks: but the love of humour in the old man was not proof against the irresistible drollery of his charge, who, when pleading in his own behalf, contrived to introduce such ridiculous descriptions of the occurrence as completely to overpower the risible faculties of the worthy father, and the pretended penitent had forgiveness promptly extended to him.

In all the athletic exercises and pastimes of his countrymen, young Maurice was no mean

proficient ; he was strong, active, and vigorous. fond of a bit of harmless mischief, and "who carried his head so high among the lasses, as the young praste as was to be?" whilst they in return rendered him their silent admiration. Against tithe proctors and revenue men he had conceived a sort of instinctive antipathy, amounting almost to hatred. The tales which were told of their arbitrary proceedings and unnatural oppression, caused him to consider them as enemies to the rest of mankind, and he formed a determined resolution to make war upon the whole race, and punish every individual of the class, wherever or whenever they got within his grasp.

Such a spirit could not long remain the quiet inmate of a retired study ; there were those who saw the peculiarities of the young man, and calculated upon the uses to which they might be put in organizing rebellion. Arts and schemes were employed to decoy him into secret combination ; the agitators pretended to repose entire

confidence in his honour, and he was introduced to the midnight meetings, in some wild romantic glen or uncouth cavern, that was well calculated to operate on the enthusiastic temperament of a youth, whose mind was already pre-occupied by the florid description of such scenes that he had found in books. Here the utmost deference was paid him, and, in an evil hour, incited by a love of liberty—the rational meaning of which he had never defined—he joined himself to a band of Whiteboys that had long been the terror of that part of the island. For some length of time, notwithstanding the many outrages that were perpetrated, he remained under the mask of concealment: but in a desperate affray, involving the sacrifice of several lives, his person was recognized, secrecy was no longer possible; he bade adieu to the church and to Father O'Fogharty, and became at once, young as he was, a determined daring leader of rebels.

Rewards were offered for his apprehension: but he continued to elude the search that was

made for him, and he gained the name of "The Smasher," from his propensities to beat in the doors and window-frames of the houses that resisted his lawless exactions. But at length he found it impossible to retain his position on shore, and, indulging his cherished detestation of revenue men, he became a smuggler under one of the most intrepid captains on the coast, and in his new employ he was equally indefatigable as he had been in his old. The excitement suited his reckless habits; he saw there was a fortune to be made, if he could only keep from being captured; and, not over scrupulous as to means, he toiled unceasingly in his vocation, and applied himself most diligently to the acquisition of a thorough acquaintance with the various inlets, coves, and creeks, upon the southern shores of the island, whilst at the same time he obtained an excellent knowledge of the French coast.

Qualities like these could not long be kept in a state of subordination. Mr. Cornelius, or the

Baccah, as he was called, traded extensively in the contraband. The Blue Bob had just been launched for the *free trade*, and an offer of the command made to young Feaghan, which he at once accepted, and, still retaining his designation of "the Smasher," he proved himself the most successful smuggler that ever hoisted sail upon the ocean. This, together with his hair-breadth escapes, in which science and skill were aided by great good luck, had rendered him, in the estimation of his superstitious people, as something surpassing human nature, and they looked up to him with a confidence equal to his daring.

During his runs he had had frequent encounters with the revenue vessels, which he had either outsailed or beaten off, and had fought the Spider for two hours before he could get clear away. Once he had been apprehended, and Lieutenant Anderson having appeared against him in person, became thoroughly acquainted with his identity. The individual, through

whose treachery he had been taken, swore to many facts, and Feaghan was fully committed to take his trial for murder on the high seas: but through the active agency of his father, who bribed the gaoler with a little fortune, he was enabled to escape to France, where he again resumed command of the cutter. An act of outlawry was passed against him—two hundred pounds reward was offered for his apprehension, yet he had recklessly walked through the streets of Cork, and read the posting bills describing his appearance; nay, he had more than once visited Father O'Fogharty, and left him handsome testimonials of his grateful esteem. Most probably his previous escape had been the inducement to Anderson's design of taking him with him to the Spider.

And there laid the wounded outlaw, soundly sleeping—insensible to the fate which seemed inevitably to hang over him. Suddenly he started up from his pallet, and exclaimed, "Hallo, Tom! what's the news?" For the

moment, he fancied himself on board; but the darkness was too profound—and immediate recollection of his situation came across his mind.

"It could not be a dream!" said he. "Some one touched me; I will swear some one touched me. Who and what are you?"

"Hush! make no noise," uttered a whisper at his ear; and though the words were scarcely audible, yet there was a harmony in the tone, low as it was, that instantly told Feaghan the dwarf was by his side. But the exclamation he had used alarmed the sentry—bolt after bolt was withdrawn. "Rest easy, Feaghan; make room," said the hunchback—"make room, or you're lost." He crept beneath the covering of the bed, and effected concealment as the light of the sentinel's lamp dispersed the gloom.

"An' is it disthurbed ye are?—small wonder at that same!" said the man. "What the divel ails you?"

"Thrue for you, my boy, and *it is* the divel

ails me," answered Feaghan. "I thought he shook me, and wanted to get into bed; but it's dreaming I was, though I never knew any thing more like reality."

"Och, then, but he knows his own," returned the sentry; "it's choice companions ye are—the Lord be between me and harem—an' so I'll lave you together." He closed the door—the bolts were again drawn, and all was once more involved in darkness impenetrable to the sight.

"Feaghan," whispered the dwarf, disengaging himself from the blankets, "notwithstanding your conduct last night, I would not leave you to perish. I told you I would be your friend, if you would let me. I come to serve you—it is in my power to do so—"

"Can you take me out o' this without any more bother?" returned the outlaw, in the same low whisper. "The Blue Bob is lost, and there are those on board will split about the stow-hole if I am not there to prevent it."

"How know you that?" inquired the dwarf;

"she is safe at anchor in the cove, and—" He stopped short.

"And what?" said Feaghan. "But no matter now. Lilyburn and Anderson were here to-night; they have both returned to their vessels, and will be round at the cove by daylight. An express has been sent off to Cork, and others have been despatched along the coast. There is no time to lose. How you came here is none of my business, except, as I suppose, we must get out the same way."

"If I release you, will you cancel the agreement respecting the children?" said the dwarf.

"This is sheer folly," returned Feaghan; "I thought you were better acquainted with self-preservation. I am here with a halter round my neck, and would willingly swear through those stone walls to save myself."

"Will you implicitly follow my instructions?" asked the dwarf. "Say but the word, and you are free."

"Follow? ay, I'll follow you to any where

but the gallows just now," responded Feaghan, "and then be guided by my own inclinations afterwards. If you are not satisfied, leave me, and let me sleep, so that I may collect my thoughts; I shall have an important examination to undergo to-morrow."

"Would you betray your friend—your employer, Feaghan?" said the dwarf, in a tone of inquiry.

"I cannot and will not hold further conversation here," uttered Feaghan; "if it is in your power to sprite me away through the key-hole, or squeeze me flat out between those iron gratings—for these are the only modes of escape I know of—well and good; if not, haul your wind out of this—for may be I shall have an attack of cramp, and be compelled to call out."

"Well then, Feaghan, I will testify my confidence in your honour," returned the dwarf; "you shall experience my generosity and friendship. Arise—make no noise—your hand."

Feaghan complied with the directions, and

carrying his shoes in one hand, he extended the other to his guide, and silently they trod across the stone floor. The dwarf stooped, and there was a slight grating noise in the wall. "Bend down," said he, "and feel your way." The outlaw did so, and found himself in an aperture opened in the solid wall, but by what means effected he could not discover. Passing through it, upon his hands and knees, he discovered that he was at once on the steps of a stone staircase; there was the same grating noise, and they descended to a low door, which opened on the broad moat surrounding the house. A small boat laid in readiness, and in a few minutes they were safely landed on the other side.

"Now then, Feaghan, you are once more at liberty," said the dwarf; "does not the free air of heaven come refreshing to your temples—is it not grateful to the heart?"

"I wish I was on the cutter's deck, under a close-reefed trysel," said the smuggler; "it

would be more pleasant to me than all the perfumed gales of Araby."

"Be contented—you are safe," uttered the other. "And now, Feaghan, will you accede to my request relative to the reward?"

"For myself, may the money perish!" answered the outlaw, proudly; "you have rescued me from peril, and I would scorn to be ungrateful."

"You will cancel the demand, then?" continued the dwarf—"you will not expect the payment?"

"I have said it, Mr. Cornelius," returned the smuggler; "but, at the same time, I can have no right to make such a declaration for others. I leave them in your hands."

"And the boy!" eagerly interrupted the dwarf—"the boy, Feaghan—what do you say of him?"

"Do not urge me on that point," answered the captain—"or, if you will, I tell you at once

he shall never come to harm whilst I have the power to prevent it."

"Suppose him already disposed of," said the dwarf; "that which has been done, can never be recalled."

"But it may be avenged," returned Feaghan, —"ay, and shall be so, if any one has dared to injure him. You will find me at my post, Mr. Cornelius—or, rather, will hear from me, as I shall put to sea the moment I get on board, and make a running fight of it, if I can do no better. In the mean time, the boy shall be kept safe; and, perhaps, should it be absolutely necessary, he may be disposed of where there will be no fear of his troubling you again. Farewell, Mr. Cornelius. I'm off. Expect to see me back in less than a fortnight."

CHAPTER IX.

Och, the whiskey—the whiskey's the divel's delight;
It taches to love and it urges to fight;
Makes a foe of a friend and a friend of a foe;
The sweetest of bliss and the bitterest woe.

The beautiful cutter lay reposing on the water after Feaghan had quitted her, and the men were holding a sort of revelry on shore, many of their friends and acquaintances having, on notice of their arrival, come down to welcome them in good French brandy. A sail, spread over an opening amongst the rocks, sheltered them from the night dew—a wood fire was kindled—and lighted wicks of cotton-cloth, immersed in tin pans of fat, threw a bright glare around, as the piper played his lilt, and the wild-looking beings entered into all the violent extravagance of the Irish dance.

It was a scene for the pencil of Salvator Rosa —the tubs, and arms, and marine appendages, being introduced to heighten the effect of the smuggler's gala. Nor was there wanting many a little love affair, both of the heart and of the shillalah, to vary the by-play and give character to the whole.

Peterson and Tom Graves remained on board the cutter; the former in obedience to his commander's directions, the latter because he firmly believed the vessel would not be safe without him. The children had gone early to rest, for they had lost their playmate—Ned cried himself to sleep, whilst Hamilton joined in his sorsow solely on Ned's account.

"I'm thinking, Muster Peterson," said old Tom, "that Muster Rapartee owes us a grudge for that 'ere affair at Brest; for my part, I never bears no malice to any one, but he doesn't seem to me to come of a breed that 'ud forgive and forget."

"Our opinions are alike there, Graves," re-

turned Peterson. "We cannot be too much upon our guard against him. Lawless as our occupation is, at all events we ought to be true to one another. Rafferty has more of the tiger in him than any man I ever knew."

"I don't know what you calls lawless, sir," said Graves, somewhat offended at his honesty being suspected, "but to my notion of things, we acts more by the rule of right than them as makes so much palavering about law. They've a Parliament-house and a Custom-house here in Ireland as well as they have in England, and all the money as they gets in the Custom-houses is shared out in the Parliament-houses, where they tell me its 'catch as catch can.' Now, I take it we've a just right to some share, that is if we can get it; so if we helps ourselves to the vally o' the dooties, why we're only doing the same as they're doing — looking out for number one. They makes laws to divide it among theirselves, and we makes laws not to let 'em get hould on it."

"There can be very little difference to us either way, Graves," said Peterson; "we are merely paid for our services, though I must own the wages are good, in consideration of the hazards that we run."

"There lies the difference, Muster Peterson," drily returned the boatswain; "the extra wages comes out o' that which would otherwise be sarved out amongst the Parliament folk. And arter all, there's not none on 'em, from stem to starn, in your Lords and Commons, but likes a drop of stuff, or a bit of dry goods, dooty free, if so be as they can get it upon the sly. Why there was a Parliament man, I thinks his name was Pennypunt, as we always used to supply reg'larly with pieces when I was in owld Dangerfield's 'None so Lucky,' belonging to Folkstun; and which on 'em is without his bangdanna either for his neck or for his pocket, and them bangdannas are next thing to being prohibitated by the heavy dooties. Well, if so be as they can get 'em for thirty shillings a piece

apiece smuggled, they won't go for to give three or four guineas, because it's the law."

"And so by your reckoning, Tom, conscience is sacrificed to pelf," said Peterson, laughing, "and therefore we of the contraband sell our consciences as well as our labour."

"Why, Muster Peterson, I ar'n't possessed of faculty enough to make any particular diskrimmagement in the religion of the business, but it does seem to my thinking out o' reason to suppose scih a thing, 'kase why? we do for conscience sake that which they do again their consciences—for we sticks by our law, whilst they breaks theirn."

"A very nice distinction truly, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone of merriment. "And worthy of any lawyer in Westminster Hall—though I fear neither judge nor jury would be of your opinion."

"'Kase they don't belong to us, Muster Peterson," answered the boatswain; "if the judges were owners of craft and the juries

reg'lar hands at the trade, they'd soon show 'em right from wrong by their vardicks. Our skipper ud make a good foreman of a jury."

"I hope he will not be long away, Tom," said Peterson, with some symptoms of uneasiness. "Should the mate return before him, with his grog aboard, we shall be sure to have some disturbance or other—he is like a wild beast, always ready to bite when his keeper's not alongside to muzzle him."

"And Captain Figgin keeps him pretty well muzzled too," responded old Tom, "though, for my part, I can't see but the craft ud sail just as well without him."

"He is useful too at a pinch, Tom," argued the second mate, "he has a certain *je ne sais quoi*, that can only be produced by animal instinct."

"By all accounts, Muster Peterson, he's got a good many Jenny Saqquaws," rejoined the boatswain, "and as for his *h*animal inkstink its altogether beyond my calkelations. Howsomever

here we are in as sweet a craft as ever lifted her bows to a sea. I loves the cutter, Muster Peterson, better nor any vessel I was ever in, and, as you say, there's good wages, which gladdens my heart, bekase I can the better purvide for them as has claim to my support. The station too, is a good and christian-like station, for there's so many holes and corners, and devil's coves to shelter in; and the runs are pleasant, that it's very different to crossing the channel in an open boat, with a breeze enough to blow all the hair off your head, and the sea running arter you like a race horse. And its hazardous work, that beaching, Muster Peterson, whether its down among the shingle, near Rumney Marsh, or under Hay Cliff, with its reef of chalk stones. To be sure, like a donkey's gallop, it's short and sweet, and a fellow may creep under hatches in his little home, and lie all snug till next cruise, if so be as he carries a weather helm among the officers, and shows an innocent figure-head. Many's the trip I've had to Flushing and along shore

in the owld 'None-so-lucky;' but it's hard lines, Muster Peterson, in them long dark nights, shoving away between Blanket-bug and Bulling, and then pushing across the water under a reefed main-lug—every plank quivering, like a dog in a fit; and only a quarter of an inch between your coffin* and your grave. Well! I say we arnes all we gets."

"So we do, Tom, and earn it well too," assented Peterson; "but come old boy, we'll have a glass of grog a piece, and drink success to Folkstone pier, where the mayor wished the foundation stone to be laid at the top, that he might see his name upon it."

"Ay, ay, Muster Peterson, the lubbers are always spinning some yarn or other about us Folkstuners," responded Graves. "They say the women raked the bale-pond to catch the moon, and put it out—but it's all gammon. And as for a glass of grog, why it's a sad heart as never rejoices—they're hard at it

* The name of a particular kind of smuggling boat.

there ashore, and them Paddys are the devil's own sure*ly* at a spree."

The steward was called—the grog ordered—and soon seated side by side the two officials conversed over their beverage, of past events and future prospects. It was somewhat approaching to midnight when O'Rafferty returned—the men were by this time in a state of wild tumult—arising from inebriety, and the mate had swallowed sufficient to inflame all the evil passions and propensities of his nature. He was not drunk, but infuriated to a degree of demoniac mischief: there was nevertheless a method in his whole proceedings, that developed the real and undisguised nature of the man. At first he joined the riotous crew on shore, and shouted and danced with any of them; but though the men felt that he reduced himself to their level, by his conduct, yet he did not entertain the same opinion, as, upon some imaginary offence being given to his rank, he seized hold of a musket, and would have sent the unfortunate offender to

his last account, had he not been restrained by others just at the moment he was about to fire. This only served to render him more furious, and, struggling from those who held him, he ordered every man to bear a hand on board, without a moment's delay. But he was speaking to men over whom reason held no controul; a few indeed obeyed the command, but the principal portion either held him in derision, or openly set his authority at utter defiance.

Peterson and Graves witnessed the transaction from the cutter; and, when the mate came on board with those who were ready to accompany him, they naturally expected that they should become the objects of his rage; they therefore armed themselves and prepared for the worst; but so eager was O'Rafferty for revenge on the men who had recently provoked him, that, without noticing his subordinates, he at once issued orders to turn the cutter's guns upon the spot where the refractory crew and their associates, instead of continuing united

in their mutiny, had commenced fighting with each other; and there was as pretty a specimen of give and take as any amateur in an Irish row need wish to witness.

"The O'Raffertys," as the mate called them, had promptly complied with the directions of their leader; and the guns were cast loose, and pointed at the scene of drunken disorder, by men who were very little less intoxicated than the comrades they were disposed to murder—the match was lighted, and the work of destruction was about to open with deadly effect, (for the shot could not fail of doing great execution) when Peterson and Graves thought it time to interfere.

"Avast! ye man-eating rascals," bellowed old Tom, "them guns was only cast for enemies, not shipmates—drop the match you cuckoo-clock making wagabone," and he knocked the ignited match from the hand of the man who was kindling them for others, and, snatching it up, he hove it overboard.

"Out o' that wid yer," said O'Rafferty, as he aimed a furious blow with a hand-spike at the head of Graves, but the latter dexterously avoided it, and catching up a boat-hook kept him at bay.

"Are you all rappartees," exclaimed the boatswain, addressing the men. "Is there no Figginties among you all?—Teddy, will you side again your skipper, and shoot your messmates?"

"Not a taste in life," said Teddy, ranging himself with old Graves, "Ireland for ever—horroo!" and in an instant he was followed by several others, so as to render the balance of physical strength somewhat equal. O'Rafferty raved like a maniac, but his mad purpose was defeated, the guns were deserted, and the scenes of the shore were re-acted on the vessel's deck, and general tumult prevailed.

Such was the state of affairs when Mike Hagan (who had descended from his country seat in the mountains with a communication to the mate from the dwarf) suddenly appeared

amongst them. Whether he fully comprehended the spectacle or not, is a matter of no material consequence; certain it is that, he no sooner beheld the affray, than, bounding into the thick of it, he swung a heavy shillalah round his head, without giving any previous instruction on whom it was to fall. "The Philistines are on yer, boys," shouted he, laying it on right and left; "and there's a short dthrop and a long swing for every mother's son, and ye all fightin;" down came the weapon again. "Is it brake the pace you will, then?" another blow, "and the raal inimy close at hand—hurroo, Paddy Kiernan;" and Paddy felt the weight of the stick. "I'm ould and wake now, but times has been, Dinnis," and down went Dennis at full length. "It's meself as manes to befriend yer all and hannimandhioul, but you'll be quiet, will you.' Thus Mike continued, keeping his twig in full occupation, till he was confronted with the mate. "Arrah, Mr. Rafferty, it's a message I've got for yer." and, from sheer impulse, he flung himself

forward and struck the officer a severe blow on his freshly-set collar bone, hat made the fracture worse, and the pain a thousand times more acute. The mate yelled with anguish as he fired a pistol at Mike, but, from the unsteadiness of his aim, without any injurious effect. "Bad manners to your oncivil sowl," said Mike; "and me come down to your thave's hole, to befriend yer in regard o' the Baccah. It's out o' this you must get afore daybreak, and run for Birdoh; the captain's a prisoner—why?"

But O'Rafferty was suffering too much pain to heed what Hagan said, though Peterson immediately questioned him, and, from much cunning as well as deception, contrived to extract the truth as to the captain's capture; for Mike had secretly followed the party of Dobson, and witnessed the unsuccessful attempt of Feaghan to escape; he then returned to his hut, removed the old chest, and the dwarf ascended from the concealed cavity.

"By the powers, but they've got him any

how, Mister Cornelius," said Mike, and he related the occurrence he had seen, as well as their securing the captain's person.

"He is a rash, wrong-headed fellow," said the dwarf, "and would merit the punishment he has drawn upon himself, but that I want his further help; I must see to that myself, and instantly too, though my future prospects call me to the cutter. But, Mike," uttered he, in the most winning and musical tone of voice, "Mike, I must repose the utmost confidence in your zeal and discretion; I have been your benefactor, Mike, and saved you from a death of shame. Your residence here is unknown to them as would gladly have you in their power. Feaghan has ever befriended you, and he is now in captivity; will you faithfully perform my bidding, and thus enable me to hasten to the captain's rescue."

"It's meself as will do that thing, Mr. Cornalius," returned Hagan; "ownly tell me what it is, and I'll jomp lyke a billy-goat to perform it."

"Well, then, after my departure," responded the dwarf, "you must away to the cove, and tell O'Rafferty to get the cutter out, and run for Bordeaux, as the Spider is coming along the coast to look for them. Not a moment must be lost, and Feaghan shall join him in the Garonne. Now, do you understand this, Mike?"

"Faith, an' I do," returned Hagan; "an' you may consider it as good as done, barring I've ownly to tell it Mr. Rafferty."

"But there is another thing, Mike," said the dwarf. "Captain Feaghan has brought over with him, this last trip, a pretty child. Whether it is his own or not, I cannot take upon myself to say; but I have my suspicions, Mike."

"The praste's niece," observed Hagan, musingly: "yet no—Miss Jane's too howly for that. Yet love is the divel, and it's only the vestments as frightens it away."

"It is of no consequence to throuble ourselves in endeavours to ascertain its parentage," said the dwarf; "but the child must be brought

ashore in safety, and kept in secrecy till fetched away. It is a boy, Mike—a pretty boy, and Feaghan is very fond of it; even Rafferty loves it as if it were his own, and perhaps he will not let it come. You must try to do the thing by stealth, Mike. If you succeed, here's an earnest of my future reward." And he threw a guinea into the old man's open palm.

"I'll schame it for you, Mister Cornalius," replied Hagan; "and may the howly saints bless your honour for your bounty. He shall be brought, safe and snug as a fish in a basket, and divel a sowl shall have a knowst of the matter, barring its yourself and Captain Feaghan."

"And now I think of it, Mike," added the dwarf, "you know the secret passage to the cave?"

"Is it the store cave your honour manes?" returned Hagan. "It's myself as does, and well, too."

"The boy must be taken there for the pre-

sent, Mike," said the dwarf; "and as soon as he is secured, come and let me know. Poor Feaghan! I fear he is beyond my rescue, but I must try my best. Some wine, Mike, or brandy; the keen air of the mountain chills the blood."

Without hesitation Hagan quitted the hut, and in a few minutes returned with a horn of brandy, which the dwarf swallowed. "You'll be correct and punctual, Mike?" said he. "Remember that it is for our good friend, Captain Feaghan, that I make the request; and the successful issue will confer a great favour upon myself—a very great favour. Act cautiously—feel your way in the affair—trust to no one, but do it all yourself. I have witnessed many specimens of your sagacity. Now, try what more you can accomplish. Bring the boy away;"—and an ill-repressed chuckle of delight escaped the dwarf, as he anticipated the wished-for success to his plan.

They parted—Mr. Cornelius to perform the feat already described, of releasing Feaghan from

confinement—Hagan to deliver his orders to O'Rafferty, and to steal the boy clandestinely away. As before related, he found the cutter's men in a state of mutiny; and he gave O'Rafferty a friendly admonition against drunkenness, which laid him on the deck, and he was carried down to his cabin. The commands of the owner were, however, imparted to Peterson, who, without hesitation, began to prepare for hauling out of the cove. The news of the captain's capture, and the probability that their own would follow, quelled the turbulence of the crew, and most of them, though wild with liquor, felt the strong inducement there was for exertion, and went to their duty as well as they could, prompted by self-preservation.

Mike watched his opportunity. He cautiously descended the companion-ladder, and having entered the cabin, looked anxiously around; but the prize he sought was not to be seen. The groans and imprecations of O'Rafferty informed him which state-room the mate was in;

and passing over to the opposite one, he felt the bed-place—found a child, and gently raising it in his arms beneath his cottamore, he went on deck—quietly attained the boat, and before the sleeping boy awoke he was half-way between the cutter and the shore. A threat from Mike frightened him into silence, and they were soon landed on the rocks and ascending the mountain.

Peterson and Graves lost not a moment in hauling out to the entrance of the cove; the sails were set, and every thing in readiness—yet still the second-mate clung to the hope that the captain might escape; and, therefore, he determined not to start till just before the break of day. The time arrived, and Feaghan not making his appearance, the stern-fasts were cast off, the breeze was favourable, and away flew the cutter, as if rejoiced that she was once more to try her speed.

It was a resplendent morning; the wind was fresh and cool; the sky was serene and clear;

and though the long swell came rolling in, as the relics of the late gale, yet the surface of the water was smooth. Many were the anxious eyes that looked with intense eagerness to the offing, as the cutter launched boldly out of the bay into the main ocean, and, taking the wind on the starboard beam, steered a north-west course, to gain a good distance from the land. But scarcely had they opened out from Sheep's Head, than the Spider and the Dolphin were revealed to their view, about three miles distant, upon their lee bow, making all sail in chase.

Peterson was at first undecided how to act; if he hauled to the wind, there was every chance of falling in with a cruiser or a revenue vessel along shore; if he kept his course, he must pass close to the two vessels who had hove about in order to near and to intercept him; and if he at once ran away before it, they could sail nearly as well as the Blue Bob, and men of war were plentiful in the fair way to the British Channel.

"What would be the best to be done, Graves?"

inquired the second mate of his subordinate, the boatswain. "I feel inclined to run, as giving us the better chance. The sails are all repaired, Tom?"

"With my own palm and needle, muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "new cloths in the mainsel; a bran new square-sel, from the store; a spare gaff topsel, and a new square topsel, ready bent. I warn't idle, sir, whilst they were working the crop, and there were four good hands to help me, whilst another gang knotted and spliced the rigging, as you well know, seeing as it was under your own directions."

"Well, then, we'll bear up, I think, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone and manner which indicated a desire to ascertain the veteran's opinion; but he was silent. "D—— it, Tom, why don't you speak?" added the second mate, impatiently. "You know how much I prize your skill?"

"But there's another aboard, muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "and though he is hove down on his beam ends, and was owld Davy

himself, yet, Captain Feaghan not being in command, muster Rapartee ought to be towld how we're bamboxtered."

"You remind me of my duty, Tom, and I thank you for it," returned Peterson; "see all clear, old boy, for swaying the spred-yard aloft, and get the squarsel and topsel up in readiness."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the boatswain, as Peterson went below. He found O'Rafferty in a raging fever, and wholly incapable of issuing any command, or even understanding what was said to him, whilst in his delirium he raved of deeds of blood and vengeance that made the heart sick to shuddering.

The vessels were rapidly approaching, when Peterson ascended to the deck. The Spider was right ahead, keeping away towards the smuggler; the Dolphin, full-and-by to get the weather-gage, was on the schooner's lee quarter, and both were within hail of each other. "Are you ready for making sail there forud?" shouted Peterson, and the "Ay, ay,—all ready, sir!" being respond-

ed, his voice was again heard :—"Ease off the main-sheet !—haul forud the boom-guys !—Up with the helm, lad—hard up, and keep her away before it !—down with the foresel, and get the square-sels on her as quick as you can. Bear a hand, my hearties, and we'll be drinking claret to-morrow night !"

"And cowld stuff it is, muster Peterson," said the boatswain; "it chills the bowels to think on it."

"Get the sail on her smartly, Tom, and all hands shall have a dram to make 'em steady at the guns, should they be wanted," exclaimed the second mate; "run up that square-sel there, forud. Steady, boy, steady,—mind your helm !"

The cutter was now tearing away before the wind, and, being flying light, her superiority in sailing was very soon evinced; her enemies could not get her within reach of shot, and by night were hull down astern. The following morning they were nowhere to be seen, and the Blue Bob, with a ten knot breeze, was abreast of the Pen-

marks Point; in the evening a pilot boarded them off the Chasseron light, and continuing their course, by the aid of the Cordovan, they ran into the Garonne, and anchored off Royan. The next day they were again under way, and in the afternoon moored the cutter abreast the beautiful city of Bordeaux.

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HAMILTON KING.

CHAPTER I.

"But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertained a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust."

SHAKSPEARE.

A low wild laugh of derision escaped the dwarf, as Feaghan disappeared in the gloom; but the smuggler did not hear it—for, rallying all his energies, he hurried on his way, prompted by the hope of rescuing his cutter and his people from the imminent peril which he was well aware, by what had fallen from Anderson, hung threateningly over them. His wounds, it is true, were excessively troublesome; his limbs were sore and stiff with fatigue; but he felt that he

was once more at liberty, with the free air of heaven around him, and his heart bounded with gratification, whilst anticipating the triumph he should enjoy when the chagrined and mortified commander of the Spider found that the supposed captive, for whose detention Anderson meant to claim the reward, was again at large, and ranging over the waters in defiance of the laws.

The daring smuggler was no longer to be seen, when the dwarf put a small silver whistle to his lips; and its shrill sound instantly brought two men to his side. They were stout, hardy-looking fellows, well armed, and habited something superior to the general run of the Irish peasantry.

"How is this?" exclaimed the dwarf, who strongly suspected they had been watching him; "you must have flown, to have quitted your posts thus quickly; what were you doing here so near me?"

"So near yer honour?" reiterated one of the

men; "why, then, it's meself has the nate knack of racing when ye calls. An' shure I've niver been from the post at the great gate since yer honour placed me there."

"'Tis false," replied the dwarf, in irrepressible anger; "both you and Casey were amongst the trees."

"Divel a bit, Musther Cornalius," returned Casey, in a positive manner; "not the laste taste of a step have I stirred from the bridge."

"What! will you insult my reason, by telling me such a lie?" angrily responded the dwarf. "Here were you, Tim Donovan, at one post—and you, Casey, at another—"

"Oh, divel the post was there at all, yer honour," uttered Casey. "Shure an' it was at the bridge you put me—"

"Fool!" ejaculated the dwarf, "you were both placed at some distance from each other, and in different directions, when, in an instant, you spring up before me, opposite to where you ought to have been. How's this?"

"Ah, then, may be we mistook our way, Misther Cornalius," said Casey; "it's black dark, yer honour, and nothing to clear our eyesight."

The dwarf was fully convinced that he had been watched, and that the men had seen him land some one from the boat; but he also felt that this was no time for controversy. "Had you been at your duties," said he, "the Smasher could not have escaped; and now he is away before you—though in what manner he can have got off is to me a mystery."

"Yer honour's sure that the man in the—" Casey stopped short, for his quick recollection informed him that he was betraying himself.

"The man in the what, sirrah?" demanded the dwarf, fiercely. "But I have not time to dispute the matter with you now. The smuggler rushed past me but this instant, and cannot be very far on his way up the mountain. After him, boys! Remember, I have promised a hundred guineas to the best marksman."

"But, Misther Cornalius, dare," said Casey, imploringly, "shure an' you don't forget to remember what's already due, and has been due for many a long day—the twenty guineas yer honour sworn to give us for that little affair of the law."

"No, no, I have not forgotten it," returned the dwarf; "the whole shall be forthcoming at your return."

"If it's the same to yer honour, we'd rather settle that business at onest," returned Casey; "it's best to clear off, and be friends."

"I tell you every farthing shall be paid when you come back," exclaimed the dwarf; "and to prove my sincerity, here is a guinea each in earnest." The men took the gold. "And now recollect that the reward of two hundred pounds from government is certain, whether he is taken alive or dead. The best way is, however, to make sure of your man; for whilst he retains life, he may give you the slip as he has done others, and your recompense will then be lost

But, with a couple of balls through his head or his heart, you would make him sure enough—his identity can easily be proved, and the money become your own."

"An' that's thrue, too," said Tim—"making in all three hunder and twenty pounds. By the powers, saving yer honour's presence, but it's ours nate enough."

"But, Misther Cornalius, isn't it murdther, or manshlaughter, or felly-de-sea, to shoot at a man?" inquired Casey, with an assumption of simplicity.

"At an innocent man, most certainly," replied the dwarf; "but Feaghan is an outlawed prisoner, who has broken from his confinement. Besides, as humanity may prompt you, your firing at him direct will be an act of kindness; for if he is taken to jail, there will be a long harassing trial, to exhaust his already wearied and wounded frame; and then a public execution, amidst the inhuman gaze of assembled thousands. A bullet, well applied, will save him

from a felon's end, and with this advantage to yourselves, that you can make your own uncontradicted statement to the authorities relative to the encounter—how that you met him in the mountains—tried to take him prisoner—a desperate conflict ensued, and he falls by your superior valour, because he would not surrender."

"Oh, then, it's Squire Cornalius has the gift of the forethought," exclaimed Tim. "By this and by that, but divel a saint in the calendar could bate you at it."

"You both understand me, then?" said the dwarf, pleased at his prospect of success; "and let me remind you that you have both law and justice on your side."

"One's enough, yer honour; we'll be content with the law without the justice," said Casey. "We're off, Misther Cornalius, and shall soon overtake him."

"Away, then, my lads—away! and make the double recompense your own," exclaimed the

excited dwarf. "Let the deed be done, and your future fortunes are made."

The two men immediately hurried away upon the track which they naturally supposed Feaghan had taken; and the dwarf, eyeing them as they receded, again indulged in a low, wild, demoniac chuckle, that had nothing human about it. "The villains," said he, "acting as spies, too! Now, should they destroy the outlaw, the chances are that they will quarrel as to which is entitled to the reward, and one or both may fall. Thus shall I be rid of all three! At all events, I must take a force to the mountains; and, whether Feaghan lives or dies, these fellows will be found with arms, and must be disposed of. They have me too much in their power already." He paused a few minutes, gazing at the tranquil sky, then mournfully uttered, "'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'" He shuddered. "Yet no one has ever fallen by my hands; they are still

unstained. My heart sickens at the sight of blood; my very soil recoils at the livid hue of a corpse. On their heads who perpetrate these crimes let the guilt of murder rest!"

He remained silent for several minutes, as if engaged in deep thought, and then uttered, "Wretched—wretched sophistry! And, oh! Beatrice, what is it you have not to answer for! To answer for!—to whom? Pshaw! they preach of an hereafter;—where is it? What learned church-man can fix a place of bliss or torment? The matter has yet to be proved."

Again he paused. "Yet 'tis a fearful thing to destroy existence—to take away that which can never be restored! The outlaw may die as such,—but unoffending innocence! Yet it must be done; Beatrice will have it so, and my own beautiful child claims it at my hands. Yes, the boy must be put out of the way, and that speedily, too; he stands in the path of my ambition—in the way of my own flesh and blood. Ha, ha! it must—it shall be done!"

He re-entered the little punt, and paddling back across the moat, disappeared at the door through which he had conducted the outlaw.

The harbinger of day began to spread its lovely colours over the eastern horizon, as Feaghan, almost exhausted, gained the summit of the mountain, and his spirit bowed in admiration at the glorious spectacle. Here he rested for a few minutes, and then rapidly descended to Hagan's hut. Old Mike was absent. Anxiety, irritation, and scorching fever now raged through the smuggler's heart and frame, as he recklessly bounded from crag to crag, in his descent towards the cove, till the increasing daylight shewed him the basin unoccupied, and he saw the cutter under canvas, having just quitted the entrance; but the next minute she was shut from his sight by the intervening mountainous rocks. A feeling of despair came over him, and he sank powerless to the ground. Nevertheless, he could not but commend the mate for his prudence in getting her away—little imagining

that their departure had been the effect of treachery by the dwarf.

At this moment, whilst crouching down in a cleft, the sound of voices at no great distance came on the smuggler's ears. Unable to tell whether it was friend or foe who was advancing, Feaghan crept into the obscurity of the recess, which effectually concealed him from observation.

"Shure an' it's missed him we have, Tim," said one of the approaching party, in a tone of disappointment.

"An' small blame for that," responded the other, "an' he lapeing lyke a billy-goat down the rocks, as if he'd no life to lose."

"Arrah, Tim, jewel, you should have fired when I towld you," said the first. "Faith, an' he was cock-a-roost up at top there, offering a fine mark for bringing down game."

"Why didn't you fire yourself, Casey?" argued Tim; "shure an' you'd as good right as meself to do that same."

"Well, then, Tim, I tell you again that, to my thinking, it's foul play he'd get," responded Casey. "He's sarved the Baccah faithfully; what can he want to kill him for?"

"Howld your fool's breath, Casey," said the other, contemptuously; "what's that to us? Let the Baccah settle it with his own conscience and the praste. If he likes to commit murdther, och, the divel's cess to him, we shan't have to answer for it."

"But it's we, Tim, that'll have to do the job," urged Casey; "it is on our heads that the crime will fall."

"Well, of all the fools that iver!" ejaculated the other; "what inthrest or affair have we in his death? We ownly are what the praste calls insthruments; and we may just as well blame our guns as blame ourselves for what may happen. We're paid for it. It's the motive, Casey—it's the motive; and ours is to obtain the reward. So let us on, my boy. And hark! it's footsteps I hear. Let us hide, and watch who comes."

The next moment Feaghan saw the two men enter the cleft; but he was too far within the darkness of his retreat for them to see him. "Be all ready on the cock," continued Tim, as the peculiar click of his lock echoed through the place; "there's the mountain-path —we shall catch him as he turns the corner; fire right slap at him, with a steady aim."

It would be impossible to describe the indignation and rage that prevailed in the breast of the smuggler, when he saw his premeditated murderers ready to take the life of any one who might approach. He would have sprung at once upon them; but two stout athletic men, with fire-arms, were fearful odds against his exhausted strength; and, powerful as was his inclination, he nevertheless had prudence to refrain from that which must have ended in his destruction. He beheld them raise their firelocks, as they knelt at the mouth of the recess. He could not see the object of their aim; but the ringing discharges came like thunder-claps through the

cavity; and springing forward, with one desperate effort he hurled the fellow called "Tim" over the projecting rock, and with a laugh of delight beheld the falling body bounding from crag to crag, till the waters of the cove opened to receive it. The surface was ruffled for a few minutes, and the mimic waves swelled outwards towards the centre; then all was smooth and tranquil as before. He who had contemplated the death of another, was himself a breathless and a buried corpse!

Without waiting to attack the other, Feaghan sprang down the pathway; and as he passed the fallen man at whom the miscreants had fired, he recognized the person of Mike Hagan. The poor fellow was not yet dead; he turned his look upon the retreating smuggler, as a grim smile flashed over his features; and the captain felt a melancholy but consoling conviction that Mike had rightly attributed his fall to the rascal who laid peaceably at the bottom of the cove, and the smile was a last testimony of

gratitude that his death was thus avenged. But though Feaghan had not interfered with the remaining murderer, there was one who promptly supplied the omission; for, whilst the wretch was busily reloading his piece, he was suddenly seized by the throat, and laid prostrate on the ground, whilst the teeth of a noble dog held him fast, as his hoarse growl came with terrific menace to his ears. Feaghan instantly caught the sound, and rushing back again, beheld his faithful Neptune exulting over his fallen foe. To seize and secure the man was but the work of a few minutes. Indeed, he was too terrified to offer resistance; for he was promptly disarmed, and the powerful and angry animal lay watching his every motion.

"An' who set you on this divel's job, Misther Casey?" asked the smuggler, as, with the strap taken from the firelock, he bound the fellow's arms.

"Shure, Captain Feaghan, an' it's meself ull spake the truth intirely," answered the man—

" ownly, for the love of Christ, kape off the dog."

" That must depend upon your behaviour, Misther Casey," uttered the smuggler, fiercely; " but by the vestments, if you attempt to deceive me, the creature's teeth shall gnaw your vitals. Look to him, Nep, boy; see to him well, lad!"

The animal's tremendous snarl, as he lifted his lips and shewed his terrific fangs, set the trembling prisoner begging for mercy, " an' he'd tell every thing."

" Speak, then," exclaimed Feaghan, as he shook with passion; " was it the dwarf who set you on this hellish deed?"

" It's the althar thruth, Captain Feaghan," responded the man; " it was, indeed, Misther Cornalius."

" The villain!" muttered Feaghan. " But your object was better game than poor owld Mike?"

" An' that's thrue, too, captain," acknow-

ledged the man; "for shure an' it was yerself that was meant for mischief. Oh, divel the lie I'll tell."

"The black-hearted monster!" exclaimed the smuggler; "yet what could be his motive for so vile an act?" He paused, as if his thoughts were rapidly flying over past events, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! I have it now;" and grasping the fellow by the collar, with Neptune close in the rear, he hurriedly advanced to the spot where poor Mike Hagan laid. Gently raising the wounded man, "An' how is it with you, Mike!" said he; "the Baccah has sent you a pretty present, Mike, and sorrow the sowl to wake you, or cry 'pillalloo!' over you." The unfortunate man shook his head. "Speak, then, Mike—oh, you must speak." Another shake of the head. "By the holy saints, but you must!" persisted Feaghan, in wild but determined manner. "The boy, Mike—the boy! Is he gone in the cutter? You must know, owld man, and I will have the truth." But Mike could not

articulate a word; he waved his hand downwards to the cove, and then closed his eyes apparently in death. "Ha! is it so? what, killed?—murdered? Then will I live for revenge; and every limb and sinew of that hideous deformity shall suffer a thousand deaths in one. I'll do it—I'll do it!" shrieked the agitated man.

Again the sound of voices was heard; the dog listened, but gave no indications of alarm. "Good Nep," said Feaghan, "they are friends, then;" the creature looked expressively in his master's face and wagged his tail; "but friends may be false; the villain, the murderous villain!" continued the smuggler, taking up the musket; "oh that I had him now within reach of this. But he shall be paid back in his own coin."

In a few minutes, several of the revellers, who had joined the debauch of the smugglers at the cove the previous night, and had assisted the cutter's men in getting her to sea that morning, ascended the mountain. They were well known to Feaghan, and from them he learned the par-

tic ulars of the affray that had taken place; the further injury sustained by O'Rafferty from Mike's stick; the orders which Hagan brought for going to sea, and Peterson's compliance with that order, as well as his waiting till the last possible moment for the captain's return. But they knew nothing of any child; none had been seen by them, nor were they in any way aware that children had been aboard. The captain briefly related the snare that had been laid for him (though without naming the principal concerned in it), and then engaged the men to convey poor Mike and the prisoner to Hagan's hut.

"An' we'll take the rascally informer with all the pleasure in life," uttered one of the party, seizing hold of Casey and actually biting off his left ear, which he spit out amongst his comrades, exclaiming, "it's the swatest mouthful I've had for many a long day."

The unfortunate fellow roared with the pain, and begged most piteously for Feaghan to afford him protection; but the outlaw turned from him

in disgust, and Casey sunk upon the ground as if he wished to shrink into a senseless mass, so that he might escape the yells and taunts of his persecutors. But he was not suffered to remain prostrate; they goaded him with knives to make him get up, and, Hagan having been lifted carefully on the shoulders of three men, the wretched prisoner was dragged along after him to the hut. Here Mike was extended on his pallet speechless; and Feaghan questioning the men who had come from the cove, found them determined to wreak summary vengeance on the prisoner.

A doctor was too important a personage to be found in that wild district, and therefore persons were despatched to inform the dwarf of Hagan's condition, but without stating what had actually occurred. Feaghan longed to get Cornelius within his power, that he might tax him with his treachery: but scarcely had the messengers departed, when a man arrived, in almost breathless haste, to give them the intelligence that a party of soldiers and police were

coming across the mountain. There was then no time to be lost; one of the least suspected was appointed to remain with old Mike, and the rest, taking the prisoner with them, struck into the most unfrequented passes, and disappeared.

In a very short time afterwards a body of troops and police filled the hut, and at their head was the dwarf, who affected great surprise and anger when informed that Mike had been assassinated.

"And where and who are the miscreants that have thus perpetrated one of the worst of human crimes?" exclaimed the dwarf.

"Meself dunna," answered the man, with a look of assumed stupidity, and then, in as confused a manner as possible, he detailed the affair, that Hagan had been shot by two men (both balls had taken effect), and had been found speechless by himself and companions, some of whom had gone to inform Mr. Cornelius, whilst others were escorting the prisoner to the magistrate.

"The prisoner?" uttered the dwarf, inquiringly. "I thought you said there were two; what became of the second?"

"Oh then it's meself doesn't know the thruth on it, yer honour," answered the man evasively; "but they said he tumbled from the crag, and fell into the wather."

"There's more in this than meets the ear, Mr. Williams," said the dwarf, addressing the young English officer who accompanied him; "the man is frightened at so large a force; have the goodness to withdraw your men to the outside. I will question him, and, believe me, I know sufficient of these fellows to bring them to a full confession."

The officer complied; the force was removed from the wretched abode, and not a creature was left but poor Mike, his attendant, and the dwarf. The latter approached slowly forward to the pallet on which the man was sitting, and in a low and impressive manner uttered, "I'm not

to be deceived, Malone ; I know you well. Which was it you say fell from the crag ?"

" Meself didn't see it, Misther Cornalius," returned the man, " I was ownly told so."

" And who, then, was with Hagan when you found the body ?" inquired the dwarf with sternness.

The man paused for a few seconds, and then uttered, " Och hone, Misther Cornalius, an' who should it be but Captain Feaghan, shure."

The dwarf drew a convulsive respiration. " And where is he now ?" inquired he. " Come, sir, if you wish to save your life, tell me everything ;" he looked cautiously around. " We are alone, my man—no one can hear us—the truth is what I want ;" and a guinea was slippled into his hand, whilst deep groans shook Hagan's frame.

Thus tempted, the man related the occurrence as he heard it from the smuggler, together with subsequent transactions, and that Feaghan had only shortly before quitted the hut.

"Did he name who it was that set these fellows on to do the deed?" asked the dwarf.

"Divel a name he spoke at all, yer honor," answered the man with vehemence.

"Are you certain of that?" inquired the dwarf, fixing his keen gaze upon the countenance of Malone.

"Sartin—sure, yer honor," responded Malone; "I'll take a thousand oaths meself never harde him name a living crature, barring as he sed he knowed who it was, and would take his revenge."

A scowl of contempt passed over the features of the dwarf, whilst he still continued to fix his intense gaze on the man, as if he would penetrate into the very recesses of his heart for the purpose of testing his veracity. "Malone," said he, in a low deep tone, "did he not name me?"

"Oh divel the name he named at all, yer honor,—good, bad, or indifferent," boldly an-

swered the man. "Shure, an' why should he name you, and you both sich friends?"

"True, true," exclaimed the dwarf, whilst a smile of derision curled his lip; "yet, Malone, we are often apt to speak of our friends rather than our enemies."

"May be so, yer honor," responded the man, with firmness, "but I'll swear he never named nobody."

"I am sorry for it," said the dwarf, with well-assumed regret, "for I was in hopes we should have been enabled to discover who it was that employed these men, or whether they had any private pique against poor Mike. I will just speak to the officer, and then return." He walked to the outside of the hut, and calling Mr. Williams away from the men—"I have reason to believe," said he, "that the notorious Smasher, for whose head £200 reward is offered, and whom we have come out to seek, has recently left this place. He cannot be far off—most likely descended to the cove. Will you leave a

portion of the men with me, and, taking the rest yourself, pursue the fugitive? The wounded man shall be removed where he can have proper attendance. I will see to that, and do not let a mistaken lenity induce you to spare the culprit; it is his hand that has smote poor Hagan, I fear, to death. But hasten, Mr. Williams; spread out your men, but beware of ambush. Fire at him wherever you may see him, that he may no longer remain the terror of our coast."

The young officer immediately adopted the suggestions, and, detaching a party of his men, he proceeded down the mountain, whilst the dwarf returned to the pallet of the apparently dying man. "And so, Malone, it is Casey they have carried off; do ye think they mean him mischief?"

"Shure, an' how is it possible for me to tell what they mane?" returned the other; "yer honor knows the ways of the boys, and may be they'll procthor him for his turning traithor; they'll slit his nose, and pickle his ears—that's the one he wears."

At this moment a wild, unnatural yell was heard, and the next instant a man rushed into the hut, threw himself before the dwarf, and clung to his knees; his clothes were nearly torn from his back, and the blood came streaming from several wounds in his head, whilst his nostrils on either side were split asunder from top to bottom. "Save me, save me, Misther Cornalius—for the love of Christ, save me," shrieked he, and the voice told them it was Casey.

The hut was immediately filled by the party left behind, and they witnessed the dwarf spurning the suppliant away. "Hold off, ye villain;" said he, "look at your infernal deed," and he pointed to the body of Hagan; "you are a murderer—a base murderer; my very soul scorns you. Serjeant! bind him, and let execution be done at once."

Casey seemed completely paralyzed, as he heard these invectives and commands; he neither spoke nor moved till the serjeant grasped his

arm, when, once more throwing himself before the dwarf, he uttered in the most piercing accents, "Oh, Misther Cornalius, sure, an' yer not maneing what you say; It's yerself as knows who set us on——"

"Drag him away," screamed the dwarf, trembling with either rage or alarm; "gag him—bind him—take him out in front, and let him—die."

"Misther Cornalius, dear," shrieked the man, "for the love of mercy, don't dhrive me to deshpair; I've niver split, nor niver will, ownly save me." The soldiers seized hold of him as he struggled to get free. "By the howly cross I swear I'll tell all; Misther Cornalius, ye dare not——"

"Gag him, I say," shouted the dwarf, as he stamped his foot upon the rocky floor with rage. "Place him on yon crag, and let instant justice be done."

"*It was yerself, then*—" What more Casey would have said was lost, for a gag was instantly

thrust into his mouth, and he was dragged to the projecting crag, from which his comrade had been hurled, and commanded to kneel; but no persuasions, no inducements, no threats, no torture, could enforce compliance; he stretched himself at full length, and though raised up repeatedly, yet again threw himself prostrate when the parties left him.

"It must be done where he is, serjeant," said the dwarf; "draw your men up, and fire at him as he lies."

"I hardly know, your honour," said the serjeant; "I've been thinking that my officer is not here to command, and, without any disrespect to your honour, I should rather wait till he comes."

"Am not I a magistrate, sir," demanded the dwarf, angrily, "bearing the King's commission, and will you dare refuse to obey me? On my head let the responsibility rest; I shall be ready to answer it. I am discharging a painful duty, but it must be done."

Casey could hear this conversation, and he laid in breathless silence listening, but casting an imploring look towards the dwarf, as well as his blood-stained and mutilated countenance would let him.

"Obedience belongs to a subordinate, sir," said the serjeant, "and as I am ordered to act under the civil power, I have no alternative. But may I not plead for the poor fellow—"

"And become an enemy to your country, serjeant," screamed the dwarf; "I must report your contumacy, and should the fellow escape, you know your doom."

The serjeant turned hurriedly away. "To the right face—march," exclaimed he to his men; "halt," as they gained the front of the hut; "make ready—present—fire."

Casey, who had watched the whole proceedings, shrunk up together as he saw the soldiers bring their firelocks to "make ready," and then, as if wild with affright, he rolled over till his body was on the extreme verge of the crag; the

cracking discharge echoed amongst the cliffs—the sacrificed wretch sprang from the ground—there was a wild and horrible yell, and the descending corpse flew through the air to join that of his comrade of the morning, in the waters of the cove.

The soldiers, as if accustomed to such spectacles, reloaded their pieces like automatons, and then, by command of the sergeant, stood "at ease."

"We could not have got that fellow through these mountains alive, serjeant," said the dwarf. "It is a melancholy and painful duty; my very heart sickens at such executions—but they are requisite in a wild and lawless district like this. Detach six of your men, and six of the police force, and let them convey the wounded Hagan, on his truckle bed as he lies, to the nearest barrack station, and send for Doctor Macneish immediately that they arrive. This is not peaceful England, serjeant; keep the men in compact order, their arms in readiness for instant

use, every hole or corner may contain a concealed enemy. Send the corporal with the detachment, and give him positive orders that he allows no one to straggle, but that every man have his musket loaded and his eye upon the alert, for there are spirits in these mountains as untamable as that of the hyena. I shall follow Mr. Williams, alone, leaving the other portion of the men at a point which will command an important pass. So hasten, serjeant, and let the thing be promptly done."

Without hesitation or questioning, the serjeant obeyed, and in a few minutes Mike's hut was deserted. The dwarf, accompanied by the residue of the force, descended the mountain; and leaving the serjeant at the place he had mentioned, he went forward alone. But instead of tracing the downward track, no sooner had he turned an angle of the rock that obscured him from observation, than he hastily began to reascend through several clefts and by a tortuous passage, when suddenly stopping before a sort

of glacier that shewed a smooth surface outside, he looked earnestly but rapidly around him; he then gave a bound from his feet, cleared the face of the crag, and entered the concealed and secret passage to the cave.

"This has been a desperate morning's work!" uttered he to himself, as he groped his way, sometimes in darkness, and at other times faintly lighted from holes broken out in the rock. "A desperate morning's work, truly! And how stands the reckoning? I released Feaghan because he could give dangerous testimony against me if brought to trial, and would not fail to do so if I urged him on to desperation. Two men are employed to trace his steps, and deprive him of existence; his being an outlaw would exonerate them, and I should have got rid of my enemy. The scheme fails as it regards Feaghan, though Mike, I trust, is laid at rest; and if he has succeeded with the boy—ha, ha, ha!" He laughed wildly. "I've yet another task to perform, and then I can sleep in peace. Perhaps I might have

spared yon wretch, for he could have only proved that I sent him after Feaghan, though I strongly suspect they were aware that it was I who released him, and he has no doubt heard from the Smasher of my seeming treachery. It was my duty as a magistrate to send them after the outlaw; but then ugly questions might have been asked had Casey lived. He is now in eternity for shooting an assistant of the magistracy; the district is proclaimed; he is found with arms—therefore I have but executed summary justice on a wilful murderer, which my commission empowers me to do. At all events, they can reveal nothing now of their having sworn falsely; thanks, so far, to Feaghan and the soldiers. Now, if Williams can but kill the Smasher, who have I to fear? None but those who may easily be silenced." He entered the cavern, which was lighted by small apertures, opening on a perpendicular face of the rock fronting the sea. "Here I am, amidst wealth—ay, an ample, splendid fortune, if once converted into gold." He looked

proudly around, and then proceeded onwards. "Silks and velvets of the richest qualities! But where's the boy?" He lowered his voice to an audible whisper. "Can Hagan have failed in his enterprize? Perhaps he is in the cavity at the hut." He approached where some loose sails and cotton cloths were spread; his eye lightened up with infernal delight—the blood rushed to his cheeks, and suffused them with crimson; he clutched his hands together, and set his grinding teeth—for there lay the unconscious child, sweetly reposing in a tranquil sleep. The dwarf did not stir for several minutes; he seemed to banquet his sight on the pretty lad; and frequently the long white fingers of his large but delicate hands were thrust into his black bushy hair, and pressed upon his forehead. But he did not speak; he scarcely breathed; every faculty seemed absorbed in contemplating the deed he had determined to perform.

At length he cautiously and noiselessly walked

away to another part of the cavern, and removed the slings from a tub of brandy, and for several minutes employed himself in rendering the rope to and fro through the eye, so as to cause it to slip easily when hauled upon. Having ascertained, by attaching a weight, that no stiffness remained, he again advanced towards the sleeping boy. He then laid aside his cloak and hat, turned up the sleeves of his coat, and stood with all his unnatural deformity revealed!

In one hand he held the running noose, whilst the other retained the slack part of the slings, now converted into a single rope, whilst both shook with the tremor of his whole frame. Slowly he bent down over the child, with the intention of passing the noose over his head; but the little fellow, probably disturbed by dreams, moaned and turned himself round, yet without awaking. The coward shrunk back, and stood in breathless silence, concealing the purposed engine of destruction behind him; but, after a few minutes, finding that the lad still slept, he again stooped

over him. The flush of delight had faded from the dwarf's cheeks, which were now spread with a pallid hue approaching to an ashy whiteness; his large full eyes glared wildly on his victim; yet he remained for some time as if irresolute—convulsive spasms contorting his features, and giving him the appearance of a demon.

"It must be done," whispered he. "Have I not longed for an opportunity like this—here—alone—in secret—with no eye to bear evidence against me? Why, then, do I delay? Aid me, ye fiends of hate! Nerve my arms, ye restless spirits of evil!" He darted on the child, clutched him by the throat, and whilst his horrible laugh was answered in shrill echoes through the cave, the noose was passed over the head of the struggling boy, who had not the power to cry out. It was drawn quickly and tightly round his neck; but the monster had not sufficient nerve to retain it in that position, for his trembling limbs refused to perform the offices of strength; his eyes grew glazed and dim, and the child was stoutly wrestling to get

free. But, suddenly, the dwarf caught the child in his arms; he tightened the noose with all the power he was able to exert; the work of strangulation was rapidly going on—when, walking as fast as his trepidation would allow, he gained the hole which formed the passage to the outer cavern that was overflowed with water from the sea. Here, then, he lowered the body to the full length of the rope, retaining the end clutched tightly in his hands. It shook with the death-throes of the lad; but they became less and less violent as life escaped. The dwarf did not dare bend over the rock, to witness the expiring agony of the dying innocent; but, when about to haul the body up to complete his sanguinary purpose, he beheld a fearful commotion in the waters below; and a voice shouted, or rather shrieked, "Murder—villain—murder!" The words reverberated through the cavern; the dwarf quitted his hold of the rope and fled, and the dead body of the child descended heavily into the liquid element.

CHAPTER II.

" Suppose a sinner in an hour of gloom,
And let a ghost with all its horrors come;
From lips unmoved let solemn accents flow,
Solemn his gesture be, his motion slow;
Let the waved hand and threatening look impart
Truth to the mind, and terror to the heart;
And when the form is fading to the view,
Let the convicted man cry, ' This is true!' "

CRABBE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the hut of old Mike with the lawless company that had joined him, they separated into divisions of twos and threes, taking the most secret routes to places of concealment, and appointing to meet again at night in a spot well known to all. With one of these detachments went the prisoner Casey, having his arms secured by the strap already mentioned;

but as this impeded their progress, they released his arms, and shifted the strap to his neck.

"You thafe o' the world!" exclaimed one of his guards, "an' it's shooting at honest men you'd be! Bad scran to your ugly mouth, that's ownly fit to dthrink spoon-mate!" And he lugged him along by the strap, so as nearly to throttle him.

"Aisey, Jemmy—aisey," uttered Casey, imploringly; "times has been when we were betther cronies than we are now."

"Out! ye dhioul's baby," responded the other; "an' whose fault is it we're not cronies still? Come along wid yer, and none o' your besaching blarney. Small mercy would you share to me and us, to change places. Ar'n't you a purty villain now?"

"Well, Jemmy, an' what if I owns my fault?" urged Casey, with persuasive accents; "what, if I confess my sins, and promise to do betther in future?"

"Own your fault, is it you mane?" said

Jemmy, " with a look of contempt ; " oh then Misther Casey, you may spare your tongue the throuble, seeing there's no occasion in life for that same—And as for the future—don't mintion it ; may-be we won't take special care of that any how—it isn't much future as 'ull come to your share."

" You surely cannot intend to murder me, Jemmy," said the prisoner in a tone of deprecation. " No—no, you cannot mane that ! Ounly think of my poor fatherless babes and the mother as bore 'em—the cries of the childther and the wail of the woman who owns 'em, Jemmy."

" By the howly, but its yerself should have thought of that when you turned thraitor, Casey," said the other, reproachfully. " How much did ye sell your sowl for, ye born rascal ?"

Casey thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced the guinea received from the dwarf. " Take it, Jemmy—take all I have," exclaimed the prisoner, " ounly give me a chance once more ; do take it, Jemmy, in regard o' frindship then."

The man keenly eyed the gold, whilst struggling with something like repugnance at the offer; for it seemed the price of blood. "No, thank you, Casey—och, an I won't touch it—shall I Darby?"

"Its lawful coin," answered his comrade, "an' what for shouldn't *we* take it? It 's no counterfate, Casey;" he extended his hand towards the prisoner to receive the guinea, but Jemmy instantly prevented his design by seizing it himself.

"Thrue for you my boy—the money's good money and lawful money," said Jemmy as he clapped the guinea into his mouth, "it 'ull be sweet to the belly, however bitter to the tashte."

"You'll befriend me then and let me go," uttered Casey in a voice of mingled suspicion and entreaty.

"Your sowl to the dhioul!" growled Darby, vexed with not having been the first to secure the golden prize, "is it sell ourselves, do ye think we would? The guinea's ours by right

of capture, not by deed of gift. What more have you?"

"Sorrow the scurragh have I left," answered Casey deploringly. "But shure, boys, you'll do me no harm—and me the father of a wife and five childther."

"Howld your rogue's tongue, and don't think to put yer commether upon us," said Jemmy.

"Arrah Darby, what shall us do wid him?"

"The sooner we're quit of the villain the better for all of us," returned Darby, with savage sternness; "if he's to swing, why not do it at onest, and put him out o' suspense."

"Och murther, but it's putting him into suspense we'd be, Darby, if he swings," said Jemmy, laughing in reckless glee at his unnatural joke.

"Bother!" ejaculated Darby, angrily, "aither let him swing or not swing; an if he's not to swing, why then give him a regular discharge, and make my mark to it."

"Och Darby, but it's the broth of a boy

you 'd make for a lawyer," said Jemmy, laughing, " May ye live to rise from the bar any how."

They now entered upon an open space where nature had formed a sort of amphitheatre, and where several of their comrades, who had been unencumbered in their flight, had arrived before them. " It 's here we are then," said Jemmy, " and the boys to the fore."

Nearly a dozen men were thus assembled, or rather grouped together, in small parties, debating upon some knotty point; and knotty indeed it was, for their own personal safety was the subject, each contending for a different course to be pursued as the most effectual to avoid collision with the troops, who they were well aware would not be sent to the mountains but in strong force. At last, after some general debate, it was decided to separate, and steal off the best way they could.

" An' what 'll we do with the rascally informer, that 'ud bethray his own brother for a fippenny ?" exclaimed one of the men.

"Do wid him?" bellowed Darby, as he thrust his hand into his breast and withdrew it again instantly; then seizing the wretched prisoner, who looked the very image of despair and was unable to resist, with a sharp razor-like knife he severed the remaining ear from Casey's head. A piercing shriek arose as the blood gushed out, and the man, springing at Darby, caught him firmly in his arms, and hurled him with violence to the craggy ground on which they had been standing; but Casey was instantly secured, and Darby, writhing with pain and uttering imprecations, once more gained his feet. He grinned with savage fierceness on the man, and, whilst his comrades held the mutilated wretch's arms, the barbarous villain with a fiendish glee proceeded to slit the nostrils of the captive. "Its purty you look, Misther Casey," said he; "and shure your childther wouldn't know their daddy this blessed morning;" one nostril was cut; "but this side is grinning at the other, faith, but we must sarve them both alike," and

he performed a similar operation on the opposite nostril. "Divel another plot ye'll ever smell again with that thave's nose of your's, my darlin: oh! it's a beautiful cratur ye make," and he drew back to look at his unfortunate victim, as the red stream ran down his face, and rendered him a hideous and revolting spectacle.

At this moment the report of fire-arms close to their retreat, came in pealing echoes to their ears, and the next instant, almost as if by magic, the place was deserted, except by the mutilated Casey, who shrank in between two rocks, dreading that he might be taken for one of the rebels and fired at by the soldiers. There he remained till the din of war had rolled further away, when, creeping out, he hurried back to Mike's hut, and met with the fate which has already been described.

The firing that had been heard was from some of the men belonging to the detachment of Mr. Williams, who had fallen in with a few of the smuggler's party, amongst whom was Feaghan himself. They had come upon them

unawares in a narrow defile; a sharp but short conflict ensued, in which the Smasher received another wound; but finding that he was likely to be overpowered by numbers, he made a precipitate retreat, and his knowledge of the mountains enabled him to get clear of his pursuers, and conceal himself till they had passed. His intention was to try for the secret passage to the store-cave, and, finding all quiet, he made the attempt; but here he came upon the serjeant and his party, who had been left by the dwarf, and he was compelled to run, whilst chase was promptly given to the fugitive.

Reckless was Feaghan's descent from crag to crag; and though nature was every minute getting more and more exhausted, yet he still rallied all his energies, and his coolness and courage seemed to increase in proportion to the difficulties he had to encounter. Repeatedly, as his person became exposed to his pursuers, the bullets whistled past him, but happily without doing injury, and the sound served to spur him

on to renewed exertion. At length he attained the platform at the cove, and presented a capital mark for the troops under Lieutenant Williams, who were preparing to fire, but were restrained by their officer, who, seeing that the smuggler could have no other retreat but the sea, was in great hopes of taking him prisoner, to grace his triumph on his return to his superiors. Feaghan stood upon the verge of the platform, at a part that rather projected over the water; and here he turned and faced his enemies, who were hurriedly advancing. There was a stern determination in his look as he grasped a pistol he had taken from Casey, and held it extended as if about to spring the trigger.

"Surrender, you rascal!" shouted Mr. Williams. "Surrender! or I will immediately order my men to riddle you with balls—make ready! present!"—and the young officer fell prostrate from the pistol-bullet of the smuggler.

"Fire!" shouted the next in command: and the ringing discharges of the musketry

resounded like a *feu-de-joie* from the echoes that disturbed the silence of the cove—but Feaghan had disappeared—he had thrown himself backward into the clear element—the soldiers believed it to be the effect of their fire, and prepared to remove their officer, whilst the smuggler dived beneath the archway of the cavern, that was anterior to the store-cave, and emerged from the element just at the time when the dwarf, like a devil, was suspending the expiring child by the rope—it was the smuggler who caused the commotion in the water that alarmed Mr. Cornelius, and his was the voice that caused him to let go his hold of the rope, and fly from what he deemed a spirit of retribution, come to avenge the death of the innocent.

Feaghan swam towards the sinking body: he seized it firmly in his grasp, and having attained the steps, raised it on his shoulders, and carried it to the upper cave. Why or wherefore he had taken so great a liking to young Hamilton, he could not well define—perhaps it was that the

possession of the lad would offer a fair opportunity for keeping the dwarf in constant subjection to his own will, as he believed himself to be the only depository of the secret of the child's birth, which had been revealed to him by Hagan, whom he supposed was already numbered with the dead. But now he held in his arms, he feared, the breathless corpse of the child—deep anguish and bitter resentment stung his spirit almost to madness; he did not attempt to pursue the dwarf—though revenge prompted him to do so—lest by leaving the boy, he might throw away the only chance that remained of restoring animation. Hurrying to the place from whence the lad had been so recently taken alive and well, he laid him on the cloths—a sickening sensation almost overpowered him—he looked in the face, and, though strangulation had swelled and bloated the features, yet he immediately recognised—Ned Jones.

Vehement and wild was the unnatural laugh of the smuggler—but it was only momentary:

for the idea flashed upon his mind, that probably Hamilton had already been sacrificed. Rushing back to the entrance cave, he explored every part, which he was well enabled to do through the transparency of the water; but foiled in his fearful expectations, he again returned to the store-cave, and, wearied out with exertion, he drank a quantity of brandy, threw himself upon some canvass, and, in despite of severe pain from the smarting of his wounds caused by the salt water, was soon in a heavy but feverish sleep.

The soldiers having raised their young officer, who was desperately wounded in the breast, they bore him up the mountain towards Mike's hut; but near the spot where the serjeant had been placed they encountered the dwarf without his cloak or hat; his face blanched with fear, and every limb of his body quivering with affright. They would have informed him of the occurrences that had ensued after he had left them, but he was not sufficiently collected to attend to

the detail, though he eagerly caught at the information relative to the supposed death of Feaghan. The serjeant spoke to him of the loss of his cloak and hat ; but his explanations were evasive ; he shuddered when he looked upon the inanimate lieutenant, and commanding the party to follow with all speed, he took with him four of the police force for protection, and hurried as fast as nature would allow across the mountain.

Two different scenes, the result of this adventure may now be presented to the reader : the first, is a neat and quiet little bed-chamber, with simple furniture, and white draperies; the bed, according to the French fashion, was in a recess, across which a curtain was drawn ; the evening sun was shining through the rich ivy that clustered over an old-fashioned projecting window, with diamond panes, and their shadows chequered the carpet on the floor of the room. There was a degree of taste, and frequently of elegance, in the arrangements of the apartment,

though there was nothing costly, or even beyond the attainment of a person in the middle class of life : there were two sets of book-shelves covered with green silk, which being partly undrawn, displayed several choice volumes in rich missal binding ; water-colour drawings, and a few exquisite paintings hung in gilt frames against the walls ; the toilette was delicately white ; and by itself in a small recess with doors stood an altar, with white satin coverlet, upon which was a representation of the crucifixion exquisitely carved from solid ivory—an emblazoned missal laid open before it, at a prayer for the guilty and afflicted.

The most profound stillness prevailed, broken only by the slight rustling of the ivy leaves, as the gentle breeze played amongst them, or the warbling of some bird that was chanting forth its evening hymn. A young female, apparently about twenty years of age, was seated in a chair near the bed, and her languid eyes and swollen cheeks bespoke her the child of sorrow, whilst

the handkerchief which she held in her hand, as it rested on her knee, indicated that grief was still occasionally forcing those ebullitions of its strength which ease the heart, and keep it from utterly breaking.

Within the bed lay one who was deeply, and heavily breathing, though with quickness that manifested a parched and fevered frame—it was a matter of doubt whether he was sleeping or not—his eyes were glazed over, but staring, and fixed with an unnatural glow of redness over all—his nostrils distended and dilated as he respired, and his teeth were set fast as if in convulsive agony. It was Feaghan—carefully, tenderly, and affectionately watched by the niece of father O'Fogharty, under whose roof he then was—having been found at daybreak insensible in the garden fronting the house, with a halter in his hand, and the dead body of a child by his side.

We will now take the other picture, (the time four and twenty hours earlier than the last,)

and enter a splendid room fit for the reception of royalty. The curtains and drapery were made of the richest purple velvet, bordered with broad gold lace—the cords were also gold, with massive bullion tassels—the walls were splendidly adorned with exquisite tapestry, the colours as clear and as bright as in the hour in which it was first put up—the compartments divided by admirably wrought gilt mouldings. The furniture corresponded in magnificence: the couches and sofas were made of the same materials as the curtains; an extremely valuable Persian carpet covered the floor—marble tables upon richly gilt pedestals were arranged in different places—a superb time-piece stood upon the delicately cut statuary of the white marble mantle-piece, and the requisites for use were manufactured either in highly polished steel, silver, or gold, of admirable pattern and workmanship. But there was a gloominess in this grandeur for want of something lighter to relieve the sombre colour of the purple, and it was only when

brilliantly illuminated that its splendour was made fully manifest. Only one thing was wanted to give a finish of perfection to the whole—there was neither mirror nor glass in the room.

And here, upon a couch that was canopied over, laid a misshapen being, whilst crouching near him, and anxiously watching his countenance through dim and rheumy eyes, was a very aged female habited in grey serge—a hood passed over her head, but beneath it could be seen a scanty mob cap, from which descended a very few long straggling hairs as white as silver. Her checks were wrinkled and shrunk—her open mouth displayed no teeth, and her whole appearance would have corresponded with that of the "midnight hags," who divined the elevation of Macbeth to the kingly dignity. These were the dwarf, and the woman who had nursed him in his infancy.

Death seemed to have passed his cold and corse-like hands over the face of Mr. Cornelius, which was ashy pale, whilst his full, dark and

expressive eyes seemed starting from their sockets as they restlessly wandered over vacancy. Sometimes his delicately white hands were spread before his sight, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and then starting from his recumbent position, he uttered a wild shriek, for the hideous spectre was still palpable to his mind's eye, though the visual organs were closed.

"And she will not come to me," exclaimed the dwarf; "no not even to *me*, who sacrificed happiness here, and *perilled* salvation hereafter, to raise her to the estate she wished—O fool! fool! what had I to do with beauty? Who would look upon this hideous deformity, with eyes of love, or warm desire? Hence, old hag—hence I say, and drag her hither—let her see the dying contortions of that innocent—look at its writhing limbs, and blackening features—Away, old fiend! force her hither to witness the devoted worship of my heart in the death throes of——ha—a! 'tis there again, pale and ghastly—oh my soul sickens at a corpse—take

it away, you infernal wretch ! take it from my sight, and give me drink—ay wine, wine, but no poison in it !" and he shrunk together on the couch at the very thought.

The woman made him no reply, but still continued crouching down, and rocking herself to and fro, when the door of the apartment opened, and a lady most magnificently attired walked towards the couch of the sufferer. Stately in person, with a figure as perfect as ever was modelled by the master-hand of nature, and a face proudly, grandly beautiful, the lady looked upon the dwarf as she stood by his side. "I am here, Cornelius," said she, in a cold, haughty and unfeeling tone; "what is it you require ?"

The dwarf gazed upon her exquisite loveliness—his eyes were brilliant with pleasure—a glow of crimson spread over his features. "Beatrice," said he in a voice of thrilling harmony, "Beatrice—oh how my very soul adores you !"

"I am not come, sir, to hear love speeches," returned the haughty female; "they were ever

disgusting to me from you, and you know my aversion to them was never concealed—I am here, Cornelius, as your wife, to fulfil the compact which united us."

"Oh! talk not thus cruelly and coldly, Beatrice," implored the dwarf, and his voice was like the moaning of the wind amongst the chords of an æolian lyre, "have I not proved my utter devotion to your wishes?"

"It is a part of our contract, sir," answered the lady, preserving the same unfeeling and discordant tone, approaching almost to masculine gruffness, "and what have you to complain of on my part that is unfulfilled?"

"True—true, Beatrice—very true!" groaned the dwarf; "you have adhered most faithfully to your solemn pledge—it is unbroken. Yet, oh! could you tell what was passing in my heart—could you see its silent, yet intense worship—did you know how my very soul ardently longs for one endearing expression—one look of fondness—"

The lady listened with the same unmoved features, though she drew herself proudly up, as if conscious of the influence of her beauty over the humbled being before her, as he spoke of the worship of his heart; but when, in the dulcet wailings of distress, he tried to awaken her sympathy, she eagerly stopped him. "This is sheer folly, sir; I never knew but one that I could love, and he——" A fiendish smile, like the triumph of a fallen angel, curled her lip, and gave a fearful expression to her features. "But you have revenged me, Cornelius, and I am grateful—yes, very grateful." Though her manner indicated any thing but a corresponding feeling with her utterance.

"Oh! Beatrice, how have I toiled unceasingly to win one smile that could beam with gladness on my spirit!" pleaded the dwarf. "Hope still lured me on, and bade me trust that my ardent passion would soften your obduracy and repugnance."

"You speak of impossibilities, sir," returned

the lady; "I listened to your suit with loathing, and you knew it. A mistaken feeling of revenge upon another induced me to listen at all—for, however harmonious the music, the instrument was my aversion. I acceded to your requests, and became your wife, whilst every impulse of my nature—every faculty of my mind—every attachment of my soul, belonged to Maurice Feaghan. Were you ignorant of this?"

"No—no—no!" shrieked the dwarf; whilst the eyes of the nurse, even in their dimness, betrayed a savage ferocity, as she fixed their earnest and basilisk gaze upon the beautiful woman.

"The priest joined our hands," continued the lady, "but not our hearts, and you were cognizant to the fact. The tenderness of affection was lost to me for ever. Then wealth, grandeur, magnificence, opulence, and a title, became my aim; and richly have you gratified me! Would you see our infant? Its form is perfect—its beauty matchless; yet I cannot look upon it

with a mother's eyes, or a mother's love ; it is not in our contract."

" Obdurate woman !" uttered the dwarf, as he fixed his earnest gaze upon her—" oh, how heavily has the curse fallen on my head—the withering curse of one, whose tongue will never curse again ! Beatrice, I have persecuted my own blood—I have stained my soul with—"

" Stop, sir," said the lady, energetically ; " your confessions would best suit the ears of your spiritual adviser. I admit that you have most arduously performed my bidding, or rather complied with my requests—it is in the bond, Cornelius ; but your taunts and your persecutions are breaches, which become more and more difficult to endure."

" You speak of your love for Feaghan : I released him through your entreaty. You know not the holy sentiment of love ;"—and the dwarf wrapped the velvet covering more closely round him, and clutched something that was concealed beneath.

"Another breach, Cornelius," said the lady, with stern reproach; "nor shall the weapon you are now grasping—for I know it well—I say your weapon shall not prevent my asserting what I once felt for the now wretched outlaw."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the dwarf, in sounds resembling a discordant crash of music. "Beatrice, the outlawry's removed, for Feaghan is no longer a living being. His body, pierced by bullets, is now—"

The dwarf stopped—for, at this very instant, the door of the apartment once more swung upon its hinges; and Feaghan, with the dead body of the murdered child grasped closely in one arm, and the halter in his hand, moved slowly and noiselessly in. His eyes were fixed and glaring; his dress was still dripping with water and saturated with blood, that kept oozing through; his face was ghastly pale, and he slowly advanced towards the couch. The lady shrieked, and fell in strong convulsive fits; the nurse buried her face beneath her knees, in breathless silence—

whilst the dwarf, with eyes nearly starting from their sockets, looked wildly on the supposed spectres, till horror overpowered his reason, and he fell backward on his pillow a raving maniac.

Whatever was Feaghan's purpose in this insane visit to his enemy, or how he had gained admission, must remain mysteries. He stood for several minutes, sternly looking at the dwarf —gave a scowl of contempt at the prostrate beauty—muttered the word "Revenge!"—and then slowly returned by the way in which he had come.

Beatrice Mackenzie was the daughter of Scotch parents, but born in England, at a period when her father was a subaltern in the army, and her mother marched with the regiment; but though poor and often in difficulties, their near connexion with the head of a leading Highland clan, rendered them almost insufferably, and certainly most ridiculously, proud. From the earliest hour of her birth, Beatrice had known no other home than the cheerless and confined apartment

allowed as barrack *accommodation*, or the uncomfortable and confined space afforded by cheap lodgings.

Lieutenant Mackenzie was a remarkably handsome man, and his "leddy," as he always styled her, was extremely beautiful; but there was a cold reserve in both that rendered their acquaintance anything but agreeable, whilst their assumptions of dignity and exactions of respect became a by-word and a jest amongst both officers and men. After fifteen years of hard service as lieutenant, in addition to seven years in the rank of ensign, Mackenzie was elevated to a captaincy in the same regiment, and ultimately became its major, the increase of pay and the superior accommodation enabling him with more facility to sustain the character that was natural to him.

For this promotion he was indebted to the surpassing beauty of his daughter, when presented in the vice-regal court at Dublin, where the regiment was then doing duty; but the ex-

treme haughtiness of the young lady kept the youthful and gay at a respectful distance, whilst her coldness of manner nipped at once the young germ of affection, which spontaneously sprang forth in the warmth of admiration at a first interview. It is true there were men in the middle age of life who would have been proud of such commanding beauty in a wife; but these were generally place-hunters or afflicted with poverty, and Beatrice scorned them all—whilst gentlemen of wealth and title saw in her person every thing to admire, but in her repulsive manners nothing to love.

Still Beatrice remained for many months the reigning toast of Dublin, and incessant were the compliments she received from all classes of the warm-hearted Irish. Nor was she insensible to this species of adulation, for it inflated her pride and hardened the natural obduracy of her heart. Her parents viewed with ill-repressed gratification the homage that was paid to their child, and though her education had been but scanty, yet

good natural abilities and a perfect self-confidence rendered her worthy of the regard of those who valued external accomplishments and native dignity beyond the soft yearnings of a humane and affectionate heart.

Miss Mackenzie was in her eighteenth year when the regiment was ordered into the wildest part of the county of Cork, and the major established his quarters in the town of Bantry. Beatrice felt this a sad change from the splendour and security of a metropolitan city to the mountainous district and barbarous manners which every where presented themselves. Still the same admiration was experienced, and an intercourse was soon opened with all the great families in the neighbourhood. It was whilst on a visit to an ancient baronial castle that the young lady entered the drawing-room, just as the twilight shades of evening were closing in, and the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun glowed on the verge of the horizon, casting a rich reflection on the beautifully stained glass of

the castle casements. There was but little company present, and Beatrice walked to one of the window recesses to view the brilliant spectacle, for adamant indeed must be that heart which refuses and rejects the influences and hallowed devotion which the glorious sunset of an autumnal evening is calculated to inspire.

Within the same recess, but partly concealed by the mantling curtains, sat (as she thought) a person, whose features were unknown to Miss Mackenzie; but the large and expressive eyes were fixed upon her in the silence of intense worship. She spoke of the rich tints that hung upon the sky, and the magnificence presented by the rainbow mixture of resplendent colours, and she was answered by a low dulcet voice that sounded like the breath of heaven sporting amongst harp-strings. A thrill of extacy—a strange sensation, such as she had never before experienced, passed through her bosom—those large but piercing eyes were riveted on her countenance with a look approaching to adora-

tion; for the first time in her life she shrank before the gaze of man, and an unaccountable tremor came over her whole frame. Intently did she listen to that sweet harmonious voice—an enchantment seemed to be weaving its mystic web around her; yet the fascination was so exquisite, that had existence been the forfeit, she could scarcely have closed her ears.

The room was lighted up, but still the pair remained within that pleasant recess, watching the falling shades as they deepened on the landscape, and cast a mournful gloom over the fading splendour of the west. It led the conversation to moralizing themes—the brightness of hope retreating before the moody melancholy of unrequited affection—the smile of friendship and the look of love yielding to the funereal darkness of a threatened tomb.

"We will return to the company," said the lady, presenting her hand to her impassioned admirer, who would have still lingered in that recess where he had first drank the intoxicating

draught of love, that filled his frame with new and never-before-felt sensations of exquisite delight. Sanguine in his temperament, he had lived years in those few minutes of delicious enjoyment. He pressed the soft hand of the lady to his lips, nor did she seem offended at the freedom, though it hastened her departure. They stepped forth from the recess into the bright glare of the room. Miss Mackenzie turned to look upon her companion—those piercing eyes were keenly fixed upon her; but a cold sick shuddering, like the plunge into icy water, caused her to draw a tremulous respiration—an evidence of repulsive horror was pourtrayed on her countenance when she beheld the hideous deformity of Cornelius, the dwarf, and suddenly she withdrew her hand, as if shrinking from his gentlest touch.

The humbled being saw in an instant that the structure he had been erecting was at once laid prostrate and in ruins: there was no mistaking the proof of utter hopelessness, as it respected reciprocal regard, and he was in a moment hurled

from the height to which he had heedlessly climbed into the very depths of agonized despair. Writhing his white hands amongst his jet black hair, he uttered a yell of anguish, and rushed from the room. The peculiarities of the dwarf were well known to the persons assembled, and the present occurrence caused but few observations; though Beatrice learned that he was a young man of great wealth and good family, and heir to still greater expectations as well as a title, no small recommendations to the ambitious girl, and throwing a gilded pall over his deformity of person.

Some few weeks after this event, as Miss Mackenzie was returning to Bantry, she fell into the hands of a party of rebels, who carried her off to the mountains, but offered no other molestation, though every hour her peril increased as their respect diminished. From this situation she was relieved by the presence of Feaghan, who behaved to her with gallant decorum, and so won upon her regard, that in spite

of herself she could not help cherishing for the outlaw sentiments of attachment which she had denied to more honourable men. But Feaghan was impervious to her fascinations—he looked upon her commanding beauty with an eye of indifference, amounting nearly to total disregard. This was something new to the proud girl, who had been so universally used to the admiration of all. The smuggler treated her with becoming courtesy; but went not beyond the bounds of distant politeness, and Miss Mackenzie felt piqued that her charms should fail. Besides, there was an air of romance in her detention that corresponded with her haughty notions, for it seemed to render her of great personal importance in her own estimation.

At length she was restored to her friends; but not till she had conceived for the outlawed smuggler a passion as powerful and as permanent as her nature would admit. Nay, she even exceeded what might have been expected from one so habitually frigid. She determined to see the Smasher again, for the romance of her regard was

heightened by his situation as an outlaw, and by the anecdotes of his gallantry and bravery which she had heard since her return.

She did meet him; but Feaghan expressed but little pleasure at the interview, which had been obtained through the instrumentality of the dwarf, who still worshipped the divinity his mind had created, though at a humble distance. More than once she sought the handsome smuggler, who remained perfectly insensible to her blandishments, though he conducted himself with studied politeness and respect. She had at length found a man, young, handsome, and daringly brave, who did not care for her. The vanity which characterized her disposition was hurt—the self-esteem, which formed a prominent feature in the operations of her mind, was wounded; and the greater were the efforts she used to shake off the trammels with which she was enveloped the more she became embarrassed in its meshes, till every faculty and feeling of her heart was devoted to the outlaw Feaghan.

CHAPTER III.

"The thieves have bound the true men; now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."

HENRY IV.

WHAT a strange compound of stubbornness and perversity is the human mind, and frequently does it happen that the Supreme Being, in the plenitude of his omniscience, permits mortals to inflict punishment on themselves by allowing them the free exercise of their own worldly wisdom and desires! Thus Miss Mackenzie, who felt an aversion to the dwarf amounting almost to hatred and detestation, submitted to coax, and even to flatter him, so as to secure his agency in procuring interviews with a man who, whatever were his lawless dealings, was

disgusted with her boldness and want of delicacy ; and the woman, who would have shrunk from the dishonourable proposal of a monarch, was madly sacrificing reputation to lavish her uncoveted regards upon an outlawed smuggler, and a rebel to his king.

Thousands would have felt supremely honoured by a smile from the proud beauty, but, disregarding her ardent admirers, she looked only with pleasure on an outcast from society with a price upon his head ; and at length that outcast spurned her from him ; for his affections were undeviatingly cemented to the simple-minded but confiding niece of his aged tutor, nor could all the temptations or allurements of Beatrice induce him for one moment to forget his fidelity to Annie.

It was then, when stung almost to madness by unrequited passion, the beautiful woman, contemned and despised by the only man she had ever loved, determined on revenge, and for this purpose formed that contract with the dwarf

which subsequently led to the chief evils of his existence, and she became the prompter to his acts of guilt and vengeance. Yet still her regard for Feaghan could not be subdued, and after her union with the dwarf she became the mockery of the gay and fashionable world, and the scorn of those in humbler life. Thus situated, splendour and magnificence became her aim ; the residence of her husband displayed the evidences of her aspiring mind—she ruled in everything uncontrolled, and, as she sought no longer to be loved, she left no means untried to excite envy.

The delighted Cornelius fancied himself blessed by the acquisition of such a treasure, but as time progressed he longed for softer endearments—for a more congenial communion of spirit—for a home of quiet and joy in the heart of her his very soul loved ; and, like the parched wretch who is perishing for thirst, his agony grew more acute as his convictions became stronger that such enjoyments were lost to him —perhaps for ever.

Still his hopes were reanimated when his bride gave promise of becoming a mother, for he fervently anticipated that the sight of her infant would work a change in the feelings of the wife. She gave birth to a girl—a lovely babe, perfect in form, and fair as alabaster,—but the lady manifested no indications of tenderness for her child ; it is true she had its wants supplied, but she would not nourish it from those natural sources which Heaven had bountifully dispensed to her. She saw that it was well attended to, but she gave it no caress of maternal solicitude or fondness, and she never nursed it —no, not even for a minute,—whilst her conduct to her husband was more overbearing than ever.

The spirit of Cornelius was nearly overwhelmed by disappointment, yet, still blindly infatuated, her presence overawed him in his most savage moods, and all his resolves faded away when he contemplated her majestic person, and gazed with rapture on her heavenly counte-

nance, forgetting that it concealed an unfeeling and degenerate heart. Such was the position of affairs at the period now recorded, when Feaghan, in the delirium of fever, entered the room, and the results took place as already described.

But to return to the little chamber at the humble abode of father O'Fogharty, where, anxiously watched by the eye of affection, the smuggler laid, unconscious of all that was passing around him. The priest well knew the penalty to which he was liable for harbouring a rebel for whose apprehension Government had proffered so large a reward, yet his heart yearned towards his former pupil, and he could not deny him the rites of humanity. None but his own immediate servants were aware of Feaghan's introduction to the house, and of course no suspicion could be entertained as to the manner; the priest was himself well acquainted with surgery, he washed and dressed the wounds of the outlaw, and he was laid in Annie's own chamber. Of what had actually occurred they were

wholly ignorant, but the fair girl sickened when she thought of the dead child and the halter with which he had been murdered, for the discoloration, caused by the rope around his neck, made it but too apparent that it had been effected by strangulation.

Days passed away before Feaghan was restored to consciousness, and sentiments of grateful praise to the Deity, such as he had experienced in his hours of innocence, spontaneously burst forth. It seemed as if the lapse of years had been a dream of guilt and crime from which he had just awoke, and he once more found himself beneath that peaceful roof where he had been fostered with kindness, and under the guardianship of those who sincerely and anxiously desired his real welfare. There stood the worthy old man, the tears standing in his eyes, as, with hands extended over the penitent, he implored the Omnipotent to grant his pardon and his peace; there, too, kneeling by his side, was his faithful Annie, shedding tears of unut-

terable delight as she fondly cherished the hope that a restoration to reason was the precursor of a change from imminent danger to a prospect of ultimate recovery.

"How I came here," said Feaghan, "I will not ask; it is enough for me to know where I am, to rest satisfied I am safe;" he paused; "yet there are confused recollections of the past that bewilder me. Did I come alone?—had I no companion?" and he shuddered.

"Rest aisey, my son," said the kind-hearted priest; "do not disturb yourself by asking questions; but, as you have put it to me, I must tell you that you were not alone when they discovered you insensible in the garden. You would inquire what has become of the burthen you carried? Rest aisey again, my son; it lies in consecrated ground—masses have been said for its repose, for it was untimely cut off—"

"Ha-a-ha!" shuddered Feaghan; "murdered! father—murdered!—but not by me—oh no—no, Annie, not by me. It is no dream,

then ; the child was brought hither, and by my hands ! But where is the other boy ?" he glared wildly around him, and then, laying himself back on the pillow—" stop," said he, " I must think —my thoughts are sadly deranged—father, forgive me !"

" An' may the Father of Mercies forgive you, my son," uttered the aged priest, as his hands were once more spread over the wounded man, as if to impart the remission of guilt as far as he was temporally concerned, and to implore, with the energy of his spiritual capacity, the gift from on high which leadeth the sinner from the errors of his ways. " But rest aisey, Maurice ; you must not talk now ; Annie here will watch over you, and —"

" May the God of Heaven bless her," slowly but fervently articulated the smuggler, as he pressed her soft hand to his lips. " Oh, father, in the midst of guilt, when remorse sat heavy on my soul, how have I longed for the days of

early youth and innocence, when you were my kind preceptor, and Annie was—"

"What she will ever be, Maurice," returned the affectionate girl; "do ye think I've not harde how you scorned that great and beautiful lady for me, and can you suppose I will forget it?"

"Annie, Annie," said Feaghan, in a tone of anguish, "you must not, dare not, cherish feelings of regard for me; I am a man of crime, an outlaw, a wretch proscribed, and you are all innocence and simplicity. May the God of Heaven stretch forth his hand between you and harm!"

The priest made a significant motion for the maiden to be silent, and then, in the sublime language of Scripture, he soothed the troubled mind of his patient, and, administering a composing draught, left him to the operations of quiet repose. Feaghan slept soundly for several hours, and then awoke greatly refreshed; but he was not allowed to converse, for the priest was his

doctor, and Annie was his nurse, and they were incessant in the discharge of their several duties, well knowing that nothing but quiet could preserve him from a relapse. This regulation, enforced by mildness as it was dictated by kindness, produced the desired effects, and in a few days Maurice Feaghan was convalescent. His first act, after the preliminary rites, was that of confession; but nothing was concealed from Annie that it was requisite or delicate for her to hear. He visited the grave in which Ned Jones had been secretly interred, and after a consultation amongst the trio, it was arranged that he should proceed to Bordeaux (where he expected the cutter would wait for him), for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Hamilton, and, if possible, rescuing his men from peril, for he determined at once to abandon his illegal mode of life.

"Oh! Maurice," said Annie, "let not the temptations of the world induce you to forget me; other faces may smile upon you, but the

smile will not come like mine—warm from my heart, Maurice, and embalmed with my tears."

"Remember, my son, that here you may always find a haven of peace and calm," uttered the priest, with earnest solemnity; "and when your heart is ready to exclaim, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,' call to mind, my son, that I am a minister of that Saviour who said, 'He that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast him out.'"

"Oh never—never, Annie, will I forget, or cease to think of you as my guardian angel," returned Feaghan. "Whatever may betide me, still I will cherish your memory in my heart, and should it please Providence to restore me to health and respectability, then, Annie, I will come to claim your promised hand. And now, father, your blessing before I depart, and oh! may it rest upon my head as a safeguard from enemies without, and the still more subtle enemy within

The young man kneeled, and Annie took up

a similar position by his side, whilst the aged priest uttered his fervent benediction—his voice sometimes full, bold, and clear, and then again shaken by tremulous emotion to childish weakness, as fervid recollections came across his mind, for he loved them both. When the blessing was over, a silence prevailed for above two minutes, at the end of which Annie threw her arms round Feaghan's neck and wept upon his breast. As soon as calm was restored, the outlaw bade them farewell, quitted the house of his generous benefactor, and, mounting the priest's horse, galloped hastily away, unable to control his feelings.

After a smart ride of three hours, he put up at the inn where he was to leave the animal; and the coach for Cork coming up shortly afterwards, he took his place inside, to proceed onwards with the intention of crossing over into England. What, however, was the painful condition of his mind, when just previously to starting he beheld, by the light of the coach lamps

(for it was dark), the features of several of the passengers who had descended for refreshment, and recognized the face of Captain Lilyburn, who, with an armed escort, was conveying two prisoners, heavily ironed, to the metropolis, by way of Cork.

"Haugh, fellows—hem!" exclaimed the revenue captain, addressing his captives. "Sorry to be obliged to keep you in limbo, very sorry, for the liberty of the subject is a great boon; but can't help it—positively can't. Will you have anything to keep the fog out of your throats? eh lads, speak—some whiskey or brandy?" He held up a bottle—"This is whiskey."

"Why, Captain Lilyburn," returned one of the prisoners, who by his voice Feaghan immediately knew to be Tom Graves, "I am afeard it 'ull taste of the highgrommetter or the low-grommetter, or some sich excise consarn; but as I suppose there's nothing else to be got, I'll thank you for a glass of whiskey, whilst they're fetching out the brandy."

"Good! very good, my man," exclaimed Lilyburn, laughing, "and what will your comrade have? a little of both? The night will be chill, and though freedom is denied, we must not forget humanity."

"I'll take some whiskey, captain," replied the second man, who proved to be Peterson, "and if you'll just let somebody clap a handkerchief by way of parcelling round the shackle to keep it from chafing my wounded ankle, I shall be much obliged to you."

"Certainly, my man, certainly," returned the captain, and he immediately gave directions that the request should be complied with, adding, "they're brave fellows, and have behaved well: no, no, I'm not to be deceived in my knowledge of seamen."

The coach soon afterwards drove off, the guards having previously examined the primings of their fire-arms and inspected the fetters of the prisoners. Nothing could exceed the perturbation of Feaghan, as he beheld his old subordi-

nates close to him, yet dared not put a single question. Lilyburn, however, had taken his seat right opposite to him, and though the darkness was too dense to apprehend detection, yet Feaghan took the precaution to muffle his face in a shawl handkerchief, and to gather his cloak closer about him. The inside passengers consisted only of himself and the revenue captain, together with another individual habited in the dress of an ecclesiastic.

"Fine night, sir," said Lilyburn, addressing the outlaw. "Very keen though; keener, I think, than it is in England at this season, and I'm seldom mistaken in such matters. Pray, sir, are you a native of Ireland?"

"I am, sir," responded Feaghan, speaking beneath his muffle, so as to disguise his voice, lest his fellow passenger should indulge in reminiscences of the past.

"Delightful country, sir—charming people, only they've such strange ways of showing it," said Lilyburn, delivering his sentiments in ear-

nest. "Plenty of hospitality, and all that sort of thing; but then for duelling, sir. Lord, a man hardly dare open his lips, but a challenge is thrust down his throat. Yet, what otherwise is to be expected? Men who have warm hearts are seldom provided with cool heads."

"I trust you have not met with any inconvenience from my countrymen, sir," said Feaghan, considerately. "I should regret that one who appears to be so humane should suffer from our national peculiarity."

"Inconvenience? Bless your heart, no, Mister—I have not the pleasure of knowing your name—mine is Lilyburn, Captain of his Majesty's revenue cruizer the Dolphin."

"And mine," said the outlaw, as a spice of his former daring recklessness crept over him, "is Feaghan, a poor lieutenant, with leave of absence to pay suit and service to the Vice Regal Court at Dublin. Nothing done without interest now, Captain Lilyburn—nothing."

"You're very right, Mister Figgin," responded

the captain," very right—it is the curse of favour, sir—as one of our poets says, 'it is the curse of favour that preferment goes by service.' "

"Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, "but you have misquoted the passage. Shakspeare presents the very reverse position."

"The pardon's granted, Mr. Figgin—readily granted," answered Captain Lilyburn; "but believe me, sir, I quoted the passage right. Shakspeare, sir? Bless your heart I have him at my fingers' ends. No, no, Mr. Figgin, I'm never mistaken in such matters. What do you say, sir?" turning to the third passenger.

"Say! why that you've got him quite pat," answered the individual in a strong Irish accent, and with an extremely rough voice.

"Pat, sir. I think there is something ambiguous meant by that term," exclaimed the captain angrily, for though generally good-tempered, he was apt at times to be a little choleric when insinuations were offered that were hostile to

his self-conceit. But the stranger made no reply.

"May I ask," said Feaghan, in a tone of inquiry, "who and what your prisoners are?"

"Thereby hangs a tale, Mr. Figgin," replied the captain, with cautious reserve. "However, I may just mention, that they are smugglers, charged with having fired upon and killed in an action some of his Majesty's servants, in a schooner called the Spider. Large rewards have been set upon their heads, and it has been my good fortune to catch these two, who I am taking to Dublin, that the Lord Lieutenant may personally be sensible of my zeal and—interest is everything, Mr. Figgins—interest is everything."

"Of course you picked them up ashore, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, endeavouring to draw the other forward to a narration.

"That will come out on the evidence, sir," replied Lilyburn; "but I may just tell you, that I did not pick them up ashore, but took them off a sinking boat that had been swamped."

"Poor fellows, they were wrecked then," uttered the outlaw in mournful accents. "To be wrecked and made prisoners was doubly hard."

"All that, sir, will be detailed—amply detailed, when I am under examination," returned the revenue captain; "but, Mr. Figgins, there can be no harm in my hinting that they were not what is technically called wrecked. The fact is, sir, their vessel was—" he paused to listen to some commotion that appeared to be taking place outside.

"Their vessel was what, sir?" exclaimed Feaghan impatiently, and forgetting in his anxiety the necessity there was for concealment.

"You seem over hasty, Mr. Figgins," murmured Captain Lilyburn; "but I attribute it to your national peculiarity, as you just now called it, as well as your humanity."

"Pray accept my sincere and earnest apologies, sir," said the outlaw, happy to find that his indiscretion had not betrayed him. "You do indeed do me no more than justice, when you

attribute my vehemence to a humane anxiety to ascertain the fate of the rest of the crew."

"And very laudable too, Mr. Figgins—very laudable," assented Lilyburn; "but, sir, there is such a thing as being too communicative—though in genteel society one may have but little to fear; and from your appearance I should write you down gentleman, for I'm not very apt to be deceived in these matters. There's no telling, however, what ears may listen, and you know the adage, Mr. Figgins, 'a still tongue makes a wise head.'"

"Your reasoning is correct, sir," answered the smuggler, "though we in the army are not so very scrupulous in attending to the rule. Still punctilio, sir, is decidedly best in all the affairs of life, particularly amongst those who bear the king's commission; it saves unpleasantnesses."

"I very much admire the gentlemen of the army, Mr. Figgins," returned Mr. Lilyburn; "and had I not commenced my career in a

different line, I should most certainly have been a soldier. Pray, have you been much engaged, sir?"

"I presume you mean in Ireland?" replied Feaghan. "Why, nothing but a few skirmishes with the Whiteboys, who, as a matter of course, are hung or shot as occasion serves. By the by, we had a tolerably smart affair in pursuit of a notorious character they called the smouch—no, not the smouch—the snatch—no, that was not it either."

"Pray, where was it?" inquired Lilyburn, eagerly; "if you can tell me where it happened, I may probably assist your memory."

"It was somewhere on the coast about Bantry Bay," returned the outlaw; "and the fellow was a rebel and a smuggler."

"But a polite, gentlemanly man, Mr. Figgins?" said the captain—whilst the third passenger made a curious sort of a noise, but whether a grunt, or an ill-repressed chuckle, the sound was very odd. Lilyburn paused for a

moment, offended, but again proceeded. "The person you mean is called the Smasher."

"Ay, that is it," assented Feaghan with quickness; "how strange that I should forget! It *was* the Smasher. You seem to know him?"

"I was once in his company, Mr. Figgins; and I must say a more polite and well-bred man I have not often met with," responded Lilyburn. "I am seldom deceived in such matters—though, curse the chap, he played me a roguish trick, too!"—and the captain laughed—but suddenly checked himself, and solemnly added, "It is wrong—very wrong, to curse him now, since he has gone to his final account. I heard of it last night, at O'Connor Hall; and I could not help a feeling of regret that he should have been so instantaneously killed, without a moment for repentance."

Feaghan listened with deep attention; for this was the first intimation he had received that his *ruse* had succeeded. "It was sharp work,

captain; he died a double death—shot and drowned!"

The third passenger again grunted or chuckled. "Are you ill?" inquired Lilyburn, who seemed annoyed at the noise; but no reply was made. "The gentleman, I presume, is fast asleep and snoring, though I must own I never heard so strange and unnatural a snore before, and I am not apt to be mistaken in such things.—Ay, sir, as I was saying, there was fire and water to destroy him, and the same elements conspired to sink his cutter."

"D——n!" uttered Feaghan, with vehemence, as in fancy he beheld the wreck of his lovely little craft, and became regardless of consequences.

"Ay, it was indeed d——n!" responded Lilyburn, totally mistaking the cause of the exclamation, whilst the third passenger gave a louder grunt than before; "she was blown up, sir, and then went down."

It was with great difficulty the outlaw could

repress his feelings, and probably some ebullition would have ensued, but the driver of the coach pulled suddenly up—the report of fire-arms was heard—the third passenger threw open the door, bounded into the road, and gave a shrill whistle, which brought nearly a hundred armed men in white frocks around him, and, calling to the guard, he ordered them to "surrender if they wished to save their lives." The escort saw in an instant the utter uselessness of resistance, for the road was completely blocked up by trunks of trees, cars overturned, and whatever could be made available at a short notice for a barrier—they complied with the demand, and gave up their arms.

"How, what the devil is all this!" shouted Lilyburn, when the vehicle first came to a standstill; "a turnpike?" He heard the shot that levelled one of the horses. "Eh--what, highwaymen? I hope, Mr. Figgins, you will stand by me—halloo," observing his fellow passenger jump out; "why the man's going to run away

—the coward," and he cocked one of his pistols, giving the other to Feaghan, when he learned that he was unarmed.

"We are surrounded, Captain Lilyburn," observed the outlaw; "these are a band of Whiteboys, come to rescue your prisoners."

"They shall have my life first, Mr. Figgins," returned the Captain with energy; "will you stand by me, sir, or not?—say the word 'yes,' for the honour of the army and your commission, sir. These fellows will run the moment they are attacked, and here goes."

"Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, detaining him in his seat; "you know but little of the courage and desperation of such men. Any resistance on your part would prove wholly unavailing, and draw down certain death upon your head, as well as upon the heads of your men."

"My life is my country's, and so ought yours to be, Mr. Figgins," retorted Lilyburn fiercely, as he broke from Feaghan's hold; "I know my

duty, sir, and am seldom misled in such affairs.' He sprung out on the road, and calling on his men to secure the prisoners, discharged his pistol, which happily, however, did no further execution than putting another ball into the dead horse. The next instant he looked around him—saw his men disarmed, and slipping something from his pocket, he attempted to throw it away, but his hands were seized, and the key of the prisoners' fetters dropped at his feet, as he uttered, in mournful accents, "Dead beat, by Jove!"

"It's well you're not bate dead, you humgruffen," exclaimed one of the men who held him; "by the powers, but it's the laste taste in life you'll get of another hour—you hangman thief."

"Be civil, my friend—be civil," uttered Lilyburn; "I am not inexperienced in the hospitality of your countrymen, and, believe me, I venerate the liberty of the subject."

"Be me sowl, an it seems so, by yer keeping

it locked up," uttered another as he picked up the key, and handed it to the passenger who had jumped out of the coach.

"An, who the dhivil may you be, when yere scraped?" inquired a stout brawny fellow, looking into the coach at Feaghan, who still retained his seat.

"Oh! that—that is a wounded officer too lame to walk!" exclaimed Lilyburn, in the goodness of his heart trying to preserve his companion from molestation.

"An offisher, and not use his throtters?—bad luck to me if I don't carry him, then," said a third approaching the carriage, so that Feaghan, to prevent unpleasantness, alighted.

The spectacle was wild in the extreme; in front, gleamed upon by the lighted lamps, and seen dimly through the reek from the heated horses, was the barricade, and the dead animal;—a lofty bank ran up on the right hand covered with plantation, and on the left was the sloping descent of a rather steep hill, the valley being lost in the distant gloom, and the shade of the moun-

tain that rose on the other side of it. Behind, all was darkness, though against the faint light of the sky could be discerned a mass of moving bodies, the glimmering from the lamps as they threw out their radiance plainly showing their white smocks. Round the body of the coach were uncouth beings, armed with firelocks, pitchforks, scythes, spades, and numerous other weapons, engaged on the work of plunder, whilst seated on the bank were Peterson and Tom Graves, from whose legs the shackles were being removed, and during the operation it was with extreme difficulty they could keep away a noble looking Newfoundland dog that would have almost smothered them with caresses.

"Down, Nep—down, owld boy," said Tom Graves, soothingly; "we'll talk to you presently—let's get out of the darbies, Nep, and then—poor fellow, how natral to know an owld shipmate. But, where's your master, Nep?—He's gone, owld boy—gone for ever, and you'll never get such another, Nep."

The prisoners were released, and Lilyburn, Feaghan, and the guards were placed under surveillance, whilst a council was held as to what should be their future destiny. Their fellow passenger in the coach had headed the main body, and retreated along the road, as having some other immediate object in view, leaving about a dozen behind them to decide the fate of the captives, which was soon announced to be—death.

"This is playing vengeance with the liberty of the subject, Mr. Figgins," said Lilyburn, composedly; "rough law, sir, and rough justice—or rather vengeance. I will not plead for my life to rebels, sir—rebels against the King I venerate, and who have no respect for the trial by jury, or the privileges granted by Magna Charta—besides, sir, I see it would be useless, utterly useless. Look at those cut-throat faces longing for our lives—I never was deceived in physiognomy, sir, and take my word for it, Mr.

Figgins, in less than a quarter of an hour we shall both be as dead as mutton."

"Have better hopes, captain," returned Feaghan, in a voice only audible to his companion; "your prisoners experienced your humanity, and see they are pleading for you—earnestly pleading."

"They'll plead in vain, Mr. Figgins, for they plead in *formâ pauperis*, sir," responded Lilyburn; "and when was that ever attended to in any court? I know a little of the law, sir, and am not often mistaken in these things. Nor have I any fear of death! I have discharged my duty to my country, and, thank God, have a conscience void of offence. But let us prepare, sir; do not cherish a single hope, Mr. Figgins, and thereby deprive yourself of the Christian's last consolation. See, Mr. Figgins, their entreaties are rejected; let *us* look up to the great Being whose ears are ever open to the cry of the afflicted and the prayer of the penitent."

Feaghan felt particularly gratified at the calm self-possession of the revenue captain, and the total absence of unmanly fear. Peterson and Graves were, indeed, earnestly imploring the Whiteboys to spare the lives of their captives, but such was the strong hostility prevailing at the time against the revenue and the troops (some of the rebels having been taken only the day previous, and hung off-hand upon the branches of trees), that no intercession prevailed, and two or three of the Whiteboys advanced towards their prisoners with ropes in their hands.

"I told you so," said Lilyburn; "here they come with the halters; you see I'm never mistaken. It's discreditable, though, to die like a thief, when a ball through the heart would answer every purpose." The men commanded them to take off their neck-cloths. "Let me look at that rope," said the captain.

"Be my conscience but it's sthrong enough, seeing as it hung Jack Hagarty yesterday,"

said the man, presenting the rope; "oh, tunder, never fear, my jewel, but it'll howld you safe enough."

"Allow me, my friend, to suggest," said the captain, as he carefully inspected the noose—"just allow me to say that this is not a hangman's knot; you see it will not render easily," and he demonstrated his assertion. "I'm not ignorant of these matters, having been many years at sea—and seamen, you must know, are curious in knots; I cannot endure to see anything done lubberly. Now, learn something, my friend, and you'll be able to ascertain that all's ship-shape when it comes to your own turn," and the matter-of-fact man cast off the noose, and then renewed it *secundem artem*, uttering, as he returned it, "There."

"I am pleased to witness so much presence of mind," said Feaghan, "and trust it will have its effect upon these savages,"

"Now then," exclaimed the man, "say a short prayer, or you may just squeeze out a couple,

but let them be close together, as time is precious to us, having other work in hand," and the fellow put the halter round Lilyburn's neck.

"Here's a basis for the moralist," uttered the captain, adjusting the rope and turning to Feaghan; "he talks of the precious nature of time; if it is so valuable to him, what must it be to us?"

The outlaw had not followed the example of resignation set him by his companion, for he had stood unmoved, without complying with the mandate to take off his neckerchief and undo his collar. "You'd betther," uttered the fellow who was appointed to make his last toilette.

"Ay—it is of no use resisting, Lieutenant Figgins," said Lilyburn, grasping his hand; "let us die like men, and more, like gentlemen, for such I am sure we are, though you did not exactly second my attempt at defence. But, sir, I'm not easily deceived when I look upon a gentleman—there is a sort of brotherhood—a freemasonry—"

"Will you take the clout off, or must I make you?" roared the ruffian, addressing Feaghan and snatching at his collar, for which a blow from the outlaw stretched him on the ground.

"By all the divels in hell," shouted another ruffian, rushing up to him, "but you shall pay dear for that," and he aimed a blow at him with a spade, which would have cleft his skull, but Feaghan adroitly slipped aside, and the fellow, overpowered by his own impetus, fell prostrate with heavy weight.

Lilyburn had knelt down in prayer, but this resistance on the part of his companion brought him to his feet again, though the miscreant who held the halter tightened it about his neck. Peterson and Graves advanced to bid Lilyburn farewell, and to express their sorrow that he should suffer for having done his duty. "Cease this cursed cruelty—this thirst for blood," shouted Feaghan, as—throwing off his cloak, shawls, and cap,—he stood revealed before them. "Down, Nep—down," exclaimed he, for the

dog instantly recognized his voice, and, making one bound towards his master, leaped upon him in joyous playfulness.

"An' who may you be, Misther king's officer, that takes upon you to command free men?" said the apparent principal among the rebels, boldly strutting up to the outlaw.

"An' who am I, Shamus?" returned Feaghan, in strong Irish accent, whilst Lilyburn looked on with amazement, and Tom Graves recoiled in superstitious dread; "it's yeself as shall answer the question, as the brute baste has done afore you, Shamus. Who am I, says he—Grammachree, an' who should I be?"

"Hurroo! your sowls to glory," yelled Shamus; "divel the bit less than himself. Hurroo and hurroosh, you tundering omadhaums —ye murthering bog throtters," and away he cut and shuffled in the Irish dance, twirling his switch (about the dimensions of three stout broomsticks rolled into one), to the astonishment of his barbarous comrades.

"Well, this is a moral revolution, at all events, Mr. Figgins; and you bearing his majesty's commission," said Lilyburn. "To what, pray, may I attribute this change?"

"Have *you* no recollection of my features, Captain Lilyburn?" returned the smuggler, facing towards the coach-lamps so as to throw the whole of their light upon his countenance. "I'm paler and thinner than I was, for I have suffered much; yet you cannot have forgotten me? or," added he, laughing in recklessness, "you must remember the Lilyburnalia!"

"Mr. Tooley, by all that's abominable! My mind did misgive me," uttered Lilyburn, as if vexed at the imposition, "for I suspected something of the kind all along. No, no, no,—I'm not easily deceived. But how was you saved?"

"Let it suffice for the present, Captain Lilyburn, that you and your men are saved," returned the smuggler, as he fondled his huge animal, and then grasped the hands of his two subordinates, Peterson and Tom Graves.

"I am more happy to see you, sir," said Tom, "than I am at having regained my liberty; but both are a god-send, and so I'll just log 'em down in the same reckoning. But the poor craft, sir," added he, with a mournful shake of the head; "the cutter, sir,—poor thing," and he hung down his head in sorrow.

"Well, well, Tom, you shall tell me about that by and by," said Feaghan, much moved by the man's earnestness. "At present we must have other matters in hand; the coach must be released, and Captain Lilyburn and his men sent forward on their journey."

The Whiteboys no sooner were aware that the noted Smasher was amongst them, than they prepared implicitly to follow his directions, and though at first there was some murmuring relative to allowing the revenue men their liberty—especially as they were considered already condemned by the rule of retaliation—yet they ultimately consented to his wishes, and set about to clear away the barricade; whilst the driver of the

coach unharnessed the dead animal from his team. In a very short time the passage was open for them to renew their journey, and Feaghan was anxious for their departure previous to the return of the main body of the rebels, whom he conjectured might not be so accommodating as their comrades.

Peterson and Tom Graves expressed their thanks for the humanity with which they had been treated by the revenue captain, who was excessively mortified at the rescue, though he had behaved well to the men. "I'll be honest, my lads," said he; "though I'm not altogether sorry for your good fortune, yet I would much rather have carried you on with me."

"You will act wisely, Captain Lilyburn, to refrain from such language," remonstrated the outlaw; "these men surrounding you are now dissatisfied that you will be suffered to proceed; do not inflame their passions by intemperate expressions. Life is worth more than a few hasty words. Besides," added he, laughing

"a man who so much respects the liberty of the subject, ought to be rejoiced to witness the exemplification of his principles, whether applied to others or brought nearer home to himself."

"In a just cause, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins," responded the revenue captain; "mark me, only in a just cause. My detention of your men was a point of duty; their release and my capture is a rebellious outrage,—there's the distinction, sir. Oh, I know something of the law, Mr. Tooley Figgins, and am seldom wrong in my views upon such subjects."

"At all events you are about to proceed upon your journey," said Feaghan, "and, therefore, your only inconvenience is the loss of two noble fellows, who, instead of being sacrificed to what you call broken laws, will henceforth, probably, be a gain to their country. Had they disobeyed orders I should have shot them for mutiny; they preserved discipline, and I alone am to blame."

"I can't desactly understand the gentleman," uttered old Tom, taking off his hat with be-

coming respect. "It's true he has been good to us, and we've had plenty of grub, and no bad treatment; but, to my thinking, when the fag-eend of a rope was to bring us up all-standing, it was somut like fattening a mouse for the jaws of the cat. Now, look ye here. Suppose you had got us stowed away in the howld of Dublin jail, or any other jail—what then?—why, we should have been had afore the big-wigs, who ar'n't got no reg'lar proper notions of the rights and privileges of the free trade, though many on 'em encourages it to sarve their own selves. Well, we should have been had up, and the consarn of the Spider overhauled again us; and not knowing, as I said, the rights and privileges of the free trade, they'd make out the defence of our lives and liberties to be an act of piracy —when, Lord love your heart, it ar'n't no more like piracy than a tub of stuff is like a pope's mitre. But that ar'n't all, for they'd clench the end this here way—supposing any of the man-of-war's men lost the number of their mess, they'd bring in a vardick of wilful mur-

der, instead of accidental death; for we never points our guns with malice on *a fore thwart*, and don't know who we hits, so that, if they gets in the way of the shot, it's their own faults, not ourn; and besides, they never think o' taking into their calculations who may be killed and wounded on our side. Now, this is—"

"Rather too long a sermon to be finished to-night, Tom," said Feaghan, as he motioned to him to remain silent.

"There's some force in the man's argument," said Lilyburn, who dearly loved a controversy; "but if there is any one thing I can do better than another, it is just to show the fallacy of his reasoning. To a mind like yours, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins, only a very short time will be required to force conviction—"

"Which short time, my dear sir, able as I know your appeal would be, I cannot permit you to employ as you wish," said Feaghan, respectfully. "Self-preservation, you know, Captain Lilyburn—"

"They say is the first law of nature, Mr.

Tooley," returned the revenue officer, emphatically. "But, sir, if you will just grant me your indulgent hearing a few minutes, I think I can disprove the assertion—at least, place it in a negative light."

"I fear, if you do not quickly depart, you will have to regret not making it positive," urged the outlaw. "I can control the few who are surrounding us, but I will not answer for the main body being so tractable, should they return; there are some desperate fellows amongst them."

"Well, well, Mr. Tooley Figgins, it is kind and considerate of you," uttered Lilyburn, with strong emotion; "and as I hope one day or other to meet with you again, we may possibly be blest with more leisure to discuss the point at length. But, sir, you may rest assured—and I am not easily deceived in these matters—I say you may rest assured—"

"That the coach is waiting for you, Captain Lilyburn," interrupted Feaghan, somewhat im-

patiently, though he could not but be amused at the pertinacity of the pompous little man.—"And now, sir, I must bid you farewell. Should any poor devils of smugglers hereafter fall into your hands, remember that your life has been saved by an outlawed rebel this night, and treat them with generous humanity."

"In every thing consistent with my duty to my sovereign, Mr. Figgins," returned the revenue captain, not a little affected. "But there is one thing, sir, in which I wish to prove to you the correctness of my discernment, and how difficult it is to deceive me in such matters. I said, from the first moment I saw you, that you was a man of education and a gentleman, and—"

"You forget the Lilyburnalia," said Feaghan, laughing, as he opened the coach-door, and let down the steps.

"No, no, I don't—I shall never forget it; but none but a man of wit could have devised such a stroke of policy," argued Lilyburn.

"However, I have most cordially to thank you for your kind intervention, and shall certainly make it known at head-quarters; not but I'm thinking the only *promotion* they would be desirous of bestowing on you, you would be equally desirous of dispensing with. Ah! my men are all aboard, I see: there's coachee, with his signal for sailing." He extended his hand to the outlaw, which was grasped with eagerness. "Good bye, Mr. Tooley—good bye; Anderson will have the laugh at me again; but then, sir, he's a know-nothing, after all." Lilyburn took his seat.

"As a matter of precaution, you have been deprived of all means of defence, should you be attacked," said Feaghan; "and as the district is in a very troubled state, I have written a pass, which, if molestation should occur, you have only to present to prevent unpleasant consequences;"—and he held out a slip of paper on which he had been writing with a pencil.

"Thank you—thank you," returned the

other, taking the document; and as he threw himself back in the vehicle as Feaghan closed the door, he heard him utter, "Smasher or no Smasher, he's a perfect gentleman, and there's no mistaking it."

Away drove the coach. The party, gathering up the plunder, promptly quitted the scene of action, leaving a scout to inform their comrades of the cause of departure. Feaghan now learned that the third passenger of the coach was well known to him as a man of independent property, who had become an amateur leader of the Whiteboys. He had been in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, and had ascertained that Lilyburn was there with two prisoners, whom he was about to conduct by land to Cork, in defiance of the recommendations to take them round in his cutter. But Lilyburn could not believe there was any difference between travelling in Ireland and travelling in England: and as he declared "he was never deceived in such matters," he was allowed to have his own headstrong

way. The leader, on being informed of his decision, promptly despatched an express to get the boys together at the very spot were the coach was stopped, and taking his passage inside, the success of the stratagem has already been shown. But immediately on alighting, the leader detached the main body, leaving a sufficient number to carry summary execution into effect, and preferring to be out of the way at the time, for he entertained no idea that the Smasher would intercede in favour of the captives. The ostensible reason for detaching the main body was that a strong party had gone to seize some illicit stills that had been discovered in the neighbourhood, and he deemed it right to take with him an overwhelming force to defeat their intents. How far this was correct they did not discover; the stills were unmolested, they saw no troops, and long before daylight every man was snugly ensconced in his own little crib.

Feaghan was well aware that, as soon as the rescue of the smugglers and the resuscitation of "the Smasher" became known, no means would

be left untried to apprehend them ; he thought it would therefore be most advisable to quit that part of the country without delay, and as Kinsale was the nearest sea-port, a car was procured immediately at the next hamlet, and they arrived about daybreak upon the precincts of the harbour, where several homeward-bound vessels were riding, having been driven in by stress of weather. A fisherman's punt received the three, and they boarded a West Indiaman that was preparing to sail. Feaghan represented himself as the mate of a brig that had been wrecked, and his two subs as seamen of the same vessel, all wanting a passage to England, for which they proffered their services to navigate the ship. The West Indiaman was short-handed, and such an offer was very acceptable ; no questions were asked, no suspicions entertained, and the outlaw, accompanied by Peterson and Graves, and his faithful Neptune, had in a few hours the satisfaction of seeing the Old Head of Kinsale far astern, as they proceeded with a favourable breeze for the British Channel.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hark! to the crashing of her masts; the spar, and helm, and sail,
Are borne away in the wrathful swirl of that relentless gale;
And from her broad and ribbed side each struggling plank is reft,
Till there is not a shred of her bravery on that dark wild ocean left."

"And now, Tom," said Feaghan, as sitting on deck in their watch, "I must crave information relative to the fate of the Blue Bob, of which I have only heard some few particulars by fits and starts."

"Ah! poor thing," groaned old Tom, "she hardly ever held up her head again after she lost yer honour; and that same morning when owld black Mike came down to order us to sea,

and Muster Rapertee, like a devil's babby, all brimstone and blue blazes, it was a melancholy time for them as knew what a good craft was, and had any feeling in their hearts."

"It was Hagan, then, that brought the orders for going to sea?" said Feaghan in a tone of inquiry.

"It was, sir, and he got 'em of the owner," answered Tom; "but there was Muster Rapartee mad groggy, besides a broken collar-bone, and the people all mops and brooms. Howsomever, Muster Peterson got her out, and, as I have already towld you, we shortly arterwards missed one of the boys, for the young 'un they called Hammy, was shouting for him. What had become of him in course we never knew; but we made a beautiful passage to Bordoaks, and after waiting some time in expectation of your coming, we took in a cargo, and got all ready for starting. Muster Rapartee was ashore with his traps, laid up in sick quarters, so Muster Peterson and I got Hammy to live and mess with a

good motherly owld lady, as promised to take care of him; but when Muster Rapartee came aboard again, he insisted upon having the boy brought back, or to be towld where he was; but we'd made up our minds not to do either the one nor the t'other. Well, yer honour knows what he is when he gets into a rage—somat next akin to a norwesterly gale—still we wouldn't let him have his will o' the child, for he swore he'd murder him; and at last he takes it into his head, all of a sudden, to purchase the anchor and run for home."

"Did he never say anything about the cause of his hatred to the child?" inquired Feaghan.

"No, sir, not disactly," responded the boatswain. "He used sometimes, when he was tosticated, to talk about a large reward for the boy's life; but we never could make out what he meant, and, some how or other, I don't think he know'd his-self."

"The grand secret then was safe from him,"

observed the outlaw, as if communing with his own thoughts; "but go on, Tom."

"There was a pretty breeze upon our quarter as we passed the Cordovan lights," continued Tom, "and we kept close along-shore, that we might step into any of the small ports, if so be as we'd been chased; but the wind dropped by the time we were inside of Bellisle, and then it fell calm for a couple of watches, and arterwards sprung up dead again us. Muster Peterson wanted to work up for L'Orient, or run into Quiberon Bay; but Muster Rapartee would thrash her along-shore; and though I own he is a good seaman, yet he arn't got the delicacy of the thing in working such a sweet hooker as the Blue Bob; he'd no tenderness nor diskrimmagement to relieve the craft in the heavy squalls, but forced her smack through all, however much the spars complained or the timbers moaned. Well, yer honour, we kept her onnatrally at it, straining her frame-work, and finding spells for the pumps, till we got up to Quimperlay; but

Muster Rapartee was never what you may call altogether sober, and he swore he would not give in, 'though it blowed top mawls and marlin spikes with the points downwards;' and there we was, retching off and on, burying the poor thing under the green seas as would have swallowed her, but that she was still lively and struggled again it, raising herself up upon the comb of the sea, and shaking herself clear of the spray, like a marmaid."

"Ah! she was a precious creature, Tom," apostrophized Feaghan, as recollections of his lovely vessel came across his mind; "she has stood under us in many a dark and trying hour, old boy, and I used to please myself with the idea that she was proud of carrying us securely over the foaming waters, and through the conflicting elements, where larger vessels must have perished."

"And d'ye think she warn't proud, yer honour?" appealed the boatswain, as if confident of the fact. "When did she behave so

well as during a strong gale and a heavy sea?—and to have such an onnatral eend at last!"

"D— the fellow's perverseness!" exclaimed Feaghan, with a strong expression of bitterness; "but then it cost him his life, Tom."

"And good right, too, sir," returned Graves; "if he alone had suffered, it would not have been much matter; but there was them innocents, sir, who ownly obeyed orders— smart active men, throwing their limbs in the air, a leg here and an arm there, as if the craft had been laden with human fragments; oh! it was"—

"Ay, ay, old boy, I'm fully sensible of it," said Feaghan; "but heave a-head, Tom; the watch is nearly out and I should like to have the *sequel*."

"Then I'm thinking it's lost, yer honour, that *suckwell*," said Graves, not comprehending his captain's meaning; "everything went down in the craft."

"So I suppose, Tom,—so I suppose," re-

sponded the outlaw, whose spirit was too deeply touched even to smile at the veteran's mistake; "however, go on with your account."

"It was no use argufying with him, sir," proceeded the old man; "he was detarminedly wilful, and wilful men will have their way. I was in hopes, howsomever, that when we'd weathered the Saints, or got through the Raz passage so as to open Dowarninney Bay, he would shelter there, or make for Brest; but he retched right out from the land into the open sea, and we got the whole weight of the gale. At last it blowed itself out, and backed round to the southard, and then we'd a good offing, and made sail for home, with a heavy swell from a-head running right again us, and burying our bowsprit slap under. Nothing mislested us till we got somewhere away in a line to the west of Scilly, when a large frigate and a cutter hove in sight, right in our track as ever they could be. We wanted Muster Rapartee to haul to the wind and claw off out of their way, by weathering 'em and foreretching withal—but he was stupid and obsti-

nate, and it seemed as if the doom of the pretty craft was already fated. The strange cutter we knew to be the Dolphin, and therefore we didn't care for her, provided we could keep clear of the frigate; but once under her guns, and it would be all over with the Blue Bob."

"And yet I have been under a frigate's bows, Tom, within half-musket shot," said Feaghan, proudly. "Her shot went over and over us, but they were bad marksmen, and except a rope or two stranded, and some dozen holes in the sails, I clawed off uninjured. And pray how did you go on?"

"Arter all we could say," rejoined the boatswain, "Muster Rapartee wouldn't bring her to the wind; he said 'she had beat her enemies afore by running, and she should beat 'em again.' —But Muster Rapartee warn't yer honour, to watch every heave and set of her bows, and to keep her steady in her course. He didn't know so much of the ways of the craft as yer honour, and consequently he acted a very foolish part in bearing down right slap into their teeth, when he

might have got clear off to windard in a few hours, and, mayhap, not never seen no more on 'em. Howsomever, away we went almost right afore it, and the people began to grumble, and then to threaten; and at last he towld 'em to bring the cutter close at it. The squaresels were lowered, and the sheets hauled in, in no time; but, just as we began to creep from 'em, the full effects of straining the poor creatur in the gale became onparent, and we found her mast-head badly sprung just under the eyes of the shrouds, and it kept twisting round at every heave, so that we expected to see the whole a wreck, without the slightest hope of getting away. How it held so long is my wonder!"

"It was a good stick, too," said Feagham, mournfully; "but nothing can stand against the wear and tear of a heavy sea and a strong wind."

"Especially when there was no necessity for it, yer honour," observed the boatswain. "Howsomever, we got up some handspikes, and tried to fish it as well as we could, and shifted some

of the blocks below—but all was of no use; down it came, after drawing away from 'em for about three hours; and had it been only an hour or two later, when darkness spread itself over the ocean, they might have passed us by without seeing us. As it was, there we laid a complete wreck to be gazed at by the enemy, then out about two miles dead to looard. But whether to looard or to windard was no matter now, we'd only a bare pole standing, without a rope-yarn to kiver its nakedness, and every part of the decks was strewed with the sails and gear. I saw it was a done job, and there was no use in staying to be taken if so be as there was any chance of escape, so Peterson and I lowers down the cocktail from the after-davits without being obsarved, and, sliding over the taffrail, we got clear off, and pulled away right in the wind's eye.

"Presently Muster Rapartee caught sight of us, and hailed for us to come back; but we couldn't agree to it at no price, so he orders up the

muskets and began peppering away at the cock-tail, whilst some of the men were lifting the galley clear of the wreck, and trying to launch her. Just as we were rising on a sea, so that the open boat became exposed, a musket-ball grazed Muster Peterson's ankle, and knocked a plug-hole through the bottom; but we soon stopped the leak, and then stretched out again with all our strength. The galley was at last got out—but they broke her back in launching her, so that she would scarcely float; still she was soon filled with hands, though we had no fear of her catching us, and soon arterwards we saw her go down."

"Poor fellows!" said Feaghan, "they deserved a better fate—braver lads never engaged in the trade—and, except a little wildness that was easily subdued, many of them were civilized beings compared with the rough cast of their country. Did they all perish?"

"No, sir," responded old Tom, "for when we saw 'em struggling in the water we pulled

back again and saved three—all that remained out of fourteen. Again Muster Rapartee fired at us, and, not content with the muskets, he got the six-pounders to bear—but, though the shot danced past us, they never touched; and, having now four good hands and a cockswain, we soon widened our distance, and began to make sure of getting off, when an onlucky shot struck us just under the counter, killed one of the men, and we were soon striking out for our lives."

"The villain!" exclaimed Feaghan, with vehemence, "the black-hearted villain; what good could your capture do for him?"

"Not none in the world, yer honour," answered the veteran; "ownly I suppose he thought all hands ought to be tarred with the same brush. Happily for us, howsomever, the boat didn't sink, so that we were able to cling to her sides, and buoy ourselves up with the oars. Well, sir, there I was, as happy as a cat without claws and a bull-dog in her wake. And there laid the craft I loved, soon to be a

prey for the Philistines. But I was mistaken, sir, for whilst I was looking at the poor thing, ready to make a child of myself at the thoughts of parting, a sudden blaze of light shot up in the air—there was a noise like thunder—the waters became convulsed—spars and limbs, and headless bodies, and burning sails, and many other gredients, all went aloft together, and then descended into the ocean in a thousand different directions, hissing and smoking as they fell; then the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever. The Blue Bob had gone down, and the creatur that, one hour before, had looked so beautiful and brave, was buried beneath that element she loved to sport in, whilst a black cloud of smoke, like a funeral pall, hung over her place of intarment."

"Do you think that it occurred by accident or by design, Tom?" inquired Feaghan, much moved at the earnestness of the old man.

"It's onpossible for me to say, sir," answered Graves, in a tone of melancholy sadness; "may-

hap they warn't over careful with the cartridges"—

"Or, perhaps O'Rafferty, in desperation, determined not to fall into the hands of those from whom he expected no mercy, fired the magazine himself," observed Feaghan.

"It might be so, sir," returned the boatswain, "but I'm ignorant which way it was done, and so is Muster Peterson. The Dolphin picked us up, and mayhap there was some others saved from the craft, as I seed the frigate's boat out; but I rather think not, the thing was so sudden. As I towld you already, the Dolphin picked us up, and then, after speaking the frigate, bore up for Bantry Bay. I believe you knows the rest."

"Peterson, I suppose, knows the persons with whom he left the boy?" said the outlaw, inquiringly.

"I should think so, sir," answered the boatswain. "I could find it out easy enough, if I was ashore in the city, but I arn't much headpiece to recollect outlandish names."

"And now, Tom, what do you mean to do with yourself?" asked Feaghan; "you'll not go back to Ireland just yet, I presume?"

"Not for this day or two, yer honour," replied old Tom, laughing, "though the owner, I hope, will make all square in regard of the wages." Feaghan smiled. "I shall go and clap my owld woman alongside, and lay in a stock of sleep to last me for the next six months."

"A letter from me would find you, old boy, if directed to Folkstone?" inquired the outlaw.

"Why, for the matter o' that, I dare say it would, sir," responded the veteran; "but then I hopes you'll send somebody to read it, for I never could make out written hand."

"Oh, there'll be no danger of your not finding out the meaning, Graves," urged Feaghan. "I may get another craft, or a hundred things may happen in which I can serve you, and rely upon it I will never forget we have been shipmates. But the watch is out, old boy,—good night!"

Greatly to the disappointment of the outlaw, who hoped they should be obliged to put into a western port, the wind continued fair up the Channel. They took in their pilot off Dungeness, and proceeded for the Thames, and the first shore the smugglers touched was the landing-place at Execution Dock. This they ascertained from the waterman who landed them, in answer to their inquiry as to what part of London it was. Feaghan gave his subordinates a comprehensive look, but it served them for a joke when, seated in a snug parlour at a public-house, they were taking a parting glass.

Peterson declared his intention of returning to his native isle directly, but gave the outlaw very clear directions as to where he would find young Hamilton. Tom Graves started for Folkstone; and Feaghan, having procured cash for some good bills he held belonging to Mr. Cornelius, removed to the West-end, previously to taking his departure for Bordeaux. At length a vessel direct for the Garonne was advertised; he

bargained for his passage—embarked in the course of a few days—and by the expiration of the week, landed at this opulent, though far from splendid city. Without loss of time, he hastened to the street, according to the direction he had received, when a gens-d'armes arrested his steps, and demanded his passport. This was a requisite it had never entered into his mind to obtain, for when captain of a vessel it was unnecessary; he was accordingly unprovided with the document, and as strong jealousies were then existing in the south of France, he was taken before the mayor, who committed him to prison till he could be sent out of the country.

In vain Feaghan pleaded in his own behalf, and told a narrative of the real circumstances that had brought him to Bordeaux; he was, in their estimation, either an Englishman or an American imbued with a revolutionary and republican spirit, because he was destitute of passport. In vain the outlaw endeavoured to get some one to proceed to the house of Madame

Brienot (the person with whom Hamilton had been left), and inquire for the child: no one dared offend the authorities, and the money he offered for the purpose was construed into an attempt at bribery, and he was confined more closely than ever. The schooner he had come in was ready to sail again, and the disappointed, vexed, and dispirited smuggler was compelled to reimbark for England, without obtaining the slightest information of the object for which he had undertaken the voyage.

The schooner quitted the Garonne with a fair wind, but the weather was of that portentous character that indicated a gale. Although running close along-shore, the land could be but very dimly seen, and at length the haze was so dense that it was necessary to haul further out to keep clear of the rocks off Sable d'Olonne, (the Barges), and to run outside the Isle* d'Oye.

* Generally printed Isle Dieu on the English charts, and thus the "island of Goose" is transformed into "God's isle"—"Ile d'Oye" being the correct name given by the French.

Feaghan was well acquainted with every part of the coast, and he more than once or twice suggested to the master of the schooner (a stubborn north countryman) the propriety of getting a good offing, lest the gale which threatened to come from the westward should embay them with the whole weight of the Atlantic on their back. The master, however, was offended at the outlaw's interference—told him to "mind his own concerns," and persisted in his course.

The evening was dark and gloomy, and the schooner, with but little wind, was enshrouded in a thick fog, that seemed to cling to her rigging and sails with a pertinacity that did not fail to make a due impression on the superstitious minds of her crew. The heavy swell came rolling in, indicating that there had been or still was raging, a strong gale to the westward, which had not yet reached the bight of the bay. The craft, however, was considered a good seaboat, and she was very fairly manned.

During the first watch the wind shifted to

west-north-west; but light, with occasional puffs that by their peculiar angry sound, conveyed a warning to the seamen there was no possibility of mistaking. The master was informed by his mate of the change, and was promptly on deck, and got a cast of the lead, but found no ground at eighty fathoms. Judging by this that they must be well out from the land, he continued on the larboard tack, imagining that as the tide was setting to the northward, he should thus make a weatherly board. The lead was kept going at intervals of a quarter of an hour (the schooner having but little way); but still no bottom, even with a hundred fathoms.

At midnight a sudden squall that nearly laid the vessel on her beam-ends, came like a fierce herald spurring with hot haste to announce the approach of the gale. Feaghan was prompt in rendering his assistance; the sails were reduced or taken in, and every moment increased the fury of the storm. The swell no longer moved lazily in undulating waves—sometimes as if aroused

from stupor, curling their heads with mimic foam; —they now dashed with raging wildness, impetuously tossing their hoary crests in air, as if defying the mighty power that rushed howling over them with a war-whoop of desolation.

The exertions of his passenger somewhat softened the asperity of the schooner's master, and he deigned to ask Feaghan several questions concerning the coast, though the outlaw had studiously avoided every thing that could lead the other to suspect his real character. Yet the few words he had uttered by way of recommendation, were sufficient to impart to a seaman a conviction that Feaghan was pretty well acquainted with that part of the world. But, still conceitedly confident in his own resources, the north countryman determined to be guided solely by his own judgment.

"Whereabouts do you imagine us to be?" inquired he of the smuggler; "we must be well out from the land, as we had no sounding in a hundred fathoms at the last cast."

"That's no criterion of your distance from the shore," returned Feaghan, "for right in the fair way into Basque roads, between the Chasseron light and the Baleine tower, is one hundred and twenty fathoms."

"It is not so on my chart," said the master; and they descended into the cabin, where he produced a book of old maps, known by the name of "the Quarter Waggoner;" scarcely a rock, or a shoal, or a sounding being laid down correct. "You see," said he, pointing to the spot, "there's no such depth of water here."

"I do see," returned Feaghan; "but I also know that it is incorrect. With such a haze as this, you cannot see your way to run back again. As it is, we are setting bodily in with the flood tide for Basque Roads, and by keeping her away we shall soon be enabled to get under shelter."

"I have a different opinion," returned the other; "but will get another cast of the lead;" and they returned to the deck.

The deep-sea line was passed along, and the lead hove. "Watch—watch—watch!" went the men, as the line came taut to their hands; but instead of a hundred fathom running off the reel, the ground was struck in forty-five.

"We are now well in the passage," said Feaghan, "and she'll drift in, in spite of you."

"Then I'm blowed if she shall!" muttered the master, and instantly ordered the hands out to wear her round.

The manœuvre was accomplished; but the gale came down heavier, till they could carry no other canvas than the foresail, with the bonnet off, a storm fore-staysail, and a main try-sail, under which, being heavily laden, she made no head-way, but bagged down bodily to leeward, shoaling her water every hour.

A dubious glimmering of approaching day began to mingle with the reflection from the white foam of the waters, when a blazing light became visible close to them, and the next instant the schooner struck heavily abaft, and

knocked away her rudder; all hands were instantly on deck, expecting immediate death, and terrific was the scene as the breakers rolled over, and nearly buried the vessel beneath the ponderous mass of waters that fell upon her deck : but she still continued to float, though bulwarks, booms, boats, and every thing moveable were washed away. She did not, however, strike again—the panic subsided, and as the master had slunk below directly after the shock, Feaghan issued directions to man the pumps, and free her from the water she had shipped, whilst others took in the foresail and fore-stay-sail ; he knew by the light they had struck upon the extreme point of Oleron, and the gale having come round to the north-west, the only chance was a long drift, and the tide now setting out of Basque Roads.

Happily she did not leak much, and by dint of hard pumping she was freed from water, and kept free, and though dragging along-shore, every wave driving her nearer in, yet he did not wholly despair of saving the people, should the gale abate.

The vessel being pretty snug again, the master came on deck, and once more resumed authority; but the manner in which he had been employed whilst below was speedily made evident by the rolling of his eyes and the thick utterance of his speech,—he was brutally drunk.

"Who has shortened sail?" exclaimed he, addressing the mate in as loud and threatening a voice as he could command,—"How dare you, sir, take in the canvas without my orders?"

"There were superior orders to yourn," returned the mate, in a tone and manner of defiance: "orders there were no disobeying, unless you wanted to make the schooner your coffin."

"And whose orders may they be, you vagabone?" demanded the master, highly exasperated, and approaching the mate in a menacing attitude.

"The orders of Heaven," responded the subordinate,—"would you had the sails blowed out of the bolt-ropes?—Besides, when one man quits his station, it's time for another to take it."

"It was at my recommendation the mate shortened sail," said Feaghan. "There's great difficulty, and much greater danger, in balancing a vessel's canvas, for, after falling off the wind and gathering way, she is likely to have her bows beat in, in coming-to again, against the sea. Still, if the men will but work hard, by lashing the main-boom, the jib-boom, and the maintop-mast together, we may contrive something of a rudder, and keep her away for the Garonne."

"And what pilot will there be to take us in?" inquired the master, with contempt.

"Will you place the craft in my hands?" said Feaghan, with considerable sternness; "I know every channel as well as the priest knows the way to his own parish church."

"I have always found great talkers to be little doers," muttered the master scornfully; then turning to where the steersman ought to have been, he vociferously exclaimed,—"Keep her away, and get the head-sails upon her!—starboard, you lubber, do!"

Notwithstanding the distressed condition i

which the vessel was, this ridiculous command (the vessel being destitute of a rudder) produced a burst of laughter from the crew.

"It's not starboard—it's *port* we want just now," said the mate, "and I'm —— if we don't try for it, if the passenger will only take command out of hands that arn't fit for it. What do you say, lads?—this is no time to flinch."

The men had all gathered aft during the foregoing controversy; even the pumps were deserted, whilst Feaghan was holding on by the main-sheet block, and, with the practised eye of a seaman, was examining, as the vessel raised her stern, in what state her stern-post was, and calculating the probability of steering her by the main-boom alone. The language of the mate inflamed the passion of the master to an ungovernable pitch of fury, and the men replying to the appeal that they were "ready to obey the orders of a sober man," maddened him still more. He cursed and raved, but there was nothing for him to lay hold of for the purpose of inflicting

summary punishment, as the sea had swept every thing away.

"Mutiny! mutiny, by ——!" shouted he, striking his hands vehemently together. "You rascally scoundrels, you shall bring up at Execution Dock every soul of you.—You shall hang in chains in Blackwall Reach, and die like dogs;" he made an attempt to go down the companion-ladder, but fell from nearly the top to the bottom.

"He means mischief," said the mate; "shut the companion-hatch, and fasten it. And now my lads, I've every reason to believe our passenger knows which are the aft-most braces in an admiral's ship. Will you, all hands, follow my example, and obey him? At all events, till we find as we can do better ourselves."

This proposition was immediately agreed to, and a request submitted to Feaghan, to take charge of the vessel, every one promising implicit obedience to his orders. The outlaw smiled, and hesitated; at last, he said, "I consent, but

you will find me a rough hand to deal with—remember it is your own seeking. Now away to the pumps."

It must not be supposed that all this passed in a tranquillity resembling that of a quiet parlour ashore. No; the gale whistled fearfully through the rigging, and howled aloft, whilst the sea roared and raged below. The noise was almost deafening, and those who spoke had to raise their voices to a pitch above the storm, though the wind, descending out of the try-sail, kept the words from being instantaneously wafted away to leeward.

The pumps were readily manned, and the mate, with a party of hands, got the anchors clear for letting go, and hauled up a range of both cables along the deck—the main boom was then launched over the stern, the jaws being secured by means of a stout hawser, that passed under the counters, and the ends brought inboard; guys were placed at half-way of the length, and at the extremity of each rove through

a block lashed upon the boom, so as to afford a very fair purchase, and thus the spar extended right away from the stern-post. The very first trial proved its utility; and had the weather been more moderate, would have served the purpose till they got into the Garonne. As it was, however, they did not dare to strain it too much, and every sea made it quiver.

The foresail and forestaysail were once more set, and they enjoyed the satisfaction of finding that they deepened their water, and were slowly drawing off the land, while their temporary rudder acted beyond their most sanguine expectations. The countenances of the men were once more animated and cheerful. They were ordered to get hasty refreshment, as Feaghan proposed to run for the Garonne; the mate descended the companion-ladder, but immediately appeared on deck again, his face pale and agitated, for he had found the master, lying in the same spot where he had fallen, a breathless corpse.

"Do not let the people know any thing of the matter," said Feaghan; "it will perhaps excite superstitious fears and ——"

The mate shook his head. "He said he was a doomed man, when we first left our moorings in the Thames—and I knew it would be so, for the cat had been foul of his stores the night before, and, in the heat of his passion, he hove her overboard. I fear there's a curse upon us, and concealment can be of no use."

The outlaw saw that remonstrances would be useless; nevertheless, he commanded the mate peremptorily to keep the master's death from the knowledge of the crew; and now the very man who had been the first to place himself under Feaghan's orders, was also the first to resist his authority. By the master's death he succeeded to the command, and trusting that the principal danger was passed, he longed to exercise the power this new office conferred upon him. The authoritative order of Feaghan sounded harshly to him, and he answered, "Who the devil set

you up as skipper here? I shall act as I please."

"Not till the men have recalled their confidence from me," exclaimed Feaghan, proudly. "Ask them; I'm ready to resign the command in an instant."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Barber's Clerk; you're a bit of a Jonah, or you wouldn't have been bundled so quick out of Bordeaux," retorted the mate, angrily; "my men shall henceforth obey me, and me only."

"Let them say as much to my hearing, and I'm content," responded Feaghan; "and as for your taunt, mark me, fellow!"—and he assumed one of his terrible looks—"I have kicked fifty better men than ever stood in your shoes before I'd my breakfast, in the morning."

Part of the crew were attending the guys during the discussion; but as the parties were well forward, they could only make out that something was wrong, without being able to ascertain the cause. In a short time the other

hands came up, and the mate informed them that the master was dead—that he now took upon himself the command, but had been resisted in his duty by the passenger, who had insulted him, and wanted to usurp the sole authority."

"My lads," said Feaghan, "it seems that the strife of the elements is not sufficient to call every man to his station, but that human passions must also have contention, and whilst the angry breath of the Almighty is on the waters, the puny voices of his creatures must be heard in quarrels with each other. This ought not to be; and as from you I received my command, so I will not yield it up but into your hands. If your new master—how he came so, he must himself be the best to explain—but I'm saying, if your new master can save you, let him do so; if not, then trust to me; and though it is not in mortal power to command success, yet nothing shall be wanting on my part to place you in safety."

This long, and to them learned, harangue was

listened to with earnest attention: but, without replying, they all went aft, clinging to the ropes that had been secured to the stancheons by way of rails. The mate soon joined them, and they continued in consultation, whilst Feaghan ascended the fore-rigging to look away to leeward along the land, that he might try and make out the beacons of the river that forms the eastern boundary to the isle of Olleron, or the river Seudre, a narrow creek running into the main. The principal object he was desirous of accomplishing was, if practicable, to get the schooner into one of these places, should it be found preferable to going for the Garonne. Whilst thus engaged, he beheld a tremendous broken sea, rushing with vengeance towards them, and he clung convulsively to the shrouds.

Again it rose with still mightier power, curling its huge head, and roaring, as in its haste its summit cascaded like an impetuous torrent, leaving behind a bubbling and a hissing foam.

A third time it lifted its enormous mountain

of water close to the vessel's bows—the men were too deeply engaged in debate to be conscious of its approach—Feaghan shouted, but his voice was borne away to leeward unheard—it struck the schooner—the shock made her masts tremble like reeds—the decks were completely buried, not a vestige of them was to be seen—the waves, to the height of several feet, made a clear breach over her. Feaghan gave himself up for lost, but the stout vessel once more righted—and, raising herself from the threatened grave, seemed trembling at the horrible fate she had so lately escaped. But not a soul was visible where, only a minute before, the mate and twelve stout men were holding eager consultation. There was a struggling in the white foam to leeward—here and there a head was raised, and some strong swimmer plied his sinewy arms with unavailing energy—the main boom had snapped in two, and one was grasping the shattered spar with the clutch of despair—the trysail and the foresail were rent

to ribands—the vessel had been forced to bear up by the weight of the billows—the forestay-sail had no counterbalancing power abaft, and accelerated her motion—she was soon careering before the wind—the drowning wretches were left to perish, and Feaghan alone remained of all the gallant spirits that had quitted the Garonne the morning previous.

For some time the outlaw remained in the rigging, his energies, in a great measure, paralysed at the awful spectacle he had witnessed —he then descended to the deck to obtain food and brandy; but the cabin was full, the dead body of the master was washing to and fro—a shuddering sickness came over him—he experienced a dreadful feeling of loneliness on the deck, and therefore again took his station in the shrouds aloft, and watched the wild course of the schooner, which, unrestrained by the hand of man, rushed onward in her devious track, and, as if maddened by the storm, pursued her own impetuous way. Every moment brought

her nearer to the land, upon which the sea was breaking to a dreadful height—she struck, and reeled upon her side, as the receding wave recoiled on the one approaching. Again she was lifted up and borne further in—then her crashing timbers fell heavily on the beach—her masts went by the board—she rolled over and over—and in less than half an hour not a vestige of her was to be seen.

CHAPTER V.

"A negro has a soul, an please your honour," said the corporal, doubtingly.

"I am not much versed, corporal," said my uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one any more than thee or me." STERNE.

BUT it is now necessary to resume the dropped thread of our narrative attached to Hamilton, and first of all it would be as well to give a brief account of the individual to whose care he had been entrusted.

In one of the small dwellings that contrast so strangely with the large and magnificent warehouses abutting upon the quay where the river Garonne first washes the city of Bordeaux, lodged Madame Brienot, upon a second floor, her window commanding a pretty prospect of the vine-clad hills upon the opposite shore, and

a long sweep of the downward course of the stream, that carried off all the impurities of this opulent mart, except such as, in its vagaries or disgust, it offensively deposited upon the banks on either side to offer putrid exhalations to the sun.

Madame Brienot was a native of the island of San Domingo, and in early life must have been very beautiful. She was the reputed daughter of European parents, but in point of fact, her father was a Spaniard, and her mother a coloured woman, whom he actually had the hardihood,—the daring hardihood,—to make his wife. This marriage, however, exposed him to the contumely and revilings of his neighbours, and as his wife was not allowed to sit in the presence of white people, even in his own house, he had the alternative of cutting all his old acquaintances, or seeing the partner of his heart dishonoured and degraded.

He was not long in making up his mind, and

soon after the birth of a daughter he embarked for his native land, where he hoped the taint of blood and colour would pass unknown, and consequently unnoticed. But this he found was not to be the case, so he retired to the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where, in a small neat chateau, he lived in blessed retirement and educated his child. Madeline was indeed a lovely girl, with all the pride of the Spaniard blended with the vivacity of the Frenchwoman. As she grew up she became the admiration of the gallant youths of Bordeaux, and at a fitting age was married to a young officer, of small fortune, but the representative of an ancient family, which had in former days borne exalted titles, and inhabited splendid palaces. But property must fail where double the amount of income is expended every year, and the young Marquis de —— found himself at the age of eighteen with scarcely any other resource than his commission as a lieutenant, and a small annual

stipend from the royal purse; he therefore wisely dropped his title, and assumed the family name Brienot.

Unexceptionable in character, handsome in person, Don Juan Pinziero would not reject him on account of his poverty; the Don had wealth enough, derived from his West India estates, and the affectionate Brienot was united to the beautiful Madeline, on condition that the former resumed his title. This was a bold stroke of policy in the Spaniard, for he hoped, as the Marchioness de ——, his child would never be remembered as having,—by how many descents was unknown,—the dark blood of the negro race within her veins.

But human foresight and human precaution are oftimes baffled by the decrees of fate. Man fancies his schemes are immaculate in the wisdom that planned them; he raises what he conceives to be an adamantine barrier against misfortune, and he dies full of confidence that no attack can injure the structure he has raised.

Alas! how very often does almost the last breath that departs his body destroy the whole, and the toil of years is crumbled with electric-like force to dust. Don Juan departed this life, and his body was interred with much pomp at his native place in Spain; the Donna did not long survive him, and the young Marquis and Marchioness took possession of the chateau, and lived for some time in the enjoyment of every thing that could render existence desirable.

A storm, however, was literally gathering against them, for a hurricane in one night devastated their estates in Saint Domingo; and, as they had not lived very frugally at home, they became involved in embarrassment and difficulties, and the Marquis resolved to embark with his wife for the colony, to see what could be rescued from the wreck. Once more sinking his title, they arrived at the island in safety; but to his great mortification he found the marriage between Don Juan and his partner was doubted, and that, although a still further remove had

taken place, his beautiful Madeline was still considered to have negro blood in her veins, and therefore was not eligible to the society of pure whites; whilst a relation of Don Juan, taking advantage of all the circumstances, had put in a claim, and obtained possession of the estates, which the courts ultimately awarded to him.

Now it was shrewdly suspected that this very relative had destroyed the evidences necessary to prove the legitimacy of Madeline, and having been for many years a resident on the island, had been able to influence the judges in the cause. Whether this was true or not, the Marquis and Marchioness found themselves reduced almost to penury. He was glad to accept of a minor appointment in the colony, till he should be enabled to obtain something more advantageous; and as his wife was excluded from female society, he sent her back to Bordeaux, to dispose of their effects in that neighbourhood, purposing, as soon as he could obtain leave of absence, to re-join her in France.

Alas! that time never came; for shortly after Madeline's departure he sickened and died, and a month after her arrival at Bordeaux the afflicting news was brought to her that she was a widow. Thus was she left in a state bordering upon destitution, for the sale of the chateau would scarcely do more than pay the creditors. The young and lovely Madeline shrunk from the world, and was just kept above actual want by a small pension from the royal purse. Several suitors, both honourable and dishonourable, presented themselves; but she refused all, out of respect to the memory of her husband; and though by title and rank a Marchioness, yet she contented herself with the lodgings above named as Madame Brienot.

Kind, affable, and comely, she was universally respected, and every one was ready to perform an act of attention to the widow, so that she slipped over the roughs of life with greater ease and comfort than could have been expected, considering the circumstances in which she was

placed. Thus years glided away—her rooms were the *beau ideal* of neatness and taste, as far as her extremely limited means would extend; nor were there wanting many who made her presents of numerous articles to please the eye, although her Spanish pride would have revolted at the offer of pecuniary aid.

Such was Madame Brienot, when, looking out of her window on to the quay, she had seen Peterson and Tom Graves, with little Hammy between them, making anxious inquiries of the bystanders, who shook their heads, as if unable to reply in the affirmative. Now Madame Brienot, although no gossip, yet possessed the usual inquisitiveness of all Eve's daughters, and longed to know what it was that the two seamen were asking about,—and really there was some excuse for it; the noble-looking boy, with his fine flaxen curls and full blue eyes,—the apparent seriousness of the men, and the constant palsied negative that met their questions—Madame Brienot could not resist it; she slipped

on her bonnet, and armed with a fan, of formidable dimensions, dangling on her left arm, she sallied forth, without however exciting suspicion as to her real object, just as the seamen and their charge was approaching towards the door.

Neither Peterson nor Tom Graves would probably have mustered up resolution enough to address her had she not gazed upon the boy with a smile which instantly made prize of the hearts of both; and Peterson, removing his hat with all the politeness of a Frenchman, inquired whether she could direct him to some person with whom he might leave the *garçon* for a few weeks, till they sailed.

The widow looked at the boy, his countenance pleased her, and after a few inquiries she invited them to her lodgings, where she became mistress of his story, as far as the second mate and the boatswain thought proper to state the circumstances connected with what they knew of his history. Hamilton seemed to make himself very comfortable with the *bon bons* which were

supplied to him, by a young girl who formed the whole of the widow's establishment, and eventually she consented to take charge of the boy for the time required. There was some difficulty about terms, as Madame Brienot declined all arrangements by way of payment; it was purely philanthropical on her part, and the tars took their leave, full of gratitude, Peterson entrusting ten bright British guineas to madame's care for the use of the lad.

Frequent visits were paid during the stay of the cutter, and neither the second mate nor the boatswain ever went empty-handed; but when Feaghan did not appear, according to their expectations, and O'Rafferty returned to take the command, they were obliged to use more caution, and Peterson deposited the captain's writing-desk and other private property with the lady, so as to be secure from the mate's rapacity. The suddenness of their sailing prevented the removal of Hamilton, or, in fact, any further communication on the subject; but Madame B.

having ascertained that the writing desk contained a considerable sum of money, with securities and papers of value, made no doubt that she should very soon be visited by the right claimant to the child.

Days, weeks passed on, and still madame's expectations were not realized; but, in the meantime, she had become attached to Hamilton, whose playfulness cheated her of many solitary hours, and whose ready attention to her commands gratified her pride. They very soon began to understand each other, for the lad, having no one near him who could speak English, was compelled to catch up the French in self-defence, and what with the widow and her factotum, together with the occasional visitors, Hamilton became a tolerable proficient in the new tongue.

It was shortly after Feaghan's unsuccessful voyage to Bordeaux that madame received letters from Saint Domingo, informing her of the demise of the cruel relative who had deprived

them of their estates, and that he had, as an act of justice for past persecution, left her his sole heiress to wealth and estates far superior to all that she had lost; but that her presence would be required in the island to render her title to the property perfectly clear. At the same time she received instructions to draw, to any reasonable amount, upon a mercantile house which had received extensive remittances on account of the estates.

The widow's equanimity of temper was far more tried by this accession of fortune than it had been by the deprivation of it; she saw at once the great debt of gratitude that was due to her many friends, who for years had cherished and comforted her under misfortunes, and she feared that her returns would not be adequate to express, in a substantial manner, the bounteous feeling of her heart. Whilst poor, she had but little to think of, and still less anxiety; but now she had suddenly become rich (for she had ascertained the correctness of every thing that had been communicated to her), cares and soli-

citude crowded upon her mind, and she could scarcely find interval for those social enjoyments which were so precious to her heart.

Preparations for the voyage were promptly made, and she determined, if no one appeared to reclaim him previously to the period of the ship sailing, Hamilton should accompany her, and as this was literally the case, the youngster was once more tossing on the billows as they flew across the Atlantic; nor was the time lost, for his kind patroness employed every leisure moment in instructing him in her native language, which eventually became so natural to the child, that he entirely abandoned the English, as incomprehensible to those about him.

A month's run with fine weather brought them to Port au Prince, then partially rising from the ashes of an earthquake, and Madame Brienot immediately repaired to her principal estate, situated in one of the most delightful parts of this fertile island. Every thing had been rendered so clear in the disposal of the pro-

perty, that not the slightest difficulty or opposition occurred to possession; and though Hamilton could not at first reconcile himself to the appearance of the negroes, yet habit soon rendered him accustomed to it, and he became a great favourite amongst them; for, unlike the young creoles, he had not been taught to consider the slaves as mere blocks, on whom they might inflict torture without fear of retaliation. The heat affected him, and every one was ready to fan and keep him cool whilst he slept, whilst Madame Brienot experienced a degree of renovation at being upon her native soil.

One of the first acts of the widow was to send to Europe for a splendid monument, to be erected over the grave of her deceased husband, setting forth his titles and excellent qualities; she then inquired particularly for those who had been his friends, and all received some substantial mark of grateful remembrance. She next inspected the wants of her slaves, and extended every possible indulgence towards them. In point of

fact, few of the West India islands were in a worse state of demoralization than San Domingo. The whites lived in careless voluptuousness, indulging in vice and immorality ; and the negroes, imitating the example of their owners, were bound by no restraint, except the fear of detection, which was sure to bring a heavy punishment, inflicted with remorseless cruelty.

But there was also a third party, distinct from the other two—the free people of colour, who looked upon the slaves with the same unmeasured feelings of contempt and disdain that they themselves (the mulattoes) experienced from the whites. But the slaves were involved in the grossest ignorance, and wretchedly poor, whilst many of the free people of colour were well educated and wealthy. The slaves knew nothing beyond the labour of their own colony, whilst the leaders amongst the mulattoes had visited France and England, where, having plenty of money at command, they were welcomed in polished society, and their children ad-

mitted to the best schools for instruction. Great, indeed, was the change on their return to their island estates. Cut off from all communication with the whites, who viewed them as a debased and degraded caste, they were deprived of all participation in the government of their country, for though they possessed some of the best and most extensive plantations in the colony, they were not considered eligible to the exercise of the franchise, and were excluded from every office, whatever its nature or description.

Nor were females exempt, for even Madame Brienot had the bar of exclusion issued against her from the moment she landed at Port au Prince; and the lady who had been the delight of civilized associations at Bordeaux, was in San Domingo shut out from all intercourse with the whites, as a being far below their notice, for she had the taint of negro blood in her veins. Still, upon her own domain, she was looked up to by the slaves as a sort of feudal chief, whilst the individuals who were placed in

the same awkward circumstances as herself, placed great reliance on her shrewdness of intellect and the clearness of her judgment.

It could not be supposed that, whilst disorganization was rapidly spreading itself through France, the colonies could be deterred from taking part in the controversies, and even contests of the day. The influences of republicanism were becoming widely diffused on the French division of San Domingo; but whilst many whites continued firm royalists to the very last gasp, the principal portion of the white settlers had imbibed the spirit of the various clubs at Paris, and were arrayed against each other. The mulattoes narrowly watched the proceedings that were going on, and, as people who knew and felt their position, they steadily pursued their own course. They were well aware that neither in numerical strength nor in personal courage they were any way equal to their opponents, and therefore they contented themselves with making demands upon

the government of France, in which they were powerfully aided by a society in Paris, entitled "*Ami des Noirs*;" and though now and then, in the assumption of unrecognized rights, squabbles and even skirmishes took place between the parties, yet nothing of any material importance was done till the revolutionists in the mother country, grown desperate in their undertakings, and determined to annihilate their opponents, called in to their aid that mighty popular torrent which swept away every law, both human and divine, and, in its monstrous convulsion, engulphed humanity and social order in one common ruin, and ultimately destroyed the very men who had first set the impetuous rush in motion.

It was in the early part of Robespierre's popularity that the decree passed which enacted "that the people of colour resident in the French colonies should be allowed the privileges of French citizens, enabling them not only to vote in the choice of representatives, but also that

they should be eligible to seats both in the parochial and colonial assemblies." This was resisted by the whites, who felt indignant that persons who had hitherto been considered as mere national property by the government, and of no repute, should at once be placed upon a level with themselves. The mulattoes, on the other hand, were resolutely bent on obtaining and enjoying the conceded privilege, and, fearing that their own strength was not sufficient to accomplish the purpose, they instigated the slaves to revolt, and thus similar scenes to those witnessed in France threatened the colonists of San Domingo.

At first, the slaves were unwilling to join the mulattoes, for they feared that the change of masters would to them be productive of more injury than benefit; for the free people of colour were far more rigid and severe over their slaves than the whites—and, in fact, this invariably occurred throughout the whole of the West Indies. To incite them to revolt, how-

ever, freedom and plunder were offered, and it was not long before the temptation succeeded. The slaves rose, and devastation, bloodshed, and cruelty marked their progress. Having been kept in a state of barbarism, without any ameliorating feelings to soften the savage ferocity of the brute in their nature, they at once perpetrated crimes of the most horrible description, laying waste the plantations, burning the houses, and murdering the whites, while the females were reserved to suffer the worst of debasement previously to being slain.

Having thus given a brief sketch of events, as connected with the history of the colony, we will again return to young Hammy, whose name had become galicised into Ami; and as no surname had ever been given (for no one in the cutter, not even the child himself, was acquainted with it), his kind patroness gave him her own, and thenceforward he was styled "Ami de Brienot."

Beautifully, as well as healthfully situated on the summit of a lofty eminence, was the residence of the widow, having on the descent, near its base, her rich plantation, " Solitaire." The building was light and elegant—each of the sides was shaded by a handsome verandha, bordered by flowers and fruits, that crept through the trelessed work, and excluded the scorching rays of the sun, whilst the cool air of heaven found a ready admission. Here the palmetto flourished in all its gigantic grandeur, amid the constant verdure of a tropical climate. The view to the southward commanded a prospect of Jaquemel, with its fertile plain, and an extensive range over the Carribean Sea, mostly sleeping in its intense blue, with here and there a white sail on its glossy surface. To the northward, the eye rested on the town and bay of Port au Prince, with the island of Gonaives to the left, and Leogane, with its extensive and fertile plains, to the right. To the westward,

laid the long and mountainous peninsula, extending to Cape Tiburon; to the eastward, the land was also mountains, raising their lofty heads into the very heavens, whilst intersecting hills and verdant vallies manifested the extreme care and labour of man. The bright blue green of the sugar-cane contrasted prettily with the darker cotton trees and coffee-plants, whilst the brilliant yellow flower and bursting bulbs in its pure whiteness on the former, or the flower and red berry on the latter, gave relief to the whole.

All that luxury, or a sense of comfort and coolness, could devise, was arranged within the dwelling. The houses of the domestic negroes were erected in a situation to be concealed amidst the bright foliage that every where presented itself: the residences of the overseers and field negroes, with all the appurtenances of cookery, hospital, stores, mills, &c. were about one-third up the eminence, and formed a pretty break in the downward scenery.

Here, then, young Hammy was located, and a man of colour, who had been to Europe, and was tolerably capable of undertaking the task, became his instructor: not in the character of a tutor it is true, for the laws of the colony prohibited any but whites undertaking such an office, and no white could be supposed to stoop to the degradation of becoming a teacher in a family of a person of colour. But my reader may naturally conjecture that, as I have said the widow retained evidences of having formerly been a beauty, there could not have been much darkness on her skin. The conjecture is correct; she was remarkably fair; the colour was in the blood, which no removes, however distant from the first, could ever obliterate. Calumny—ever rife to injure reputation—had reported Hamilton to be her son, and this was pretty generally believed, not only amongst the planters but even on her own estates; nor was it much to be wondered at, when the truly maternal care and tenderness she at all times evinced towards him is taken into consideration.

The youngster had an entire establishment to himself: a groom, a head-nurse, servants of both sexes; and it was no uncommon thing to hear a drawling negro voice exclaim—"Jean, go and peka Saam to tell Jacques to call Quaco to the young massa!—hearee?"

To perform this, Jean would probably pass Jacques or Quaco in seeking for Sam, but it would have been entirely out of negro routine to intimate one word to them, except through the proper messenger, as desired; and thus, Quaco, who might have been summoned instantly, was usually half an hour before he made his appearance, with a—"Wharra him young massa want?"

Quaco was an old negro, who had not only visited several of the other West-India islands, but his early days had been passed as a slave amongst the English in Jamaica; he had also been some time in England, with his former master, where he might have remained a free man; but returning to the island, he was again a

slave, though his owner placed so much confidence in him that he made him captain of one of his sloop-built drooghers, which gave him an opportunity of seeing much of the other islands. Unfortunately, his vessel had been wrecked off Cape Tiburon, and he alone escaped to the shore, where he was seized as a runaway slave, kept some time in confinement, and then sold to a Spanish planter to pay the expenses. In the course of time he was purchased by the late proprietor of Solitaire, and ultimately became house-steward at the residence.

Now though Quaco could speak—that is, could mutilate—both Spanish and French, he had chosen, when any thing displeased him, to grumble and to swear in English. Whether there was any thing of an affinitive character between English and grumbling, or whether the full-mouthed utterance of a hearty "d——" gave greater relief to the stomach than a mere "Sacre!" it is hardly necessary here to discuss: Quaco invariably used the French language

in his ordinary duties—sported the Spanish when he wanted to be a grandee, and rapped out unmercifully in English when a disposition prevailed to become a downright blackguard—the more especially as he could have it all his own way: for as no one understood him, so no one could answer him in his angry moods, and the fit of passion was the sooner over.

It happened, shortly after the landing of Madame Brienot, that Quaco was summoned to her presence, and reprimanded for a neglect of duty on the part of some of the younger slaves.

"Madame," returned he, with an obsequious bow, "la faute n'est pas mienne," and then muttered to himself, "Em d—— blaack nigger."

Hamilton caught the broken words, for he was standing close to him, but said nothing. "Well, Quaco," uttered his mistress, "I shall look to you for the management of these things, and hope there will be no occasion to complain again."

The negro bowed most politely as he uttered, "Au plaisir, madame," but there was a grimness of look about his visage that plainly evinced he was far from pleased. He then retired from the room, followed by Hamilton, who overheard him muttering to himself, "Em daam cowcumber-shin rascal!—Mon Dieu! but dey get jolly fum fum for dis!" He then shouted, "Monsieur Jacques! ayez la bonté de veni ici, s'il vous plait!" adding, in a lower key, "Yer daam debbil babby for makee me missee tink me no sabby ebery ting for you!" Again he shouted, "Monsieur Saam! dépêchez-vous donc—un brave garcon, sans doute!" Once more his voice fell—"cus you black libber for all day long!"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Jacques, cautiously looking in at the doorway to ascertain the mood of the old man, before he ventured to approach within assailable distance—"Que dites vous, monsieur."

"Que dites vous, monsieur," repeated Quaco spitefully, well knowing, from former experi-

ence, that Jacques was too wary to be caught : "Que dites vous," he reiterated, whilst he advanced upon the young negro as he retreated backwards ; "arretez vous la !—yer daam monkey-face, lib-in-a-bush, white-libber nigger's nigger !"

This was quite enough for Jacques; he was well aware that the storm was rising, and, therefore, to use a nautical phrase, he made a grand "stern-board" towards the flight of steps that led from the verandha to the garden below. At this point Quaco made a sudden spring to catch the youth, previously to his descent, and actually achieved his object at the very moment that Sam had attained the summit in his ascent ; the consequence was, that Jacques, impelled by the additional stimulus of Quaco, stumbled over Sam, and all three went rolling head over heels to the bottom, roaring and hallooing with all their might. The altitude, however, was not very great, so that no injury, beyond a thorough shaking, was sustained by the fall. But Quaco

had now got both culprits in his clutches, and though he could not let go one to thump the other, yet he knocked their heads together with all his force, exclaiming, "Darra for you!—yer daam bajain-born, craab-for-n'yam, suck-'em-goat niggers—eh? Yer nebber mind n'oder time, Monsieur Jacques—no? D'un autre côté, Monsieur Saam. Mettre quelque chose dans votre tete mon ami!—Cus you rogue-heart, for nebber do what genelman tell you!—faire des singeries, eh? Darra den, ye haang-gallows, plaintain-tieving, sopy-drinking coquin—me one daam rascale for you!"

All the time Quaco was very foolishly knocking their pates against each other, with very little effect; for as a negro's head is the least vulnerable part of his body, the punishment was scarcely felt, and the moment they escaped from his clutches, they testified their sense of it, by changing their loud yells to uncontrollable laughter, as Quaco reascended the steps, down which he had gone so much against his inclina-

tion. The noise, however, brought out Madame Brienot, who warmly inquired, "qui fait cette grand bruit-la?"

"Les esclaves, Madame!" returned Quaco, pointing to the two offenders, who could scarcely suppress their mirth, even in the presence of the mistress; "voyez vous, Madame.—Em daam scorpion for nebber hab respect for old head!"

"J'ai toujours vous dit ne frappez pas!" exclaimed Madame, angrily, and shaking her hand at the steward.

"Oui, Madame," returned the obsequious Quaco; "mais on ne peut pas subvenir a tout sans chatiment:—cus you for—" the old man stopped, for Hamilton, who had witnessed the whole, explained it in favour of Quaco, and Madame retreated to her apartment.

"Mille graces, Monsieur Ami," said the old man, addressing Hamilton. "Plus d'une fois vous avez rendu votre faveur. Je suis roué de fatigue."

Hamilton's ears had tingled with delight at

the sound of his native tongue, however imperfectly spoken. It was the first time he had heard it since he parted with old Tom Graves, and in an instant it revived associations and recollections that had, in a considerable measure, faded away. This it was that made him defend Quaco before the widow, for there was now a link of connection that bound him to the old man; and when the latter complained of his fatigue, the kind-hearted lad immediately uttered, in English—"Shall I get you some sangaree, daddy?"

"Eh, Garamercie, wharra dat?" shrieked the old man, as he started back, and his staring eyes were fixed upon the boy. "You French pickaninny for missy, peak-a me in buckra tongue."

"No, Quaco, I am not French pickaninny, as you call me," responded Hamilton, somewhat offended; "nor is Madame Brienot my parent;" he then added sorrowfully—"I never had a mother."

"Well, dis baang ebery ting!" uttered the negro with evident delight and satisfaction;—

"young massa peak-a me in me natib tongue. Eh, Garamercie!—me so glad!" and the old man, notwithstanding he had just been complaining of fatigue, cut a hundred fantastic capers about the ante-room.

From that moment Hamilton and the steward were almost inseparable; and though the only recollections of the former's infantile years led him back to the latter portion of the time he was with Mrs. Jones, yet he remembered the fine tall old gentleman, who used to pat his head and bring him sweatmeats, and the number of elegant carriages and smart ladies who used to visit his nurse. Of his own name he knew nothing, except that by which he had been called, "Hammy," now changed to "Ami," the pronunciation being nearly similar. The scenes on board the cutter, together with some of the actors, particularly the dog "Neptune," were too fresh and too vivid to be easily forgotten, and whilst conversing with old Quaco many reminiscences would cast their sun-light or their

shadow over his mind. Of his sister Ellen he cherished the most distinct idea, nor was Ned Jones oblivious to his memory; but his mind was not sufficiently matured—his days in the world had been too few to allow of his reasoning upon events that had occurred.

Years rolled on—the convulsion commenced that shook all social order to its basis, and ultimately wrested the French portion of the colony from the dominion of France. Madame Brienot, happy in her delightful retirement, had shunned rather than courted society; for though her very nature and disposition were nourished by the milk of human kindness, yet she could not avoid feeling a distaste to the association with mulattoes, whilst her heart swelled with a justifiable resentment at the treatment she had received from the whites. It has been said that there can be no loneliness with a refined education—books—the arts—the sciences, afford the sweetest companionship, and driving away *ennui* and melancholy. Yet what can compensate for that sacred-

communion of kindred spirits—that delightful intercourse of friendly and affectionate hearts, which, maugre the cold cheerlessness of worldly business, shed their enlivening beams upon the path of human life, to lighten it with smiles, and to cherish all the kindly feelings of Christian love and charity. Without doubt, Madame Brienot was happy, for she had mental resources that the worldling can know nothing of; she was punctual in her religious duties—had a conscience void of offence to God and man; yet her wishes often lingered for her comfortable apartments, however humble, on the quay at Bordeaux, and for the conversation of those many friends who had cherished her in the period of adversity.

Nevertheless, in imparting instruction to Hamilton, she found occupation for many an hour that would probably have otherwise been tedious, whilst the progress and docility of the grateful boy were such as endeared him more powerfully to his patroness. She would have

returned to France, but the distracted state of that country offered no inducement, whilst the tenure of estates in the colony became every day more and more precarious, as the contests between the whites and the coloured people continued. Often were the delightful plains of the Cul de Sac stained with the blood of the rival parties, and the smoke of burning houses wasted itself among the mountains. To quit the colony would nearly amount to a tacit resignation of all her property; and though she had no relation to whom she could bequeath whatever might be disposable at her decease, yet her thoughts reverted to her young *protégé* as her heir, and she deemed it most prudent to remain for the present where she was.

Historical writers have expressed something like wonder at the degree of apathy which existed amongst the slaves, whilst the whites and the mulatoes were contending in deadly strife; but it was not altogether apathy — a change of masters from white to black would be

to them only productive of greater misery and sterner servitude, and the more acute among them clearly foresaw that by keeping aloof they would thereafter be enabled to give weight to either one party or the other, as the price of their freedom; especially as the British squadron occasionally paraded itself near the island, as if desirous of gaining a footing, on which to plant the imperial flag of England.

Hamilton frequently interrogated old Quaco upon the subject of these quarrels, as the foes met and carried on their destructive warfare in the plains beneath them; but all he could glean from the steward was a mysterious shake of the head, and "'Em daam rogue for cut one anoder troat; n'em mind massa, when dey gone dead, dere be more room for we."

Ogé, a native of San Domingo, who had been educated in France a strict disciple of the hateful Robespierre, and for whom the society of *Ami des Noirs* had purchased a lieutenant-colonel's commission in one of the German

states, to give him a military character, paid the forfeit of his rebellion by being broken on the wheel, after betraying his accomplices, under a promise that mercy should be extended towards him. The man was hurried away to a horrible death, which he met with pusillanimity and cowardice. This breach of faith stirred up the impassioned feelings of the mulattoes to more deadly hatred and revenge; for though they had been partially defeated, yet they collected again in a formidable body.

It was shortly after this, that the slaves in the north, encouraged by the mulattoes with the promise of freedom, suddenly burst into open revolt. The horrible details of rapine, devastation, and bloodshed which marked their progress, would shock humanity to peruse. Efforts were used to stay the revolt: but the whites were defeated, and the victorious rebels, after losing thousands of their brethren, mustered in the plains of the Cul de Sac, with the intention of making an attack on Port au Prince.

The slaves in the neighbourhood would not at first join the revolters, at least to any considerable extent; nor was there more than six or seven hundred of the worst characters, that ever united themselves to the marauders. Only a very few abandoned their mistress at the Solitaire, and she hoped to escape from the mischief that had so universally overwhelmed many of her neighbours. Quaco, however, shook his head, and declared, "Neber go for trust 'em blaack nigger rascal."

The steward's general knowledge, as well as being able to read and write, would have rendered him a valuable acquisition to the rebels, who vainly endeavoured to get him amongst them as one of their leaders; but, besides not being over-fond of fighting, he put no reliance on their promises, and refused to trust them: at the same time he used his strenuous exertions to persuade his brethren on the estate to keep neuter and attend to their duties.

The principal portion of the force in the Cul

de Sac was composed of mulattoes, who, finding that the negroes did not join them, contemplated revenge. Several of the neighbouring planters, whose estates had been devastated, had not time to reach Port au Prince, and knew not where to fly with their families. Some of these found shelter with Madame Brienot, and many who had studiously avoided all intercourse with the widow, on account of her creole blood, were now glad to solicit food to appease the cravings of hunger. But the generous woman forgot her insults in their distress, and not only supplied their wants, but admitted them into her house.

The steward had foreseen the consequences of this humanity, and procured arms to defend the place, should it be attacked, whilst sentinels were nightly posted to give notice of the approach of an enemy. Hamilton was now in his thirteenth year, a bold, resolute lad, whom Quaco consulted on all occasions, and then followed his own plans in such a way as made it appear that they emanated from the boy.

"I do not think they will attack us," said Hamilton, one evening, to a fine little girl about his own age, the daughter of one of the planters; "but if they do, Eulalie—I'll defend you to the last."

"Pauvre petit," returned the spoiled child, "and what can you do against such monsters? they will eat you alive."

"Neber, missy," responded the steward; "him hab big heart and old head—no for suck a guava-jelly spoil him teet; he bite hard for true."

"You are always speaking up for Monsieur Ami," exclaimed the girl; "but you are all niggers alike, and there's no believing you."

"Em no nigger dere for my young massa, missy," returned Quaco, angrily; "him skin more fair dan yourn—no possible for tell who you daddy in dis country; my young massa for me born in England."

"I won't believe it, Quaco," screamed the girl, "you tell me lies; and if you was at Santa Martha, my pa should give you the whip!"

"He neber hab noder whip a' Santa Martha, missy," drily responded the steward, "he whip too much—" but checking himself from the asperity with which he had spoken, he added—"Nem mind, me massa English for all dat."

"Are you English, now, Ami?" asked the girl, petulantly, "or do you only say so because you don't want to obey me?"

"I am English—born in England—at least, I think so," returned Hamilton; "but I will do any thing you wish or request me to do."

"Then you are not a thorough true white," answered the girl, "or you would only do what you pleased."

"And I shall do what pleases me, when I serve you, Eulalie," uttered the boy, with feelings of honest pride.

"Dere, missy, wharra you tink now?" inquired Quaco, as his dim eyes were lighted up with unusual gratification. "Darra English all ober—darra country for me, neber lib like crab in a bush, or like raat in a cane patch. Ebery ting someting good in England; and dere nig-

ger be born de genelman, in a white craavat and top boot !"

"You only say these things to vex me," persevered the girl; and then calling to her brother, she said "Come here, Henri; now isn't Ami a mulatto ?"

"Certainly he is," responded the brother, a youth of fourteen, pale and emaciated through over-indulgence; "certainly he is; I wonder he presumes to sit down in the presence of a white lady."

"I would stand with pleasure, to gratify Miss Eulalie," said Hamilton, "not because she is a *white* lady, but because she is a female, and we are bound to love and defend them."

The youth curled his nose and lip with contempt, as he uttered, "A pretty lover and defender truly—go, sir, fetch me my hat, and consider yourself honoured by waiting on me."

Hamilton hesitated, as his pride revolted against the command, and he was about to give a peremptory refusal; but better feelings came

over him, and he was going to fetch the hat, when Quaco shouted, in English, "Tan lily bit, massa, me go for him cocoa-nut case;" and the disdainful black soon re-appeared with the hat, which he presented to the youth.

"That's right, old baboon visage," exclaimed Henri, as he maliciously kicked the steward's shins. "Go! get one plaster."

The rage of Quaco was vented in words, but not so with Hamilton—he grasped the youth by the collar, and shook him vehemently, whilst both he and his sister seemed paralysed by terror. "You are a guest under the roof of my benefactress," exclaimed the excited lad, "or I would teach you what it is to feel pain yourself, by inflicting proper punishment. Henceforward I look upon you as a poltroon and a coward."

"Eh! my Garamercie, massa," said Quaco; "he no wonder for nigger 'volt and turn a evolution spose get such usage."

"What is this noise, Henri," exclaimed a lady, entering the room in affright; "you

should remember you are not at Santa Martha."

"We know it and feel it, mawma," drawled Eulalie, as she ran crying to her mother. "Henri did but just touch the old nigger, and Ami wanted to beat him for it."

The lady's face reddened with anger as she exclaimed, "The cruel brutes—oh! my dear children, when shall we be in safety?"

"Now touch me, if you dare," shouted Henri, with vindictive spite, as he aimed another kick at the steward; but Hamilton was too quick for him, and darting forward, he caught him by the heel, and sent him sprawling on his back.

No thirsty tiger let loose upon its prey could pounce with greater fury than the lady did upon poor Hamilton; but the exertion overpowered her animal spirits, and she fell upon the floor in strong hysterics. Eulalie and her brother indulged themselves in shrieking "Murder!" but offered no assistance whatever to their fallen mother, nor did they indeed know what to do,

as they had never been accustomed to think or to act for themselves; but Hamilton unhesitatingly stooped down and rendered what aid he could, whilst Quaco ran to the sideboard for a goblet of water, but by mistake snatched up a decanter of port wine, which he emptied over her face.

The screaming brought the lady's husband, who, not having recovered from the horrible spectacles he had witnessed, was still under the influence of alarm, and when he saw his wife prostrate, and her dress apparently saturated with blood, and a negro kneeling over her—his mind was instantly filled with terrific images: darting forward, he caught old Quaco by the neck and threw him backward, whilst the children came clinging round their father's knees, still vociferating "Murder! murder!"

"She is in a fit," said Hamilton, as he rose up. "I will hasten to Madame Brienot, and summon the servants." This he immediately performed, at the same time relating to the widow

every incident that had occurred. The lady was at length restored, and conveyed to her bed, where the children cowered near her; and the husband sought, in vain, to induce the kind hostess to inflict punishment on Hamilton or Quaco, who, when by themselves, laughed heartily over the adventure, though the waste of the wine went sadly against the steward's conscience.

Evening was closing in, when the youth, accompanied by Quaco, rode round the grounds, to see that the sentries were properly posted, as there had visibly been some stir amongst the negroes in the plain during the afternoon. He spoke kindly and encouragingly to the slaves, exhorted them to resistance, should any attack take place, and received assurances that they would act faithfully and boldly to the last. Nor was it long before they gave positive proofs of their sincerity; for scarcely had the youngster sat down to make his report to Madame, when a discharge of musketry, in the cotton grounds, gave intimation of the approach of the enemy,

who had eluded the vigilance of those upon the watch—or, what is more probable, had contrived to steal up during the day, and conceal themselves amongst the trees. The negro at the gates had detected them and fired, and drew upon himself a volley in return.

All was now terror and dismay amongst the inmates of the house, who huddled together in the hall in a state of distraction. Madame Brienot was cool and collected, as she vainly strove to appease the minds of her guests, and urged the men to resistance, whilst Hamilton collected all kinds of offensive weapons to place in their hands. To Henri he offered one of his own pistols: but the terrified youth shrunk back and clung round the neck of his "mawma," who shuddered and recoiled at the idea of her darling handling so dangerous a warlike instrument.

"Em daam for Jacksonapes coward, Monsieur Ami," said Quaco, in English; "Garamercie me massa no tan for darra piccaninny babby—

nigger sal hab him bum-by for make pepper pot."

The assailants approached nigher to the dwelling, when the domestic slaves, each armed with his musket, and having the whites amongst them, took post in the bush, that screened their huts from being seen from the residence—but as the results were of a meritorious character, they are certainly deserving of a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

"Fire in de mountain!—run, boy, run!"

The residence of the "Solitaire" has already been described as situated at the summit of an eminence, commanding a very extensive panorama of the surrounding country. An artificial mound had been raised about the basement, so as to form a terrace on each side, tastefully ornamented with beautiful tropical flowers, as well as with the most delicate of the productions of Europe, which here found a genial temperature. Roses bloomed in rich perfection by the side of the magnolia; and the parterre, when seen at a short distance, resembled the multitudinous dyes of the rainbow.

The ascent to the terrace, back and front, was by a flight of twelve stone steps, with vases and statues of marble at their extreme ends, round which the creeping plants entwined themselves, and hung their variegated flowers, as natural ornaments to the works of art. The negroes did not much like the figures; there was too close a resemblance to the human form for the stony inertness of those corpse-like limbs to satisfy their minds, and few could be found with sufficient hardihood to pass them after night had spread its gloom over creation—for then they stood out with their whiteness in bold relief from the dark back-ground, and the leaves and flowers that encircled them made a whispering, fluttering noise, as they waved to and fro in the breeze.

For several days previously to the expected attack, Hamilton and Quaco had been particularly busy digging a trench at the bottom of the steps in front; and in this, after nightfall, they placed several iron pots, well charged with

gunpowder, rammed in as tight as possible, with a short fusee to each. Combustibles were thickly strewn to fill up, and an excellent train laid—the whole of the trench being again covered over with broken bottles, pieces of iron hoop, and such like missiles, well stamped and rolled down, to give greater force to an explosion. Holes were also bored in the steps to some depth, and communications made with the chambers, which were loaded with two or three bullets each.

When the reports of the fire-arms announced the attack upon the dwelling, Hamilton and the steward carefully inspected and renewed the trains; and they also arranged the marble figures along the top of the steps, each having a blue light affixed, so as to appear holding it in the hand. Gunpowder and light combustibles were thickly strewed beneath, so as to ignite the lights as soon as the blaze ascended.

"Garamercie me, massa," said Quaco, giving a last look at his preparations, "dem black

nigger tink Jumbee sal hab ebery one when he see 'em debbil for true."

"They are close at hand, Quaco," said Hamilton, taking up his small rifle. "Away—away, old man; get into the bush, and don't let a shot be fired till you see the effects of our scheme. You shall have a good light, Quaco, presently."

"An me massa tan here for daam blaack rascal to kill?" uttered Quaco, imploringly.

"No, no, old man; I shall lie down behind this pedestal," returned Hamilton; "see, I have extended the train to it."

"Piddlestal, massa!" said Quaco, as he looked at the spot where the youth was crouching. "Em piddlestal no keep you from de fire in de bush."

And this was true—for Hamilton, in his eager desire to repel the foe, had forgotten that he would be exposed to the fire of his friends, though partially screened from that of the advancing enemy. "You are right, Quaco,"

responded he; "but still something must be done. If I leave this, the train cannot be fired, and all our plans will be frustrated. They are close here; I can hear them tread. Run, old man; point out my situation to your party, and do not let a musket be presented till you see me retreating into the house. Do you understand?"

"Eees me, massa," returned the steward, still lingering between affection for the youth and fear of meeting the revolters; "me do your orders good dis time." A shot whistled past him. "Garamercie! dem nigger in a bush fire, spose me no dere;"—and he ran to the party that laid concealed.

The insurgent leaders were surprised when they met with no opposition, and began to imagine that the house was deserted, the inhabitants having escaped down the other side of the hill. Gateaud, the negro chief, found it difficult to repress his men from at once rushing forward, and commencing the work of plunder

and devastation—for he himself suspected an ambush, and could not believe that a house so famed as it was for having many massive services of plate, should at once be abandoned without any shew of resistance. But the rebels were too little acquainted with military discipline to pay much attention to command, or to suppose that they would be permitted to advance thus quietly if there was any party strong enough to oppose them. Not a light was to be seen in the house, for Madame Brienot and the females had quitted it by the back entrance; and about twenty negroes were distributed amongst the rooms in front, with orders not to fire till they were commanded to do so.

Not a sound was heard, but an occasional shout, or a shot, from the negroes who defended the cotton plantation below, and the noise made by the assailants in their advance. Already several of them had emerged from among the trees, and offered a fair mark for the musket, had there been light enough to shew more than

their mere position; but still every thing continued perfectly quiet about the house. The main body was now exposed and without shelter; but their dark skins, mingled with the shades of the shrubbery in the back-ground, prevented them from being discerned by the slaves in the bush. Hamilton, however, could clearly distinguish the whole; and his young heart beat tumultuously as he saw them cautiously advance, and pour a volley into the house—the balls whistling fearfully on each side and above him, some of them ringing against the pedestal of the statue behind which he laid concealed. A flush of feverish excitement burned upon his cheeks; his small hands trembled, as he anxiously waited for the moment to fire the train; and a sickening sensation crept upon his heart, as the thought of failure crossed his mind.

But very little time was allowed him to continue thus. The volley of the assailants had not been answered—all remained in tranquil silence, till the insurgents, fully satisfied that the place

was undefended, rushed for the steps. The appearance of the marble figures deterred them for the moment from ascending—for they were distinctly visible, standing, in spectre-like attitude, to oppose their way; and negro superstition gave them a character of supernatural horror. The rebels came huddling thickly together over the mine. Hamilton saw the period for action had arrived. In an instant, little streams of hissing fire were seen running in various directions, to the great terror of the insurgents. The combustibles beneath the figures ignited and blazed up, setting fire to the blue lights, that cast a spectral hue upon the statues, and threw a strong illumination on every object that surrounded them.

A wild cry of fright arose from the assailants—the very steps dealt out death amongst them—when suddenly a loud explosion was heard, and mangled bodies and shattered limbs were tossed into the air, whilst a destructive fire came streaming from every window of

the house, and every bush and tree in its neighbourhood. As in most such cases, those who were in the rear, not knowing what was going on in front, pressed forward to ascertain, and thus became exposed to their opponents, till the heaps of dead and dying kept constantly accumulating.

Gateaud, dressed in a blue uniform, richly embroidered, with a scarlet sash wound round his waist, rushed up the steps and caught sight of the retreating Hamilton, at whom he presented his rifle and fired. The boy fell, and the giant, waving his monstrous cocked hat, cheered on his men to the attack, and boldly led the way without looking behind him. Hamilton was striving to crawl away, when the rebel chief approached, with his rifle clubbed, to finish by a blow what the shot had left incomplete. The youth raised himself upon one knee, but fell again; yet still he grasped his piece firmly in his hand, and, just as the butt of his enemy was swinging forward to descend upon his head, the

ball from Hamilton's rifle passed through Gateaud's skull; the instrument of death flew like a meteor from his grasp, and the herculean body of the chief was propelled with heavy violence on the wounded lad. No one had dared to follow their leader; the negroes hastily retreated down the mountains, pursued by the slaves of the plantation. The victory was complete.

"My Garamercie, who for dis here!" exclaimed Quaco, as he beheld the prostrate chief lying upon his face, and almost covering the nearly insensible youth. "Massa ossifer, no?—he go for dead, too!" and the steward shuddered at the idea of being so near a corpse.

"Quaco," murmured Hamilton, hoarsely, but faintly, as he recognized the presence of his black friend.

"Eh!—hark 'em dere—de dead man peak-a me!" uttered the trembling steward, as he started back; "he sabby me name, too; oh, Garamercie! what sal me do?"

"Enlevez-moi, mon ami," said Hamilton, in the same huskiness of tone, and unable to move.

"He tella me for lift him up!" exclaimed Quaco, in great alarm. "Wharra for him dead ossifer do here peak-a me? Here, Monsieur Saam, Monsieur Jacques! where dem daam ace-o'-club-nose nigger gone?"

"Oh, mon Dieu—mon Dieu!" uttered Hamilton, whose ideas had become bewildered from the pain of his wound and the stunning blow he had received in the giant's fall. "Quaco, donnez-moi à boire."

"Well, him debbil dere for true!" ejaculated the steward, making up his mind to run away; "de dead man want for drink; me daddy, wharra dis?"

"Where am I, Quaco?" said Hamilton, in English, and more in his own tone of voice; "I have been asleep, I think. What is this on the top of me?"

"Haang de debbil!" exclaimed Quaco, more terrified than ever; "dis beat ebery ting.

Here boy! missy for me! Saam! Nanchy! Pluto! Jacques! Wenus! Amaranthe!—where you all got?" and again he shouted over the names at the top of his voice, as he verily believed he was beset by infernal spirits.

"What ails you, old man?" said Hamilton; "I remember every thing now. Take this rebel rascal off me," and he struggled into view so as to be seen by the steward.

"Me Garamercie! me young massa!" exclaimed the negro, dimly comprehending how the case stood; "me look ebery where somewhere for you all dis time. How de debbil you get dere, eh? Here, Saam, Jacques—where 'em nigger gone?"

"Never mind where they are, Quaco," said Hamilton, impatiently; "roll this body off me—I am almost suffocated with his weight."

"Him French ossifer, Monsieur Ami," returned the steward, as he drew back with repugnance from the corpse; "he dead man!"

"Dead or alive," said Hamilton, vexed at

the conduct of the man, "you are an old fool not to release me from the incumbrance. Do it at once, or I will never speak to you again!"

Thus urged, Quaco tried with his foot to turn the huge body over, but without avail; and, at last, half maddened and driven to extremity by Hamilton's revilings, he stooped down, and, with his utmost strength, turned the corpse face upwards. "Em daam nigger, for true, massa!" exclaimed the steward, contemptuously, as the colour of the skin was exposed to view; "how he come here?"

"I killed him," said Hamilton, quietly; "and he fell on the top of me as I laid wounded in the leg. I fear, Quaco, it is broke."

"Em broke!" shrieked the steward; "massa leg broke?—dat nigger for break him?" and he gave the senseless body a kick; "nem mind, he dead now—leg for massa get well again."

"Now lift me in your arms, Quaco, and carry me to my room," said Hamilton, who was suffering much pain. The negro complied, and, as

the youth looked down upon his fallen enemy he added, "Yes, old man, he is dead enough—it is the chief Gateaud!"

"Gateaud!" exclaimed the steward, nearly dropping his burthen at that dreaded name, which had excited universal terror by the number of horrible atrocities its owner had perpetrated; "Gateaud!" repeated he; "dépêchez, donc—p'rhaps him no for dead now!" and he hastened off to the house.

Stretched upon his comfortable bed, Hamilton was more at his ease, and Madame Brienot, exulting at the defeat of the enemy, attended him with truly maternal kindness. From the moment of the widow's return, after the retreat of the assailants, her first inquiry had been for the youth, and she had directed every search to be made for him; but, as he could not be found, it was supposed he had gone after the run-away foe. Quaco's discovery had, however, relieved her mind in one sense, though the wounded state of the lad greatly alarmed her fears.

The return of the party, who had pursued the fugitives, showed that but few of them were injured, whilst the number of slain amongst the insurgents was very great, and there could not be a doubt but they would be still more disheartened when they heard of the fate of their brave and daring chief, whose life they believed had hitherto been preserved by a charm.

Welcome was the intelligence to Madame Brienot of the intrepidity and courage which young Hamilton displayed. The sword of the fallen chief, a superb, richly-mounted sabre, with all his appointments, were brought to the youth, and placed at his disposal; and the numerous guests, who occupied the building, all united in his praise.

But the brave lad laid on his bed, suffering great pain; the ball had broken the small bone of his leg completely in two, and passed out at the opposite side to its entrance. Surgery was but little cultivated in that district, but the bone was set by the individual who doctored the

negroes, aided by Quaco, who had some experience in such matters—the inflammation subsided, and he was doing very well.

The repulse given to the rebels, together with the death of Gateaud, led to amicable arrangements between the whites and the people of colour. Peace was, for a time, restored; but wherever the eye turned nothing was to be seen but plantations laid waste, buildings in ashes, and hundreds reduced to misery and want. The French commissioners, Santhonax, Polverel, and others, arrived, and it was not long before the smouldering flame again burst forth, and hostilities were renewed—the commissioners secretly tampering with the negroes to demand their freedom. Nor was this climax tardy in its approach—the slaves were declared free, and they embraced the boon to the most unlimited extent of nature in its wildest state. The *Code Noir* had indeed been framed for their future government; but the negro idea of freedom amounted to self-will, unfettered by any restraint whatever. They knew nothing of codes—they

had suffered persecution, and were determined to retaliate upon those who had inflicted punishment. Every white man that did not escape was murdered—the females were reserved for a less enviable doom before the seal of death was impressed upon their fate.

At the outset the slaves on Solitaire adhered most faithfully to their mistress; but the force of example, coupled with the declaration of entire freedom, soon made them neglect their work, and a life of wild and lawless plunder offered too strong an inducement to abandon the estate. Party by party they quitted the delightful spot, a few only remaining to cultivate the plantain and fruit grounds for their own subsistence, and to pass the residue of their time in voluptuousness and indolence. Of the domestic slaves at the residence of Madame Brienot, only Quaco and another or two remained—the whole of the women left her, nor did they go empty-handed, for each, without restraint, took what she pleased.

Thus situated, Madame Brienot found it

absolutely necessary to quit the habitation that she loved, and remove, with the residue of her property, into Port au Prince, where she already possessed several good houses, and her servants accompanied her as to a place of refuge. The distinction between the whites and the coloured people was rapidly breaking away, though they still looked upon each other with eyes of jealousy and hatred. But now it was no uncommon thing to see a negro (who not long before had been a slave) dressed in splendid uniform, and well mounted, riding through the town—his perfumed white cambric handkerchief stuck in the breast of his coat, a handsome plume of real ostrich feathers flowing in profusion from his cocked hat, and a superb sabre, with a sheath encased in crimson velvet, hanging by his side, whilst he applied his whip to the shoulders of many a former fellow-labourer to clear them out of his way.

Oh, tyranny! whatever colour thou may'st assume, still thou art predominant in the

human breast; and the being who may suffer from the operations of thy influence to-day, will exercise thy unholy sway to-morrow, should power afford him the opportunity. Sterne's negro had suffered persecution, and learned mercy. Doubtless, the picture is pretty, and a gem—pretty, because, it paints from imagination rather than reality—a gem, for it is unique. I am getting an old man now, and, through many years of arduous service, I have almost invariably found that the most severe commanders are those who came in at the hawse-holes—or, in other words, were raised from before the mast; and the greatest cruelties on board a slave-ship have been practised by those negroes who have been placed as overlookers of the rest.

But to proceed with my tale. Hamilton, through several weeks of confinement, remained stationary on his bed; and though he endured great pain and stiffness, through the unchangeableness of his position, yet, in the end, he

reaped his reward, for the fractured limb united, and became firm, and in three months he was able to walk about with the aid of crutches, which, after two months more, were thrown aside, and in another he moved along as firm as ever. His prowess at the Solitaire had been talked of, and applauded by the colonists, but remained unnoticed by the commissioners, who viewed the widow and all belonging to her with a jealous eye, which at length determined her to embark for France, whither she had already remitted ample funds to enable her to pass the residue of her days in affluence.

Thus determined, she lost no time in putting her scheme into execution, and obtaining a passage in a vessel that was about to sail; her plate and valuables were sent aboard,—to be immediately landed again, and consigned to the coffers of the commissioners. Hamilton and Quaco embarked, and the widow was on the point of following, when she was suddenly

arrested, and subsequently made prisoner in her own house, whilst the vessel purchased her anchors, and was soon under a cloud of canvas, rounding Cape Nicholas Mole, and pushing between San Domingo and Cuba.

The suddenness of their departure aroused the angry feelings of Hamilton; but, he was powerless to act, and, to do the captain every justice, he warmly commiserated his situation, and assured him that he had been compelled to put instantly to sea, under the penalty of being sunk by the batteries in case of refusal. Quaco was inconsolable; for though he would have devoted any thing but his life to the service of Hamilton, yet he was strongly attached to his mistress, and he feared something fatal had happened to her, for the real facts of the case were unknown to all. Nor was the captain a dishonest man, as he, without hesitation, placed whatever of Madame Brienot's had been saved from the grasp of the commissioners entirely at the disposal of

Hamilton, who he believed to be the widow's son, and he also refunded part of the passage money that had been paid to him for the lady's cabin.

The breeze was fresh as they made the windward passage, and Hamilton watched, with an almost broken heart, the fading island as it sunk lower and lower beneath the curve of the horizon, till at sunset only a blue outline was visible, which soon disappeared in the gloom of evening. But he still continued on the deck, gazing towards the quarter where he had last seen it, and when darkness covered the face of the sky and ocean, his oppressed and surcharged heart found relief in tears.

The night grew misty, and 'Le Bon Mari' (the name of the brig) hugged the wind, to make the island of Inague, under the hope of having daylight the following morning, to run out amongst the numerous rocks and small islands into the open ocean. She was none of the best

of sailers when close-hauled, and as the wind was light she made but little way. The eastern-most point of Cuba was dimly visible, and all seemed snug and safe; when, suddenly, a bright flash, followed by the booming report of a gun, indicated the presence of a vessel on the weather bow; yet nothing could be seen to confirm such an idea—no sail lifted itself above the horizon, nor was there the slightest appearance of a craft of any description.

"It was a clap of thunder," said the French captain, raising himself from the painful position in which he had been earnestly straining his eyes; "we shall have a tempest!"

"'Em no tunder, massa," argued Quaco, who had stood with his arms folded, and looking anxiously at Hamilton.

"Not thunder, Mr. Ivory?" retorted the captain, as if offended with the liberty the negro had taken; "but I say it was thunder; and there's a storm brewing to windward—what should you know about thunder?"

"Noting, massa," responded the African, with a deep affectation of humility; "me poor nigger, neber know noting," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think it is, Quaco?" said Hamilton, in English, as the captain walked forward to give directions to his mate, to make preparations for resisting the expected gale.

"What me tink, Monsieur Ami?" responded Quaco, "p'rhaps, like massa captain, you b'lieve me sabby noting."

"This is no time for nonsense, old man," remonstrated the youth; "I know you judge from experience; was it thunder, or not?"

"Eh me massa, wharra for you angry? em no tunder, den," answered the negro, pettishly; "we leab em daam nigger on a hiland where massa kill him blaack rascal, for jomp out o' de fire into de fry-pan, no!"

"You talk in riddles, Quaco," said Hamilton, as he rose impatiently, and took a turn or two on the quarter-deck; "if you don't choose to tell me, let it alone."

"And what do you make of it now?" said the captain, again coming aft, and addressing the negro, "was it thunder, or not?"

Hamilton stopped in his walk to listen to the African's reply; and was both surprised and vexed when he heard him say, "Yes, massa, me tink him tunder, 'spose massa pleases."

"Ay, I knew that well enough," said the captain, in a more good-humoured tone; "to be sure it was thunder, though it sounded very much like the report of a gun."

"Bery much like a gun, massa," assented the negro, with a sort of low chuckling laugh that reached Hamilton's ears, though it passed unobserved by the busy bustling captain, who was carefully scanning the aspect of the heavens.

"You are practising deception, Quaco," whispered Hamilton, angrily; "why do you not give him your honest opinion at once?"

"'Tan littly bit saftly, massa," returned the negro, in the same low tone; "he like Jew, neber believe 'spose he no see em!"

"We have generally such intimations," said

the captain—"they give us warning; and the oppressive heat of the atmosphere also tells me we shall have a hurricane."

"Dere him come den, massa!" exclaimed Quaco, with startling vehemence, as he pointed broad away upon the weather bow, where two raking masts, with all their gossamer webs, were traced against the sky, but not a stitch of canvass could be seen.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" ejaculated the captain, as he clenched his hands together—"it is a pirate!" and, springing to the tiller, he jammed it hard up.

The bows of the Bon Mari fell gracefully off from the wind, and as she felt more and more its propelling power filling her sails, so was her speed accelerated, till the foam threw up its brilliant gems beneath her forefoot, and left a sparkling track of light in her wake.

"Dere more tunder, massa!" said Quaco, as a sudden flash illumined the horizon on the brig's quarter, and the booming of a

heavy gun was heard, though where the shot went was not so easily ascertained.

"Silence! you coast o'Guinea devil," responded the captain, with anger and vexation at being overreached. "Don't stand there, but go and lend the people a hand to make sail."

"Em sailor know best for dat, massa, "said Quaco, quietly; "but 'spose massa like me take de tiller."

"What! can you steer?" inquired the captain, doubtingly; and then turning to Hamilton, he asked him, "Is that the fact, young gentleman—does your servant understand the helm? Remember, we are now running for our lives."

"I believe he can steer," answered the youth; "he tells me he has been several years trading amongst the islands."

"I will trust him, then," said the captain, mournfully; "every hand is of great importance to us in this crisis, and, if you will condescend to pull a rope with us"—

"I am ready to do any thing you wish," assented the youth; "only instruct my ignorance, and you will find me active and willing."

"For the present, stand by the binnacle," returned the affrighted man, "and see that your servant keeps her head undeviatingly to that point of the compass," (directing his attention to it;) "whilst I go forud, and get the studn'sels on her." He looked out abaft —"Sacre! there flutters the schooner's topsel in the wind, and now it is as stiff as a board —she is making sail, and, I fear, we have not the shadow of a chance to escape."

Quaco quietly stationed himself at the tiller, as the captain ran forward to encourage his people; and Hamilton placed himself as directed, his eye alternately directed to the compass in the binnacle and the stranger that was in hot pursuit.

"Em picaroon, for true, me massa," said the African, attending most rigidly to his steer-

ing, so that the card scarcely vibrated on either side of lubber's point. "As for run away, neber see de day, him come along bum-by like horse—and dere go 'em tunder again."

A bright flash was followed by a peculiar whistling sound, that passed close to Hamilton and the negro; and then a loud report succeeded. Quaco bobbed down his head, as a tortoise draws his snout under his shell, and for the first time the brig gave a slight yaw. "You are not keeping your course, Quaco," said Hamilton, angrily; "either resign the helm, or pay more attention."

"Ees, massa," answered the negro, trembling with fright, "but you no hear de hurricane peak dere;" and he tried to laugh. "Em poor nigger sabby noting."

It was pretty evident that the vessel in chase was making sail, and, unless a cruiser or some miracle intervened, it was equally certain that the brig must fall into their hands; nevertheless, the captain and the crew bestirred them-

selves most diligently, and every bit of cloth that would catch a breath of wind was packed upon her.

"I can do no more," said the captain, taking the tiller from the negro's hand; "I have done my best; yet, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! we shall all have our throats cut."

Hamilton leaned over the taffrail, and watched the approaching schooner. "Is it not strange, Quaco, that he does not fire again?" inquired he.

"He no want, for man-o'-war buckra hear him peak, massa," responded the black; "an he sabby bery well, he come along saftly, saftly, for catchee we; Garamercie, but em Cuba pirate hab sharp knife and no conscience."

"What had we best do, Quaco?" said the youth. "I suppose resistance would be useless, there are, doubtless, so many of them."

"Bery true, massa, and we no hab de iron pot here for blow 'em up," answered Quaco, assuming an indifference he was very far from

feeling. "Eh, how dem nigger jump darra time."

"I do not wish to recall the remembrance of that horrible evening," said Hamilton, shuddering; "they brought it upon themselves; whilst these fellows will massacre us in cool blood because we are defenceless."

"Here, massa," whispered the steward, drawing something mysteriously from beneath his waistcoat, "here piccanninny gun for you," and he put into the hands of the youth a brace of pistols, presented to him by Madame Brienot.

"I fear these will be useless, Quaco," said Hamilton, shaking his head mournfully, "though I would not wish to die unresistingly, like a coward."

"Ebery ting ob use some time or oder," returned the negro. "'Spose, massa, no shoot em black dog, p'rhaps he shoot em blue monkey —no?—Ah, dis hard times for we."

"I wish I had my rifle handy, Quaco," said the youth, as recollections forced themselves

upon his mind. "Fetch it on deck, old man, and we'll divide the pistols between us."

The steward went below, and soon returned with the weapon, which was carefully deposited inside of an empty hen-coop.

"What are you doing forud?" shouted the captain, as he observed the men very busily employed about some unusual labour between the two masts.

"They're going to get the long-boat out," answered the mate, coming aft to his superior; "they're bent upon it, and Hermann is at their head."

"That must never be," exclaimed the captain eagerly, as a sickening fear ran cold to his heart; "the vessel must not, shall not, be abandoned. Here, coast o' Guinea," addressing Quaco, "take the helm, and steer her steady —hear'ee."

"Ees, massa, me hear em," said the negro, taking hold of the tiller, which the captain resigned; "you see me tick a jib-boom in a muskeeta eye," and he tried to laugh.

"How, men! what is all this?" said the captain, as he went forward; "you shipped for the voyage; will you desert your craft because there may be danger in sight?"

The seamen remained passive for a few minutes, till Hermann, the boatswain, a tall, robust, gigantic Swede, answered—"Why, look you, sir, we shipped in Le Bon Mari to navigate her to Bordeaux, all well and good, and we are ready to do our duty against wind and weather, sea risks, and fair-dealing enemies; but to stop here, with the certainty of being tortured first and have our throats cut afterwards, is no part of the ship's articles."

"What then do you mean to do?" inquired the captain. "I'm still master here, and must and will be obeyed."

"It's of no manner of use trying to top the officer," returned Hermann, with determination. "We have consulted together, because it should not be said by the insurers that you had any hand in it—and we mean to hoist the boat out,

shove off, and let the schooner pass us—then we can up stick, and run for it."

"Bery like a whale in a fisherman trawl," muttered Quaco to his young master, as every word that was uttered could be distinctly heard.

"It will never do," said the captain, despondingly; "besides, the act would be premature—we are not yet certain of the character of the vessel in chase—she may be a cruiser."

"You know better, captain," returned the boatswain, as he laid hold of the tackle and hooked it on to the boat abaft. "No British or French cruiser would be lying under bare poles in the open ocean. Look at the cut of her topsel and the rake of her mast—the ring of the shot came from a long brass gun."

"Perhaps a Spanish *guarda coasta*," urged the captain, persuasively, though he felt in his own mind the fallacy of his argument. "It is most likely a *guarda coasta*—they are constantly practising such tricks."

"We have not time to dispute, sir," said the

boatswain, firmly. "I shall take it upon my own head—if she is a friend, we can come back again in safety; but if she is what you and I assuredly believe her to be, it will be of no use to shove off when she's alongside—sway away upon the staytackles, men."

"This is mutiny," shouted the captain, in a voice of desperation. "Boy, bring me my pistols—I will shoot the first man who disobeys. This is rank mutiny."

"Now me, massa, take care o' piccaninny gun," whispered Quaco to Hamilton, "tan littly minute you see em bum-by."

"It is not mutiny, captain," responded Hermann, firmly but respectfully—"it is not mutiny, but self-preservation—we are willing to encounter any thing but rascally pirates, who will shew us no mercy for not bringing-to. If the brig was beating to pieces on the rocks, would you have us stick by her and be drowned, when there was a chance of getting safe, ashore?"

"Certainly not," answered the captain,

promptly, "no one in his senses could expect such a thing. But the cases are widely different; the brig is not on the rocks—there is no fear of her going to pieces."

"She will very soon be in one of the creeks of Cuba, or at the bottom," returned Hermann; "and it will be of no use telling the knife not to cut when you feel the sharp edge scraping your throat. It's for self-preservation, captain—self-preservation—and you can't blame us. High enough, men; haul taut the yard-tackles."

"But you are finding the longitude without making proper calculations," urged the captain; "when you quit the brig, she will run into the wind and catch aback—the schooner will instantly suspect the cause, and will not suffer a soul of you to escape, as you cannot get far away."

"I've thought of that," returned the boatswain. "One man must remain aboard, to keep her in her course."

"And who do you expect will be so self-

devoted?" asked the captain, as an inkling of the other's meaning flashed across his mind.

"Self-devoted!" exclaimed Hermann, with a laugh of derision: "No, no, its out of natur, captain, to expect a shipmate to do such a thing; but a dark-skinned nigger, who is no better than a superior sort of ourang-outang, you know——"

"You for daam rascal, Monsieur Rangoo Tang!" interrupted Quaco, unable to suppress his indignant feelings, and instantly becoming fully sensible to the boatswain's intentions; "You Rangoo Tang, yousef, for one white-libber nigger!"

"Let him blow his squall out," said the Swede; whilst Hamilton's heart swelled, almost to bursting, with rage at the horrible proposal. "Ease off the stays," continued the boatswain; "lower away, my lads—lower away handsomely—overhaul the stays—bear her off the side—let go of all. Bear a hand and unhook the tackles. Now, boys, for your traps."

During the foregoing conversation the boat had gradually risen from the chocks, and was suspended for a few seconds in a-mid-ships—the tackle from the fore and main yards then lifted her over the gunwale, and soon afterwards a heavy splash in the water announced that she was afloat.

The captain looked over the weather-quarter at the schooner, which was now overhauling the brig very fast—the love of life combatted with his sense of duty to his owners—he wrung his hands, dashed his hat upon the deck, and tore his hair, in the impotence of rage.

"Come, captain," said the boatswain, walking aft, "we are all ready for a start. Young gentleman," addressing Hamilton, "you had better bear a hand into the boat—there's not a moment to be thrown away. And, d'ye hear, you dark angel," turning to Quaco, "keep her steady in her course, or we'll come back and cut you to pieces."

"Many ten tousand tanky," responded the

steward, with seeming indifference. "You see em country come dere?" pointing to the schooner with his chin: "'spose you leab me behind—de helm go hard down, an' me tell em for true where he boat go."

"You will—will you?" exclaimed the boatswain, in a tone of impetuous anger; and returning from the gangway with a heavy handspike in his hand, "You'll split upon us, eh?—then by the holy father I shall stop your mouth before we go, and let the brig take her chance." He raised the weapon—

"Captain, have you lost all humanity and manly courage?" demanded Hamilton, as he rushed before the tall and powerful Swede. "I will not see my servant injured:" he cocked one of the pistols Quaco had given him, and presenting it, added, "Stand back, fellow—offer to strike him, and I will blow your brains out!"

"Oh, very well; very well, young gentleman," said the retreating boatswain, awed by the daring conduct of the youth. "Perhaps you would prefer remaining with him."

"If you refuse to take him in the boat, I certainly shall," responded Hamilton; "he has been everything to me in childhood, and I will not desert him now."

"Oh, no, no, no, me massa," said Quaco, in a voice shaken by emotion; "go—go—what he poor missy in a hiland do, for break her heart—go and leab Quaco—me only poor nigger—me only Rangoo Tang," and he grinned spitefully at the Swede.

The captain walked forward to the gangway, as symptoms of impatience began to be manifested alongside. "This is folly—sheer foolery!" said the boatswain—"we cannot delay. If the black rascal attempts to get into the boat, I will throw him overboard; if he will not steer the craft, and keep her steady in her course, we shall be betrayed; and as die we must, we will return and die aboard the brig, but he shall be the first to fall. And, after all, what is it?—the sacrifice of one for the safety of the rest. Besides, being a nigger, and not supposed to have

nat'ral understanding, he has every chance of not being hurt. Will you go with us, young gentleman, or not?"

"I will not abandon the negro," responded Hamilton, with firmness; "I will stay with him at all hazards, for I honestly tell you, I put more trust in him than I do in you."

"As you please, young man," said the boatswain, turning hastily towards the gangway; but instantly running aft, again exclaimed, "Halloo! what does this mean?"—the boat was dropping rapidly astern—"Sacre nomme! put back for me. By all the infernals, but she's off! —Captain!—mate!—Paulo!—Samson!—they will not hear me, and I am lost!" He threw himself on the deck, grinding his teeth and venting his wrath in imprecations.

When the captain went to the gangway to quell the impatience of the men, he was suddenly caught hold of and dragged in by the mate; and though at first he appeared angry, yet in his heart he rejoiced at the prospect of

being rescued from a horrible death. Whilst waiting for the boatswain, the breeze freshened, for the wind came down in sudden puffs—the brig's speed was considerably increased — the strain on the tow-line became more and more tense, till it parted—the Bon Mari held on her way. The seamen finding themselves clear, got out their oars, and pulled with vigour, utterly disregarding the cries of the boatswain, who had been caught in the trap he designed for the African. She was soon lost sight of in the gloom of night, and Hamilton, Quaco, and the Swede were alone left upon the decks of Le Bon Mari.

CHAPTER VII.

"She driveth on as an eagle would when the lightnings follow him,
And plungeth down till her decks are charged up to the very brim;
And her ports drink in the foaming brine—a dark and maddening stream,
With gurgling sound, and the moan of one who dreams a fearful dream."

HERMANN did not long retain his prostrate position on the deck; he slowly raised himself, and as the light from the binnacle fell upon his countenance, it showed deep traces of despair. His courage—if he ever had any—was entirely evaporated; his mental energies and his animal spirits were completely subdued; the strong man seated himself by the companion, and wept.

"And now, Quaco," said Hamilton, eyeing the boatswain with contempt, "what do you

propose that we should do? our enemies will be aboard directly."

"Me see em, massa," returned the black, with seeming carelessness as to the result; "em low debbil wriggle along like a snake in a guinea-grass."

"Ay, what *shall* we do?" inquired the Swede, in mournful accents, and wringing his hands in fearful anticipation.

"Em nigger neber sabby for know noting," returned Quaco, deliberately, as he steadily eyed the compass, and then began to hum in a low tone—

"Me lose me sooe
In an old canoe,
Johnny, oh! come wind em so;
Me lose me boot,
In a pilot boat,
Oh! my daddy, daddy, oh!"

"Well, well, old man, I own I was wrong; but we should not bear malice," said the boatswain, in a tone of conciliation. "You are used to these seas, and I am not; besides, I confess

my thoughts are bewildered: cannot you think of some means of giving us a chance?"

"How he tink, Rangoo Tang sabby noting," rejoined Quaco, evidently enjoying the other's distress; "Rangoo Tang no for tell em buckra how he skin him banana."

"Don't drive me desperate," exclaimed the Swede, in a hoarse voice; "I own I am dead-beat in manœuvring, and meant to play you a scurvy trick."

"Massa put him finger in a split stick he-sef," returned the African, with a low chuckle; "why he no go down in a hold, and creep in em run, 'spose he can."

"I should soon be discovered there," dissented the Swede, with a shake of his head; "no no—that will never do; besides, they might set the brig on fire."

"Em neber do dat," asserted Quaco; "dey no want for light a beacon to tell him man-a-war buckra come."

"But they may scuttle her," persisted the

boatswain, "and I should be drowned before they took their departure, or else driven from my hiding place to suffer torment."

"All same for dat," said the negro, contemptuously; "Garamercie, you tink for nobody but yousef. Here me young massa — here Rangoo Tang—no?"

"Don't stir my evil passions, old man!" said the boatswain, assuming something like angry fierceness; "it is through you I have been brought into this scrape; and if you urge me further, I will show you what it is to be revenged!"

"Me lose me sooe
In an old canoe,
Johny, oh! come wind 'em so!"

hummed the negro again, to the great irritation of the Swede, who sprang up, and laid hold of the handspike with which he had before threatened the African.

"Silence, you black devil!" commanded he, as he raised the weapon; but Hamilton's pistol

was presented within a foot of his head, and he turned round and once more seated himself by the companion, muttering curses.

"Em horse-trough in a squall, massa," said the negro, addressing the youth; "and, Garamercie! dere go de tunder noder time more!"

Several bright flashes succeeded each other from the schooner; but it was evident, by the reports, that the guns were pointed broad away from the brig, and almost immediately afterwards loud yells and shrieks were borne upon the breeze. The boatswain almost threw his enormous body forward to the bulwark, where his look became intently fixed, as he knelt with his neck extending over the quarter. Again arose another wild cry of despair; whilst the Swede gave way to the indulgence of a demoniac laugh, as he exclaimed, "They've seen the boat—they've hit her, and all will go to the bottom. Now, old man, let go the helm, and do the best you can for yourself. They will believe the brig to be wholly deserted—let go the tiller,

I say!" for Quaco hesitated to obey; "and young gentleman, bear a hand and stow yourself away—they will never believe that a single soul would remain behind—there go her guns again!"

The schooner had evidently discovered the fugitives, though they were no longer visible from the brig, and had taken the means already described to destroy what they considered the whole crew at one stroke. Quaco let go the tiller, as ordered, and the brig deviated wildly in her course, yawing about without guidance and without control. The boatswain ran hastily forward, and they saw no more of him. Quaco advised Hamilton to ascend to the main-top, and lie close and snug, whilst he shifted for himself, according to circumstances. The youth bade the old man an affectionate farewell; and having procured a powder-horn and some bullets, he slung his rifle at his back, and mounted the rigging. When he reached the top, he looked to ascertain if the African or the Swede were to

be seen, but the deck was deserted, and the darkness grew more dense and gloomy.

The breeze, as if conscious that restraint was at an end, pursued its own extravagant antics with the brig, driving her hither and thither in sheer wantonness, whilst the vessel, like a playful colt unwilling to be caught and haltered, seemed by her sepentine wake determined to baffle her pursuer. But onward came the schooner, and, to the eyes of Hamilton, there seemed to be two lofty trees, with their graceful foliage, growing upon an almost imperceptible slip of land, so strange was the comparison between the pirate's long low hull, that scarcely rose above the level of the water, and her tall aspiring spars, with their broad but light spread of duck. Her deck was not brilliantly illuminated, but there was sufficient light streaming from three or four ship's lanterns to enable the youth to perceive that she was full of men, who, like disturbed spirits that troubled the deep, were moving restlessly to and fro.

The random course of the brig rendered it hazardous for the schooner to lay her alongside; the latter, therefore, ran well a-head, and dropped her boat with a boarding party, who were soon on the decks of the Bon Mari, and their first act was, in the middle of a smart puff that swept the ocean, to let go of studding-sail sheets, tacks, and halliards, whilst the clattering of splintered booms and the fluttering of canvas, as it flew to leeward, sounded most unpleasantly to the ears of Hamilton, who, extended in the maintop, had his eye to a small hole, through which some of the top-gallant gear had been rove, and which afforded to his sight partial glimpses of what was going on below, where wild and lawless confusion reigned triumphant amongst a mixture of languages from almost every maritime power under the sun.

Lanterns were glancing about like fire-flies, and their red light had a strange, unnatural appearance as they gleamed upon the rising comb of the sea, whilst the loud and boisterous laugh, the

ribald jest, and the wrathful curse, ascended aloft, mingled with the crashing sounds of breaking open cases and casks, and, as the work proceeded, it became evident that the marauders were indulging their propensities for liquor to an excess that not only threatened the safety of the brig, but even their own lives.

The Bon Mari had been brought to the wind with the main-topsail to the mast, and directly on her weather-beam laid the schooner, with but little canvas abroad. What had become of the negro or the Swede, Hamilton could not conjecture, but he fervently hoped they had found a place of concealment, where they might remain secure till the plunderers were wearied with destruction and quitted the craft. The boats were engaged in removing stores, provisions, and whatever was considered valuable, to the schooner, and the heart of the youth sickened at the apprehension, that probably some one might ascend to the top, and discover him to the demons, who would instantly hurl him into the

ocean, or—what was still more probable—apply the torture before the final act of the tragedy. Several times he felt the shaking of the rigging, as if heavy feet were balanced on the rattlins, and he grasped his rifle, determined to defend himself to the last; but they either descended again, or else it was caused by some sudden transit to the boat.

Upwards of two hours had thus passed in agonized suspense; the breeze continued to freshen, gradually backing round to the north-west; the sea was getting up and curling its head in anger, when all at once a loud shout was heard forward, which in a few minutes was borne aft to the quarter-deck; but what had caused the demonstration Hamilton could not well discover; yet he thought he could distinguish, amidst the demoniac demonstrations of joy, a voice that, in deprecatory mournfulness, was entreating for mercy. Oh, what a moment was that! Could they have found the African, or the Swede?—would they betray his position? were questions that he has-

tily put to himself, as the big round drops oozed from his skin, as evidences of his agony. But a moment's reflection assured him that the Swede had not witnessed his ascent to the top, and, dear as was the love of life in Quaco, yet his betrayal could procure him no beneficial result, and remembrances of the past cheered him, as far as it was possible in his situation to be cheered, that the negro would remain faithful.

At length a partial lull in the storm of human vociferation and strife enabled Hamilton to hear more distinctly and clearly the voice of the boatswain, pleading for his life; but the words were again soon drowned by the renewal of the Babel-like harangues, and the shouts of murderous and infuriated passions. The look of the youth was directed more intently through his observatory, and, dim as his eye had become by agitation and distress, yet now that the numerous lights had gathered round the seeming *mêlée*, and their rays were tending towards one centre, he clearly discerned the gigantic form of the Swede, as,

pinioned and bound hand and foot, he laid extended on the deck, and as a sudden flash from a lantern shone full upon his face, the youth perceived, or thought he perceived, that streams of blood were running down from wounds in the head.

What passed he could not hear; but as several of the villains directed their eyes aloft, he dreaded lest the Swede had excited their suspicions that there were more than himself attached to the vessel remaining in her; but what was said, the increasing whistling of the wind and the loud violent language of the pirates prevented him from distinguishing, though detached words would now and then meet his ear, and he thought that offers of life were made to the boatswain if he would join their band.

At this moment the voice of Quaco was heard in the midst of them. Hamilton was too familiar with the sound to be mistaken, and fearing that he also was about to suffer with the Swede, he incautiously bent over the top brim, to command a better view, whilst his fingers clutched

his rifle with a fearful eagerness, and a tiger-like ferocity was kindling in his heart. To his surprise, however, the negro was free, whilst by his side stood the slight figure of a man, to whom the rest appeared to owe obedience.

"Away with him!" shouted Quaco, in the Spanish tongue; "I am a brother amongst you —your captain knows me well!"

"Let him die the death!" exclaimed the chief: "he is a deserter from our cause, and by the laws which bind us together, he is sentenced. —do you not know Baptiste?"

Lights were instantly flashed in his gory face, and the noise and the shouts of recognition rose, with terrible denunciations, as the wretched man was dragged aft. Again his sonorous voice was heard above the confusion that prevailed, as he implored them to hear him; but Quaco, with a ferociousness approaching to insanity, urged them to instant execution. A running noose was made in one end of the peak down-haul, and passed round the neck of the gigantic Swede,

who, exerting all his might, burst his bonds and stood erect as the rope became taut. Grasping the negro in his arms, he hurled him into the ocean; he was preparing to spring upon another, but he was lifted from his feet, and his body was slowly swayed aloft. He raised his hands above his head, and supporting himself by them, prevented strangulation; still his altitude increased, when, making a sudden spring, he caught hold of the gaff-end, clung round it with his legs, till getting hold of the outer peak halliards, he sat astride the spar with his face towards Hamilton.

A yell, like that of a tortured spirit in the bottomless pit, escaped the Swede as he detected the place of the youth's concealment; he was about to descend into the top, no doubt for the purpose of trying to purchase his own safety by the sacrifice of another. Hamilton crouched down, with his rifle pointed and his finger on the trigger, when the corpulent body of the Swede sprung into the air—a flash and a report came from the deck, and the next instant he was

swinging with great velocity, as he hung suspended by the neck.

Again his hands clutched the rope, and for a minute or two he held fast; but his strength was failing, his senses reeled, and once more he fell, the noose tightening by his weight. Another essay was made—his hands reached the rope, but he could not raise himself; his huge frame became convulsed—his hands fell, and his arms were drawn up; convulsive contortions lifted him by the neck, and in a few minutes the Swede was a corpse.

The firing of the musket which brought down the boatswain was, however, to the surprise of the pirates, answered by one at some distance to windward, and a blue-light and a rocket apprised the marauders that the approaching stranger was most probably a ship of war—not a moment was lost in regaining the schooner, and Hamilton began to breathe more freely, as he saw her make sail and reach away upon the larboard tack. Still he would not stir till she faded away

in the gloom—and even then it was only to raise himself to his knees, and utter a fervent prayer of gratitude for his deliverance.

The body of the Swede still hung at the peak-end, and Hamilton would have gladly lowered it down or cut the rope; but when he reflected that he was now alone, in a large vessel, upon the wide ocean, the dreariness of his situation came heavily upon his heart, and he felt inclined to remain where he was. But the gale was increasing, and something was necessary to be done for self-preservation. He looked towards the place where he had seen the blue-lights, and fancied he could discern an approaching vessel; mustering resolution, therefore, he descended to the deck just as a fierce squall took the main-top-mast over the side, and the head-sails were blown from the yards.

Hamilton knew not the extent of these disasters; he saw the wreck of spars and canvas, and earnestly did he gaze upon what he conjectured was the advancing stranger: he ran aft to

lower the body of the Swede, but when he called to mind the probability of its coming in-board, from which all his physical powers would not be able to eject it, he forbore, and there it hung, oscillating fearfully in its vibration to the motion of the brig. The fancied stranger continued to approach, shewing, however, an unnatural and spectral-like paleness through the gloom. As it neared the brig, it kept expanding upon the surface of the waters, and its aspiring canvas stretched into the very heavens, till it had assumed a dimension that the youth well knew could belong to no ship that had ever been built by the hand of man. Still it came on with terrific speed, spreading wider and wider—a burst of artillery, as if a thousand pieces of cannon had been discharged at once, roared upon the winds, and the whole horizon to windward was lighted up with sheets of vivid flame. Hamilton clung to the rails, as he shouted, "the hurricane! the hurricane!"—the vessel caught the dreadful visitant as it bounded along in its maddened fury—

she reeled to the blast, and heeled over, so that the youth thought that his last hour was come, and his grave was opening to receive him. He looked up at the colossal form of the boatswain, as it was acted upon by the storm, and he saw it shot like an arrow from a bow into the foaming abyss beneath. For an instant its dark outline was seen upon the white froth of the ocean—it rose upon a broken billow, and was tossed partly out of the water as it topped the foaming sea; another mountain-wave rose between it and the brig—Hamilton beheld it no more, and he felt as if a heavy weight had been taken from his breast.

Still the tempest raged with greater fierceness, and meeting with more resistance from forward than abaft, the brig payed off, and careered nearly before it in wild impetuosity. Hamilton did not know how to steer, and if he had known, his strength would not have been adequate to the task; so that he was compelled to remain utterly inactive, clinging to the companion, which he had

been enabled to reach as the vessel rolled, and there he remained through that dark and dreary night, momentarily expecting death.

But the brig was nearly new and perfectly tight; she was also an excellent sea-boat, and though she shipped several heavy seas, nevertheless her buoyancy prevailed; and had there been a skilful hand at the helm, and an occasional jog at the pumps, there was in reality nothing so very alarming to an experienced mind in her condition, beyond the dismantled state of her spars and sails, to which, however, in the present case, Hamilton most probably was indebted thus far for his preservation.

Day gradually broke upon the fearful scene, and as it shewed more plainly to the youth the vast extent of raging ocean by which he was surrounded, so the prospect to him was more cheerless and disheartening than when night veiled the waters from his sight. And yet recollection brought something of a similar nature to his mental vision; he had witnessed such

a spectacle before—nay, he even coupled with it the circumstance of a huge dog, playing with careless glee in the wash of waters; the very name "Neptune" grew familiar to him, though when or where such things had taken place remained a mystery.

The human intellect requires but a hair to lead it on from incident to incident in the train of early associations and affections, and perhaps never is this more the case than when, in the midst of life, we find ourselves apprehensive of the near approach of death. Thus in the moment of his affliction Hamilton experienced a pleasing and a soothing sensation in his heart; the gale and the early dawn had awakened, though he was unconscious of the precise fact, remembrances of the morning when Feaghan held him in his arms on board the cutter, and shewed him the ocean in a storm. Step by step did he retrace his early years, his infantile playmate Ned Jones, his dear little sister Ellen, the fine elderly gentleman who used to caress him

and speak kindly to him, the beautiful animal in the cutter, and then suddenly it flashed upon his memory that Neptune had borne him up when sinking in the waters, and saved his life; even the features of Feaghan were dimly shadowed to his mental vision, as he closed his eyes to shut out exterior objects—and oh! how fervently he wished that the dog was with him now to break the loneliness of his condition!

Whilst thus indulging in reverie, the brig, without guide, without restraint, was suddenly brought by the lee, and a tremendous wave lifting its mighty head as if to crush the little craft, burst with vengeance over her bows, burying her head many feet beneath the oppressive load, and carrying away the bowsprit just outside the stem. The crashing of the spar, the roaring of the waters as they closed round the foremast, and dashed the spray nearly to the very top, terrified the affrighted Hamilton; yet he knew not where to fly, though a prayer sprang spontaneously from his heart for aid in this hour of peril.

The brig struggled to free herself—she rose buoyant on the next wave, and threw up her bows as if in triumph that her adversary had not prevailed; but the foremast no longer had its supporting stay—the weight of top-hamper resting solely on the stability of the stick, quivered for an instant, and the next, as the vessel's head was pointing to the skies, the mast, with its long line of lessening spars, was hurled backwards, and fell with a crash over the quarter, from whence it rolled into the deep. The mainmast being left standing without any balance before, the Bon Mari came steadily to the wind; the wreck of masts and bowsprit by the vessel's drift was thrown athwart the forefoot, and broke the violence of the waves, though there was the hazard of staving-in the bows.

The body of water which carried away the bowsprit rushed aft as the vessel rose; but Hamilton promptly closed the door of the companion, which, being strong and firm, resisted the impetuous torrent, though many tons went

down the hatchways, and the cabin floor was all afloat. The youth, who had placed himself within the companion, was drenched through, and his reason almost gave way as this last catastrophe seemed but a prelude to his final departure. But in a short time every thing grew more tranquil; the vessel was comparatively quiet, as she rolled over the seas, and though occasionally a wave broke over her, yet it was harmless in its effects, and far less terrific in its nature.

Two other enemies now attacked the youth—hunger and fatigue; and, for the first time since the departure of the pirates, he descended to the cabin. The water had drained off from the deck, and left it, though wet, comparatively comfortable as a shelter; it is true that the furniture was busily engaged in rolling about according to the motion of the brig, and there were the remnants of broken bottles, shattered cases, empty trunks, and scattered goods of all kinds, in active hostility with each other.

Hamilton had some difficulty in reaching the lockers abaft without getting his shins bruised: but he could find nothing to eat. He then sought the captain's state-room, and in one of the drawers he discovered the remnant of a dried tongue, and a flask of brandy; from thence he proceeded to a small space, beneath the companion ladder, denominated the pantry, where he obtained some fragments of bread; but that which he desired most, water, he could no where meet with. The brandy then became his last resource, and, after appeasing the cravings of hunger, he swallowed a considerable quantity of the spirit, and, whilst his brain dizzily reeled, he gained the captain's bed-place, and, throwing himself upon it, was soon in a deep, but restless slumber.

When Hamilton awoke he was labouring under a distressing head-ache from the brandy he had drank, and at first he wondered at the situation in which he found himself; but as he shook off the heaviness of sleep, he became but

too sensible of what had occurred, and his heart sank within him at the prospect which burst upon his mental view. Still this was no time to lie down and despair, and therefore, arousing from the lethargy that still weighed upon his faculties, he quitted the state-room and passed through the cabin, (where the silence was thrillingly startling,) from whence he proceeded to the deck. The gale was over—the setting sun was only a few degrees above the verge of the horizon, which was lighted up with a flood of radiant glory—the sea was going down, though it still continued in a long rolling swell, which rendered the brig very restless, as she had nothing aloft to steady her.

Hamilton looked anxiously around, under the hope of discovering a sail, but none could he perceive, though he discerned a hummock of land, and what appeared a cluster of small islands under his lee, the breakers dashing upon the rocks, and throwing up their hoary whiteness to an appalling height. The atmosphere

was warm and clear; the storm had subsided to a light breeze, and, dreary as the loneliness of the youth was, he now began to cherish the love of life more ardently. Whilst daylight yet remained he sought amongst the stores, and found oil and candles, and food, and, as his parched tongue was withering with thirst, he no longer hesitated to descend into the hold for water; but his inexperience prevented his ascertaining which were the right casks, nor could he extract the bungs of any, and he returned to the cabin burnt with the fever of excitement, doubly severe from the privation.

Suddenly he thought of the mess-place of the seamen, which he instantly hastened to, and here he discovered a small cask, securely lashed, from which the bung had been removed; he thrust in his fingers, but they could not reach the liquid, if there was any; he seized a strip of wood, and, plunged it in; his heart palpitated as he drew it forth, and, applying it to his tongue, he ascertained that it was vinegar. The

drops that he contrived to extract were extremely refreshing, but still they could not satiate his thirst, and once more he essayed to search for the only element that could allay the torture he was enduring. With an axe in his hand he again went into the hold, and, splitting the upper staves of several casks, he at length discovered what he sought for, and a cry of joy was uttered to which there came no response. The youth laid himself down, and applied his mouth to the water, so eager was he to possess his prize; he drank long and deliciously of the pure element, and then, fetching several empty jars and bottles, he filled them with the liquid, and carried them away to the cabin.

Some plantains that were suspended abaft offered him an excellent nutriment, could he contrive to make a fire; and this, after much pain and labour, he accomplished in the caboose by means of some linen, which was ignited by gunpowder from his pistol, pieces of tarred parcelling, rope-yarns, and, ultimately, wood.

His plantains were roasted, and he made an efficient meal, qualifying it with a mixture of vinegar, water, and brandy, sweetened by sugar.

The sun went down in all the pride of majesty, tinging the ocean with its golden hues; but Hamilton was too busily engaged to witness the gorgeous spectacle, and it was not till twilight had deepened into darkness that he stood upon the deck and called to remembrance all that had taken place since he quitted San Domingo, and contemplated the probability of what might yet occur. His ruminations were painfully distressing; the stillness that prevailed made him shudder; his association with the negroes had instilled some of their superstitions in his mind, and he was upon the wide ocean in a wreck—alone.

To divert this train of thinking, the youth trimmed the binnacle lamp to the best of his ability; he placed a candle in a lantern, and suspended it in the rigging, and, having supplied more fuel to his fire, he wrapped himself in

whatever covering he could procure, and laid himself down upon the deck; for whilst he could see the stars glittering above his head he did not experience that entire desolation which depressed his spirits in the gloom of the captain's state-room. But he could not sleep; hour after hour he continued to retain his position, except for a few minutes that he was employed in seeing to his fire or renewing the lighted candle in the lantern; and, having completed his task, he gave an ardent gaze round the horizon.

Towards morning, however, exhausted nature gave way, and sleep took possession of his faculties. At first his dreams were terrifying, and he frequently started up in alarm; but calmer feelings stole over him, and then the visions of his slumbers were of a soothing and pleasing kind, and he enjoyed a tranquil repose, from which he was awoke by the roar of waters, and springing to his feet, he found the brig close to a ledge of rocks, over which the waves were wildly breaking, whilst within them was a small

island, or key (as they are called in the West Indies), rising in the highest part to about forty feet from the level of the ocean, and looking like a green oasis in the desert.

It was broad daylight, and the vessel was rapidly hurrying into the boiling and roaring vortex that threatened to rend her plank from plank, and scatter the fragments into shapeless masses. Hamilton beheld the dreadful spectacle with dismay—the pangs of death were already upon him, though in the full enjoyment of health and vigour; the horrible noise of the turbulent waters, as they seemed eager to carry their prey onwards to destruction, was strangely contrasted with the stillness on board the brig; while the smooth and tranquil surface of the ocean between the ledge of rocks and the island, appeared like a haven of safety, which the youth despaired of ever reaching.

Every swell bore the devoted vessel still nearer to her doom, and the sea-birds came screaming round her—sometimes alighting on the rigging,

and then flying away again as if they feared to remain by the fated craft. Hamilton gazed on the island, and its refuge seemed to mock the pangs his heart endured; he had no expectation of quitting the brig alive, yet he deemed it right to use every effort that offered a probability of saving himself; he could not swim, and thinking that some of the spars would become detached when the vessel struck, he determined to avail himself of whatever might be nearest to effect his purpose.

Not only the swell, but the wind and the current were acting as auxiliaries in hastening the brig to the breakers; she was now within a few fathoms of that raging tumult—she was surrounded by the hissing foam of the recoil, and for a minute or two remained stationary, as if in dread of what there was to follow. Onward rolled the swell again, and lifted her on its crest right into the midst of the broken and bubbling waters, that toppled and rushed upon her deck. Once more she descended between the liquid moun-

tains, and Hamilton expected that she would strike and go instantly to pieces; her larboard broadside was to the land, and the youth sprang into the main rigging, where he clung, as he feared that the succeeding wave might sweep him away. A damp dew hung upon his brow, an oppressive weight bowed down his spirit; he watched the approaching billow, which shewed more monstrous than the rest; it lifted him up upon its curling head—the vessel rushed bodily into the breakers; it bore her along, and as a cry for mercy escaped the lips of the almost despairing youth, a severe shock announced that she had struck. The waves rolled on, and left the Bon Mari with her stern high on a rock, whilst her bows, as they swung round into deeper water, were nearly buried to the windlass. Thus she remained for two or three minutes, when another swell came in, her rudder was torn away, her keel was lifted clear, and with frightful velocity she plunged forward—her head rose trembling from beneath the pressure it had sus-

tained, she was afloat fore and aft, and the succeeding wave carried her into smooth water.

Great was the delight and gratitude of young Hamilton, as even with his unpractised eye he perceived that the greatest danger was surmounted, and he was now in comparative safety; but still the brig was carried along by the current towards a point of the island, and in less than a quarter of an hour she was swept round it and stuck fast in a small bay, where she remained immoveable, and not more than half a dozen fathoms from the almost perpendicular face of a cliff, that rose some thirty feet above the water; the little ripple of the stream washed against her sides as she laid perfectly still and fixed, except that a slight motion was occasionally felt as the swell rolled in.

The first impulse of the youth was to get on shore; but this was no easy matter, as the wreck of spars had been torn away when crossing the breakers, and except on one small ledge, there appeared to be no spot on which a person could

land—the hen-coops were gone—there was nothing on which he could float, and he was compelled to remain on board; but after what he had escaped, this did not operate upon his mind as any great hardship, and giving up his fruitless endeavours to quit the brig, he turned-to with a hearty good-will to search for provisions, and those necessaries which were essential to prolong existence. His fire had been extinguished, but he soon re-lighted it; he then cleared the cabin of its lumber, and restored it to something like order. The pirates had helped themselves to most of the eatables and drinkables, but still he found an ample supply of salt-meat and bread—coffee formed a part of the cargo, as well as sugar and cotton; there was a bag of excellent yams and some plantains; nor were preserves and pickles wanting to give a zest to the food. The day was delightfully fine—as it progressed Hamilton occupied himself in various ways, allowing no idle moments for distressing rumination.

A shift in the position of the vessel, however,

attracted his attention, and running upon deck, he found that the water had almost quitted the brig, so as to leave her nearly dry, and he ascertained that she hung by the middle, in the cleft of a jagged rock, so as to place her two extremes nearly on an equipoise, which, if destroyed on one side, would inevitably cause her to descend on the other, and be dashed to pieces. The fact was, she had grounded on nearly the top of the tide, and now it had receded, she was left almost high and dry in the situation described.

The youth no sooner became aware of this, than he feared to move from amidships, lest his weight might cause the catastrophe he had so much reason to dread; and it was not till the water rose, and he supposed the danger was passed by the vessel becoming buoyant, that he quitted the post he had occupied so many dreary hours. But the knocking off of the rudder had made her leaky, and the unnatural strain, from hanging as she did upon the rock, broke her back; so that, by the height of the flood, which

happened after darkness had veiled the sky, she was full of water over her cabin deck, and within a few inches of the standing bed-places.

Hamilton had not expected this new trial of his fortitude; but as, in case of accidents, he had removed most of his perishable stores to the caboose, they sustained no injury, and he was enabled to assist his bodily strength by ample sustenance. The night was temperate and serene—but the dark-frowning mass of granite that almost surrounded the brig produced a fearful gloom; and the youth, with feverish anxiety and impatience, watched the fallen waters, apprehensive that the vessel might part in two. Again he placed himself in amidships, and soon afterwards sunk into sleep. Midnight passed away, and Hamilton was still steeped in forgetfulness. The middle watch was half-way in its departure, when a loud crashing noise awoke him from his repose, and he at once perceived that the two extremes of the vessel had

settled lower down, and could not continue much longer together.

Oh! how fervently did he pray for daylight! but it hastened not for his petitions. The firm land was close to him; but he was unable to reach it. The heavens above were clear, and the beautiful stars were sparkling in their brilliancy, as if momentarily renewing, and throwing out an effulgence that nothing could surpass; yet their brightness could not illumine the dark forebodings of Hamilton's mind. But the vessel sank no lower; the water again rose, and daylight came in due time, and shewed the youth that the vessel was evidently parting near her gangways. Without losing an instant, he set to work; and collecting handspikes, pieces of plank, and other materials that would float, he constructed a sort of raft upon the deck, which, by its dimensions, promised not only to bear his weight, but also convey a tolerable proportion of his provender. He smiled with satisfaction

when his task was finished ; but the smile immediately vanished when, for the first time, it struck him that he had no means of getting it into the water. How he came to overlook so palpable a matter, must be left to the decision of wiser heads—there was the fact; and it almost maddened him to think his time, and ingenuity, and labour, had thus been thrown away.

The flood was nearly at its height—the ebb would soon be making, and he was no further advanced in his ineffectual efforts to reach the land than when he first commenced. Abandoning his raft, and collecting a few eatables in a bag, with a keg of water, he resolutely determined to try and cut away the mainmast. Without a moment's delay, his axe was swinging over his head, and severing the laniards of the shrouds on the outward side. In half an hour every thing was clear. He then divided the stay and the spring-stay forward, and coming aft again, prepared to finish what he had begun.

The tide was ebbing fast — the water was

rapidly falling—the extremes of the vessel already began to descend— the pitchy seams across the deck were opening wider and wider, and every stroke of the axe upon the wood shook the brig, as if with convulsive trembling at her anticipated fate. Exerting all his strength, the youth drove the axe into the mast, and as he felt the keen edge enter, a tremor for an instant crept over him; but it quickly passed away, and he renewed his strokes with vigour, though at first without much success. At length a yawning gap was made, and redoubling his efforts, he persevered in cutting into it till the mast was severed more than half-way through.

But this had been a work of time; the axe was small and not over-sharp, and there was still much to effect—for, as the mast was perfectly upright, there was no overbalancing weight to hasten its downfall, though Hamilton had repeatedly quitted its neighbourhood as the groaning timbers of the brig appeared to give indications of its descent. The water was

now getting fearfully low—the seams were separating more and more—the wash-boards at the gangway had parted, and their splintered ends had opened to a width that shewed the last hour of the brig was near at hand; whilst her moans, as the dissevering planks gave way, were like those of a human being in his closing agony.

Hamilton saw that the affair was growing desperate, and he could not help responding to the groans of the poor brig; still he cut away with an energy that nothing but the dread of death could inspire, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the deep wound that he had made was inclined to close. Hastily running to the starboard gangway, he stood for several minutes, hoping that his task was ended, and expecting to see the mast fly over the larboard side; but he was disappointed—it still retained its position, though out of its perpendicular, and the youth was compelled to return to his work.

Grown almost furious with vexation, Hamilton again swung his axe above his head; but this time it descended on the starboard side of the mast. A crashing, thundering sound followed; sparks and scintillations were dancing in his eyes; a ringing, stunning blow on the head had almost deprived him of sensibility; he felt himself suddenly immersed in the water—then again he breathed the pure air; but the horrible noises that continued at intervals utterly distracted his ideas; and the sickness, both in heart and head, induced him to believe that his brief career was about to close for ever.

It was some time before he could unclose his eyes, and when he did he found himself lying across the floating mast. Scarcely a vestige of the brig was to be seen; but close to him was the raft that he had made, bearing his treasure of food and fresh water secured upon its surface, whilst casks and broken wreck were continually rising to be carried away by the current. The joy which the sight of the raft instilled into his

heart revived his wasted energies. He hailed it as an evidence that Providence had not deserted him; and in a few minutes he was sufficiently invigorated to take possession of his prize, and to secure her alongside of the mast, which was held fast by the larboard shrouds, that were still attached to the main channels.

CHAPTER VIII.

"His love in times past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

The first impulse which operated in Hamilton's heart, when he knelt upon his raft, was gratitude for deliverance; he then pushed off his frail vessel, and with a rough-shaped paddle endeavoured to make for the ledge, as the only spot that promised a place of landing; but the current was too powerful for him to contend against, and he was swept away with a velocity that he had never calculated upon. The low point that formed one extreme of the bay was rounded, and he feared that he should be drifted out to sea: but by strenuous exertions he succeeded in getting into the eddy, and soon afterwards reached a small cove with a flat beach, that

nature seemed to have made in one of her freaks for a holiday grotto; and here, to his great surprise, he found much of the wreck of spars and other things that had been washed away from the brig. In a few minutes the youth was standing safely on the shore, and in a short time his stores and provisions were carried up above high-water mark; and having obtained a sufficient length of rope from the shattered mast, he moored his little float, and then sat himself down to rest from his labour.

The sun was again setting, but he had now no fear of being dashed to pieces on the rocks; he was on the firm ground, and should so far have nothing to apprehend through the darkness of the night. Much of the wreck was high and dry, and with his knife he cut away the canvas from the foreyard, and made himself a thick and comfortable covering from the dew and the mosquitoes. His provisions remained uninjured, except his bread, part of which was wet, and he

only wanted a fire to roast his plantains and make himself some coffee.

Ingenuity supplied this defect. He chafed some of the canvas till it became as soft and downy as cotton. He then collected the driest wood he could find, (there was plenty on the beach,) and with his pistols, which he still retained about his person, he endeavoured to ignite the materials he had heaped together. But the powder was damp, and his powder-horn, together with his rifle, and some articles of clothing and of value, had been deposited in a chest on board the brig. For a long time his efforts were fruitless; at length he pressed all the moisture that it was possible to remove from the gunpowder, and forming it into a cone with a fine point, he snapped the pistols over it, hoping that one spark amongst so many might catch. This practice he continued for several minutes, till his perseverance was at last rewarded; a spark settled on the apex of the cone, the powder hissed and threw up its fountain of fire; "the devil"—

(for by such name is it known amongst boys)—nobly performed its duty, and the combustibles were speedily in flame.

Hamilton fared sumptuously that night, and then enveloping himself in the sail-cloth, he composed his limbs for rest, and was soon transported in his dreams to scenes of joy and gladness. He fancied himself in a splendid mansion, far exceeding any thing he had ever witnessed, and it was lighted up by stars that vied with the heavenly orbs in the brilliancy they diffused. Forms, beautiful as angels, were moving to and fro, and one led him by the hand whose face he could not see for glory, and yet there was a soft dulcet voice that whispered in his ear and told him it was his mother; and she sang sweet songs of joy to the music of golden harps, and she pressed his fingers with a fond endearing tenderness, inviting him to join her, but he could not. Suddenly the scene changed, the semblance of beauty faded away, and he found himself stretched on a rocky bed upon a wild

sea-coast, the wind howling over him, and a monster from the deep preparing to seize him as his prey; he felt the rude grasp shaking his frame; he saw the creature's eyes glaring upon him—terror unchained his faculties, he awoke, and found it real. Something was, indeed, endeavouring, as he thought, to lay hold of him; shock after shock followed; he threw the canvas from his head, and two full fiery orbs were peering into his for a moment, and then were suddenly withdrawn. Hurriedly disentangling himself from his coverings he sprang upon his feet, clutched the monster by its claws, put forth his strength in the encounter, and after some severe struggling he turned over upon its back—a remarkably fine turtle.

When daylight came the youth made his meal, and then set out to wander over the island. With some difficulty he attained the summit, and looked well round him in the distance, but no sail was in sight; he then sought the brow of the cliff that hung over the bay where the

brig had struck, and when upon its verge he looked over; the water was as clear as glass, and through its medium he saw the devoted vessel, as she lay buried beneath that element she had been accustomed to brave. The main-mast with the main-yard was still floating, but one end of the main-yard nearly touched the jagged rocks at the base of the cliff, having been drifted into that position by the tide. It immediately struck him, that if he could get his raft round he might be enabled to fish up something from the sunken vessel; but whilst pleasing himself with the idea, the back fins of several enormous sharks gliding along above the surface of the water, near the wreck, impelled him to resign his intention, at least till he had made his raft more steady and substantial.

The island was about half a mile long and something less than a quarter of a mile across: the upper part thickly wooded, but the trees on the extreme summit had been blown down, most probably in the late hurricane. There were

several small coves and inlets, but no communication except by water with the bay, where the brig was finally wrecked. Numerous sea-birds flew over the land as well as their more proper element, and the rock fish were to be distinctly perceived as they sought their sustenance near the bottom. All this promised plenty of food, provided he had the means of taking it.

He returned to the place where he had slept, and industriously applied himself to re-modelling his raft, so that in a few days he had constructed a very respectable vessel, considering his means, and at the flow of the tide he found it floated; the platform he had laid swam high out of the water, and there only wanted a few improvements which common sense and ingenuity suggested. In two days more she was perfectly ready, and a seaman would not have hesitated in attempting a voyage to San Domingo or Porto Rico, running before the wind, and knowing the direction in which they laid. But Hamilton was no seaman—since his arrival at the

Solitaire down to the period in which he embarked in Le Bon Mari, he had never been on the water, and, consequently, was wholly ignorant of the most common steps necessary to a voyage beyond what reason dictated.

During the progress of his labours in forming his raft, he had made it a constant maxim three times a-day, *viz.* morning, noon, and evening, to visit the summit of the island, and look out for strange vessels. More than once or twice he discerned a white sail upon the horizon, and his hopes of getting away were revived, but the craft faded away in the distance and disappeared.

His first essay on the raft was round to the wreck, but he could do no more than look about him and procure some additional canvas from the main-yard, and as, on his return, he had nearly missed the cove and drifted out to sea, he forbore repeating the experiment, especially as he was not in immediate want of provisions. The turtle had been a rich feast to him, and the shell served him for many purposes. He was by

no means insensible to the effort that might be made to reach one of the larger islands; and deep was his regret at the loss of Quaco, whose strange mysterious conduct often excited his surprise, but conjecture was wholly at fault as to the cause.

With the canvas and what spare spars he could collect he raised himself a tent, beneath the branches of trees, about one-third up the eminence—and thither he removed his materials and provisions, taking care that his fire did not go out, as he was fearful that if it did he should not be able to relight it, and many of his comforts would thereby be lost.

Three weeks had elapsed since the day of the wreck, and his stock of fresh water had fearfully diminished, so as to depress his spirits and render him melancholy; day by day he continued to witness its decrease with a restless impatience he could not control. Hour after hour he felt his loneliness becoming more and more oppressive—sleep forsook him, and during

the night he would sit and fancy the sound of voices was near—nay, sometimes he was impressed with a certainty that he could distinguish words, and understood their conversation. Cautiously would he approach the place whence they were supposed to come—but silence again prevailed, and he returned to his tent bowed down in spirit and disconsolate.

Once more he tried his raft, and succeeded in getting to the wreck, under the hope that some of the water-casks might have drifted out from the hold; but his visit was as fruitless as the former, and he returned with the tide, heart subdued and sick. His water was nearly expended—hope seemed to abandon him—the firmness which had sustained him gave way, and he contemplated self-destruction. That night he awoke from a disturbed lethargy, and fancied that he heard some one calling his name; snatching up a piece of burning pine-wood, he rushed in pursuit, dragging part of his tent away with him, and scattering the burning ashes of his fire. Eagerly did

he chase the supposed fugitive—the delusion grew stronger as he advanced, and he had nearly been precipitated into the sea, when he sank upon the verge of the cliff over the bay, exhausted and despairing. The cool breeze revived his fainting frame, and he sat and thought that there were only a few feet between him and death—it was but a plunge from the cliff, and his misery would at once be terminated. He threw the yet burning wood over, and watched its fall —there was the brilliancy of a moment, and then it was extinguished for ever—it seemed a type of his own fate.

There he continued for nearly an hour, when he observed a strange red glare of reflected light upon the ocean, round the point that formed one extreme of the cove; and, in the silence that prevailed, he could hear a hissing, cracking noise, neither of which he could account for. But they aroused him from his despondency, by creating excitement; and, with as much haste as he could well employ, he directed his course

for the tent. As he neared the spot, in his descent, wreaths of smoke came curling above him, and red flames were seen, like fiery serpents, darting their sinuous way into mid-air—he reached the place, to find his tent, his stores, and the surrounding trees in one mass of blazing ruin.

Rushing downwards with impetuosity, in a state bordering upon madness, he stood upon the shore of the cove, as offering the only refuge. But here he could not long remain; the burning trees, dried by the heat of the sun, communicated rapidly to the rest, and, as their trunks were dissevered, the upper parts came rolling down towards poor Hamilton, threatening to destroy him, till at last the place became no longer tenable, and he jumped upon his raft, and shoved off from the shore. In his hurry he had neglected all precaution to veer away upon the rope which held it—but casting it off, he was instantly carried away by the tide and swept out to sea.

The conflagration was grand and awful.

Hamilton gazed upon it in despair, as the current continued to carry him far out into the wide ocean; and lingering death, by starvation, opened to his view. He laid himself on the platform, groaning in bitterness of heart; and, whilst his frail bark danced lightly over the waters, his mind sank deeper and deeper into despondency, till nature gave way, and he became insensible.

On returning to consciousness it was broad daylight, and the island he had never more expected to see, was only a few fathoms from him; the returning tide had brought him back, but with all his efforts he could not reach the land. The fire was still raging, when happily he was enabled to catch hold of the main-mast in the bay, to which he made fast and rode in safety.

High water came; there was a gentle breeze, but the sun was pouring down his intense rays, and the poor youth was almost perishing with thirst. His sight began to fail, a dizziness made his senses

reel, and brought strange phantasms before him. Sometimes he thought Madame Brienot was soothing his troubled soul, and then a horrible dread of death overpowered his faculties; still he was never unconscious of his real condition, though in imagination it assumed various shapes and attitudes. At length he fancied he saw a vessel; and though the island intervened, he believed he could distinguish her rig; it was the Bon Mari or her spectre all ataunt-o running towards the land—he thought he beheld a boat quit the brig to come to his rescue; in the excess of his joy he aroused himself and looked towards the supposed place, but his eyes fell upon the naked face of the blackened cliff.

Despair was again triumphing, and even mocking the delusion of his mind. "Hark!" shrieked he, and the sea-birds answered his cries, as with breathless attention he listened to an unusual sound—it could not be from the fire—it could not come from the water—there was a measured cadence that could not well be mis-

taken—it was the noise of oars in their rowlocks, and in another minute a boat well manned rounded the point, and pulled towards him.

"Well, I calkilate if this don't bang Kentucky, and Kentucky can bang the States," exclaimed a voice, with a nasal twang; as the speaker looked upon the youth, who, in the wildness of his delight, was extending his arms unable to utter a word. "Where are you from? who raised you, young man," continued the individual, as the boat ranged alongside the raft. "May I never see Baltimore again but it's a queer way you're in, like a muscle with half a shell."

"Water! water!" entreated Hamilton, eagerly; "I am dying, perishing with thirst—oh! for the love of Heaven, give me drink. I am parched."

"And no wonder, I guess," returned the man in the boat; "it's tarnation astonishing to my idea o' things that you ar'nt roasted, so near the furnace that attracted us out of our way.

Give the young man some water, Benjy; what with the sun, and what with the fire so close, he must be almost barbacued."

Benjamin, a negro, immediately obeyed the command, and from a small breaker in the boat he poured the pure element into a wooden scoop used for baling. Hamilton would have grasped at the promised banquet, and his trembling hands would probably have spilt it all, but the black, perceiving the tremor, said, "Tan littlee bit, massa buckra, and let noder genelmen put him drink to he mout, hearee."

"Anything! anything!" responded Hamilton; "but, oh! in mercy let me have it without delay."

The negro held the scoop steadily, and the youth swallowed the liquid with eagerness, and then demanded "more;" it was promptly given to him by the same hand.

"Why, I guess you must have been a pretty long spell without moistening, young man," said he who had spoken first, and who appeared

to be superior to the rest. "How long have you been here?"

"Nearly five weeks," returned Hamilton.

'Nearly five weeks!" reiterated the other in amazement; "come, now, my lad, I guess ye're just going the whole hog in a tarnation outrageous conswapscious twaddy-diddle, and you must set us all down for natral-born fools, if you calkilate to come Tom Pepper over us in that fashion. What, five weeks moored alongside o' this here spar, in a cockle-shell?—Well, if that's true there arn't no grits!"

"No, I did not mean that," answered Hamilton; "I meant that it was five weeks since I was wrecked here; the greatest part of the time I have been upon the island, and only quitted it last night to escape the flames."

"Wrecked!" repeated the man, looking earnestly around him—"and where's the fragments of the craft now? I see nothing but this here splintered mast."

"She is under water," returned the youth,

pointing downwards. "She is beneath us, or nearly so, at this moment. The mast is fast to her side."

The men in the boat looked at each other, and smiled with a peculiar meaning, whilst Benjy showed his ivorys and chuckled as he said, addressing his superior,—"Hearee dat, massa?—p'rhaps him plenty dollar lib dere."

"Hould your 'tarnal black tongue, ye warmint!" exclaimed the superior, laughing; "the beautiferous angel's al'ays thinking on the root of all evil; his mind's tarnally running on calkilations o' profit and loss." He turned to Hamilton, who was now standing up on his raft, —"Where do you hail from, young man? You look a tarnation deal o' the racoon build. Which o' the states had the honor of behowlding your gloriferous face first? Are you a thorough out-and-out Yankee, or ownly a half-bred mule?"

Hamilton was somewhat puzzled at these, to him, strange questions; he never had heard of Yankees, and he hesitated to answer,

when one of the seamen, in a tone of respect, but yet with a consciousness of the superiority of his own opinion, said, "He's from the owld country, sir, I'm thinking, and arn't got the nat'ral larning to know the differ atwixt a finback and a sparmacity."

"There's ship's gospel in that, Zeeky," uttered the other: "Pity the governor didn't make a lawyer on you; for I reckon you'd been as much sought arter as Prodigy Flunky, of owld Kentuck, and he rode three thousand miles upon a single flash of lightning, without once changing horses. But come, young man, tell us all about the wreck."

Hamilton briefly informed them of every circumstance, from the time of his leaving San Domingo down to that moment, and then inquired who his deliverers were?

"I've a notion, young man," said the individual who had spoken first, with much self-complacency,—"I've a notion you're pretty superb in the eligibility of your calkilations about that

awful smart place, New York, in the Younited States. Well, I guess that's our location—right slick away at once when we're at home."

"You belong to an American vessel, then?" said Hamilton, who had been surprised at their strange mode of address, and puzzled to find out from whence they had made their appearance.

"You're mighty near the mark, and pretty particularly correct," returned the man,—"arn't he, Zeeky? I wonder considerably where he got his larning!"

"I guess I told you afore," responded Ezekiel, for that was his real name,—"Any one that's moosical may see with half an eye that he comes from the owld country."

"Is that true, young man," enquired the person who appeared to be the officer; "what part of England was you raised in?"

"If you mean to ask where I was born, I cannot tell you," returned Hamilton, becoming somewhat impatient at their tediousness:—"I believe, however, that England is the place of

my birth; but I was brought up in France and San Domingo."

"A mixture of breeds, I reckon," said Ezekiel, addressing his superior; "a univarsal cross atwixt a salt cod and a mackarel, with a smart awful splash of the alligator.—Got in a sort o' no-man's-land, atween both countries, in the Straits of Dover."

"Well, young man, what do you say to a trip of inspection in our boat, to visit the governor?" inquired the officer, "or, mayhap, by the severity of your notions, you'd rather squat where you are."

"I am ready to accompany you any where," said Hamilton; "so that I can but get away from this. I care not what I do, for I have nothing but my labour to offer in return for any attention or kindness I may receive."

"Pretty considerably smart of you, I reckon," returned the man, with greater complacency,—"come into the boat, young man. You know what cargo the brig had in?"

"I do," answered the youth, as, assisted by Ezekiel, he quitted his raft, and placed himself in the stern-sheets by the officer; "sugar, cotton, coffee, and rum, with a few pipes of Madeira."

"Some of the genu-ine, I calkilate," responded the man; "pretty particularly good in the way of playing for picking up. Shove off, Benjy, you 'tarnal lazy log of ebony. What—you're bringing your guinea-crow brains to calkilate a bountiferous awful amount of plunder?"

"Ees, massa," returned the grinning black,—"me tink em plenty dollar lib down dere: s'pose me go see em.—No?"

"Howld your croaking, you lily devil," said Ezekiel; "do you think we shan't have a hugeous smart spell at it afore we've done? The governor arn't the man to know where there's a nest without wanting an egg or two, though his truck might sarve to roof in a conventicle."

The boat was released from the wreck of the mast, and in a few minutes was pulled smartly round the point, where Hamilton pointed out the

cove in which he had sheltered, and where the trees were still burning with fury. The other point was rounded, and to windward of the island laid a barque, jogging off and on, with a wheft hoisted to recall the boat. They were very soon alongside, for the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the rowers were strong sturdy men, well able to make her fly through the yielding element. Hamilton, on ascending to the deck, was introduced to a tall spare man, with a rigid cast of countenance, prominent eyes, and high cheek bones, whilst his person was habited in the garb of the primitive Quakers, and the brim of his hat spreading over an enormous circle, so as nearly to merit the description of it given by Ezekiel.

"Thou art welcome, my young friend," said he, in a deliberate but pleasing tone and manner, as soon as he had heard of the youth's disaster; "Providence hath befriended thee;—see that thou forgettest not the favour."

"I am indeed most grateful for my deliver-

ance, sir," returned the youth, as the tears rose to his eyes to testify his sincerity.

"Thou hast been taken from the deep waters," said the captain; "may thy feet in future be set in a sure place. Thou needest food. 'Feed the hungry' is the command of Him who knows our weaknesses, for he himself suffered in the world. Go down to my cabin—there thou wilt find sustenance. Hector!—" a negro walked sedately up,—"see that thou attendest to his wants."

"Yea, aun werily, massa," responded the black: "me do em ebery ting for make him soul good wid marrow and faat."

"Let his body be first cared for," ordered the captain; "then thou mayest feed him with the pure bread of the word."

Hamilton accompanied the negro into an excellent cabin, where every thing demanded admiration for its peculiar neatness and cleanliness; and some cold boiled fowl and ham, with all the necessary adjuncts, were speedily placed on the table.

"Massa eat like him prophet Liza. so make

him trong man again," said the negro, in a melancholy drawl; "Da cappin gie em stone o' flour, s'pose axe him for bread—he sabby gie em good gift to he picanninny, for hab heabenly fader."

Now, Hamilton had been instructed in the Catholic faith—that is, he had been accustomed to join in the devotions of Madame Brienot: but he was utterly ignorant of all scriptural allusions, and having never before seen a member of the Society of Friends, he could not help wondering at the strangeness of the captain's manner, and the curious language of the negro. However, he made no observations, but sat down and enjoyed a hearty meal, which he moistened with some delicious cool dripstone water. At the close of his repast, he uttered a *Gratia Deus*, and crossed himself with much reverential respect, which action so pleased the negro (who had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, and knew not that such a thing as a Catholic form of worship existed) as to cause his unfeigned exclamations of pleasure.

"Massa, teachee dat for me some noder time,

you please," said he; "make me say em more good, deedy doddy daily bread."

"Wilt thou go with my young men to the wreck?" asked the captain, as he descended into the cabin; "that is if thou hast satisfied thy hunger. Peradventure thou hast already made acquaintance with the mate, when he released thee from thy peril; he is going to see what can be recovered, for neither should we let perish things animate or inanimate, and thy assistance may prove a help and a guidance unto them."

Hamilton readily assented; the boat returned to the bay, and Benjy commenced his diving operations to examine the state of the vessel; his report was favourable—that the remaining cargo might be easily got at. The bay was sounded, and, with the exception of the rock on which the brig had drifted, there was no where less than six fathoms, with a mixed bottom of clay and sand. The mate hastened back to his commander with the information, and shortly after the sun had attained his meridian altitude, the barque was at anchor within a convenient dis-

tance of the wreck, and the work of breaking out the residue of the brig's cargo was immediately commenced, and by the following evening all the wine and rum, with numerous stores, together with the splintered masts, were safely stowed on board the "Ebenezer," of New York, commanded by Captain Nathan Wise.

The sun was on the verge of the horizon when the anchor of the barque was tripped, and her white sails glowed with the ruddy tints of the departing luminary A gentle breeze carried her clear of the still smoking island, and her yards were squared as, with the wind right aft, she proceeded on her voyage to Porto Rico.

"And what dost thou mean to do with thyself, young friend?" inquired the captain of Hamilton, as, with arms folded, he stood aft watching the island as it faded from sight in the twilight gloom. "Will it please thee to impart thy history, and, if it be convenient to thy notions, peradventure my counsel—though that of a very humble vessel of divine favour—shall not be withheld."

Hamilton, with tears of gratitude trembling in his eyes at the kindness of tone and manner which manifested the sincerity of the worthy seaman, unhesitatingly informed him of all that he knew concerning his early years, and so intently did his hearer listen that he never once offered an interruption. The youth concluded by acknowledging his inability to decide as to what course it would be the fittest to pursue, and craved the advice of his deliverer.

"Verily thy tale doth savour somewhat of the marvellous, young man," said the captain, as he gently laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "But hast thou experienced the benign influence arising from a conviction that, though father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up?"

This language was new and strange to Hamilton, yet an imperfect comprehension of its meaning came soothingly over his mind, and he felt that it was allied to kindness. "I cannot say that my father and mother did forsake me," uttered he; "but I know that you have picked

me up and saved me from a horrible death, and I am ready to devote myself to your service."

"Thou shalt not want a friend, young man, whilst thou strivest to merit the good opinion of Nathan Wise," returned the captain; "nevertheless, the friend I would have thee seek is one that sticketh closer even than a brother. Thy soul hath been accustomed to coarse fare, and therefore it is not seemly nor prudent to place before thee dainties which thou canst not value. I will think of thy case in the secret chambers of my own thoughts, and implore for that guidance which Providence never denies to those who ask it properly. When it is thy wish to retire to thy rest, do thou use thine own pleasure."

There had been very little cessation from labour either night or day, whilst they continued at the island, and Hamilton, who had toiled unweariedly with the rest, profited by the leave given to retire to the bed-place which Hector had prepared for him. The negro supplied him with a light refreshment for his supper, and, having advised him not to drink too much,

added, "Now, he young massa, 'pose him tarn in right slick, but 'member for say he 'Loramity 'pon us' afore he go asleep."

What "Loramity 'pon us" was, Hamilton did not know, but he readily conjectured that the negro recommended him to say his prayers; so he repeated a *pater* and a *credo*, devoutly crossing himself, to the great edification of the black, who watched his proceedings very narrowly, and imitated the cruciform motions of the youth's hand, even long after the latter had composed himself to rest, till he had become pretty perfect in his practice.

About two bells (nine o'clock) in the first watch, Captain Wise descended; the great Bible had already been laid upon the cabin table, and Hector stood in readiness to obey commands. "Hast thou seen to the creature comforts of the lad?" inquired the captain.

"Yea, aun werily," responded the negro, with a nasal twang; "me gie him cold fowl for he belly."

"And thou didst not forget the word in sea-

son, Hector, for words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver—so saith the royal prophet," remarked the captain.

"Yea, aun werily," exclaimed the black, "me gie him word an plenny seasoning for do him 'tomach good, an he say our fader," and the negro crossed himself.

The action did not altogether escape the quick eye of Captain Wise, but he made no observation, as at the moment he did not comprehend its purport. Lifting the Bible till its two sides were perpendicular to the table on which the back of the book rested, he held it so for the space of a minute, whilst his lips moved as if preferring some secret petition to the throne of grace; he then suddenly suffered the covers to fly open till they laid flat upon the table, and, when the leaves were quiescent, he scanned the portion of scripture which was presented to his sight, fully believing that Providence had superintended the arrangement and appointed the particular passages for perusal.

As soon as he had finished he rose from his

seat, and, standing erect and motionless with his hands clasped upon his breast, he closed his eyes and entered upon silent devotion. Hector did the same, every now and then opening one eye a little way to see if his master had finished —for the negro made it a rule always to be last; nor did he break through it now, for on Captain Wise resuming his seat the black still retained his position for two or three minutes, and then opening his hands, with his right he made the sign of the cross.

"What is it which thou art practising of?" inquired the captain, rather sternly. "Who taught thee such abomination, which is a sign of the beast, to degrade that which is holy?"

"Bommynation, massa!" exclaimed the alarmed black; "me no beast, massa, me only do so," and again he crossed himself.

"I am wrong to be angry with thee, as thou hast done it in thine ignorance," said the captain, with more gentleness. "But who was it instructed thee, Hector?"

"Him young massa dere in he bed-place,"

answered the negro; "he say him prayer, and den he make a cross."

"Father of mercies, I thank thee," said the captain, earnestly and devoutly; "thy holy word hast taught me this night to consider the value of the immortal soul. Thou hast enabled me to save this lad from the devouring element; oh! aid me to snatch his precious soul as a brand from the burning, for nothing is unholy or unclean which thou hast created in human form. Hector, thou must not practice such mummeries."

"Mummelies, saar? what he massa call mummelies?" inquired the negro, tossing his head back, and assuming a look of innocent ignorance.

"Mummeries, Hector—mummeries," repeated Captain Wise. "They are offshoots of the church of Rome, where the Pope sits in his worldly grandeur, and not as the humble disciple of Him who, when on earth, had not where to lay his sacred head. I must reason with the youth, who has found great favour in my eyes. Hast thou taken care, Hector, of that iron-bound case which was brought from the wreck?"

"Ees, saar," returned the black, obsequiously. "But what he massa call him church o' rum?"

"It is Antichrist," responded the captain; "but thou dost not comprehend me, Hector, for thou art still in the mazes of darkness and ignorance; yet, I would warn thee not to repeat those unnecessary forms, which will act as snares of the devil to catch thy wandering soul;" and Captain Wise having closed the Bible, retired to his state-room for the night.

"Debbil snare! what he massa mean by dat?" murmured Hector to himself, as he took up the holy volume and replaced it on the locker; and then mixing himself a stiff glass of grog, swallowed it at a draught. "He no debbil snare, dat, anyhow!" continued he, giving his lips a loud smack.

"What is that noise, Hector?" inquired the captain, disturbed by the report. "Hast thou broken any of the glass?"

"No, saar," returned the black, somewhat alarmed at the idea of detection: "owny craack him littlee bit;" for he preferred being reproved

for carelessness, to having a severe reprimand for drinking.

"Thou art very heedless, Hector," returned the captain; and, with a conscience void of offence, he quietly resigned himself to sleep.

"Me no sabby what he massa mean by debbil snare," cogitated the negro; "'pose me try 'em again;" and once more he crossed himself. "Dat de way," said he, "now me hab noder drap o' church o' rum!" and a bumper of the liquor named silently disappeared in an instant. "Bery good, dat; now me go for nappy—or p'rhaps he massa mate like a littlee drop for comfort him belly;" and he proceeded to mix a stiff nor-wester for the officer who had the first watch on deck. Having performed this preliminary operation, he cautiously ascended the companion ladder, (the great luxury of cabin stairs was at that time unknown,) and assuming a grave aspect, said, "Here, massa Derrick—dough me neber touch de debbil tuff for mesef, 'cause him Captain Wise 'peak he no good for kingom come; me tink

you wanna trong drink to keep he eye open!—No?"

"Well, now, Hector, I've a notion you've jist calkilated the thing to an amagraphy," returned the mate, as he received the glass and tasted the stuff. "It's mighty superb, I reckon; and them as says you an't the handsomest nigger 'twixt here and Cape Cod, desarves a pretty considerable licking—an't that it, Zeeky?"

"It's of no use denying a fact, sir," responded the seaman; "but I'm thinking I should be better able to judge of his beauty if I could ounly see him through jist sich another glass as that ere in your hand—and the more especially in regard of its being moonlight—it ud give sich an etarnal gloriferous colour to his cheeks; not but what, to my mind, he's good-looking enough as it is; but then d'ye see, Muster Derrick, it ud be a generous action—ay, and a charitable action too, Hector—and you know the captain in his moosical discourses, says, 'charity hides a multitude of sins,'—jist to sarve me out a toothful or two of the creatur."

"Tan you please, massa Cheeky," exclaimed the steward, "you no for 'member you call me black debbil to-day?"

"Why, would you have had me call you a white one?" returned the seaman; "though, for the matter of that, Hector, you know you coast o' Guinea angels al'ays gives the old un a smut of white, as his properest colour; and I guess I arn't by no manner o' means a going to dispute the *pint* with you jist now."

"Pint? dat great deal for one drink, massa Cheeky," replied the appeased negro. "But he no good for hab rum too much. Massa Cappin say, 'he enemy, for put mout in him brain to 'teal 'em away.'"

"All's one for that, Hector," returned Ezekiel; "and I take it arter working to wind'ard—land-boards and sea-boards—fair weather and foul—sometimes equal retches, and then a long leg and a short un—arter being at this, I say, for five-and-forty years, I don't much calkilate if I'd half a dozen mouths in my brains, but I could mightily stand a glass of grog for each—

though I'm not axing for more than one, Hector, and that jist by way of doctor's stuff, to mend my health—and I'm thinking, steward, a small drop stowed away in your own hould would cherish the cockles of your heart, and warm your bowels!"

"Haugh, chee," uttered the negro, with assumed disgust; "dey bommylation for me, massa Cheeky! nem mind, me fetch you littlee taste for all dat."

"Now I ar'nt never said nothing whatsomever, in this here affair!" exclaimed the mate; "but may I be 'fernally barbacotted like an Ingine's pig, if Hector hasn't got some'at of a hammunition soul in his body, seeing as niggers never has the raal ones."

"You wrong, dere, massa Derrick; him Cappin Wise say Hector hab mortal soul for neber go dead; and me hab gizzem too!" argued the negro. "But nem mind, massa Cheeky, me fetch de drink for all dat." And away he noiselessly stole below—filled a glass of grog for Ezekiel—took a sly nip for himself, and then re-ascended to the deck.

The seaman received the beverage from his hands, and after holding the glass up for a half minute, between his eye and the moon, as if to test its strength by the depth of colour, he removed a huge ball of tobacco from his cheek, which he stowed away in his jacket pocket; and then giving the black a familiar nod, without uttering a single word, he made but one gulp at the mixture, and not a drop was left behind.

"Haugh," said he, as soon as the stuff had disappeared; "I'm blest, Mr. Derrick, but in the true calkilation o' things, that ere was a tarnation good stiff un, and jist as a tot o' grog ought to be mixed—three parts rum—no water —but a gill of Hollands to guv it a flavour!" And that was actually the case; for Hector had mistaken a decanter of good Scheidam for the water bottle; and Ezekiel had swallowed nearly two-thirds of a pint of neat liquor. The steward guessed his mistake, but said nothing; and after bidding the mate and seaman "good night," carried the empty vessels below again.

CHAPTER IX.

"We'll fight with him to-night."

SHAKSPEARE.

We left the good barque Ebenezer, with her yards nearly squared and with a pleasant breeze, running for the island of Porto Rico, where, on the following day, she anchored in St. Juan; and Hamilton was strongly reminded of the scenery and fertility of San Domingo. His wish was to return to the latter place, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of his kind benefactress; and as the barque would be detained several weeks, he obtained the sanction of Captain Wise, who supplied him with a small sum of money, and procured him letters of recommendation to several persons in the Spanish capital of the troubled island, whither a colonial sloop conveyed him, and he was received with that peculiar hospitality which is the characteristic of the Spanish colonists. On this side of the island every thing was perfectly tranquil, and the youth found a delightful home in the family of Don Pedro

Alvarez, who took him to his own residence, and insisted upon his remaining whilst he despatched a trusty emissary to ascertain the state of Port au Prince and its neighbourhood, and to obtain whatever other information could possibly be gathered.

Hamilton assented, and no means were left untried to afford him every enjoyment; but the anxiety of his mind preyed greatly upon his natural vivacity, and he waited rather impatiently for the return of the messenger. At length his apprehensions were relieved by the arrival of the man, who reported that a strong body of negroes were lying in the Cul-de-Sac, but that apparently every thing was quiet; that he had entered the town unmolested, and had seen Madame Brienot, who had been released from confinement, and was then residing in her own house in Port au Prince, under the surveillance of the authorities. She had wept with joy when apprized that her young protegé, for whom she cherished the strongest affection, was so near her; and the messenger was exhorted to use his best endeavours to reunite them. For this purpose he had brought a plentiful supply of money; and Hamilton wrote to Captain Wise, enclosing the amount he had borrowed, and expressing fervent

gratitude for the kindness he had received. He promised to exert every effort to obtain the removal of his benefactress to Porto Rico, where he hoped she might obtain a passage to the United States in the Ebenezer. He also sent a handsome gratuity to be divided amongst the ship's company, and a silver crucifix for Hector the black.

The next consideration was the mode in which Hamilton was to make good his journey to Port au Prince. Don Pedro advised his giving up all thoughts of travelling by land, but thought he might take advantage of a vessel proceeding thither, the owner of which was a friend of his; and though the distance and time would be considerably increased, yet he trusted it would be much safer than hazarding existence by falling into the hands of the turbulent negroes. Still, as he had in a manner been sent away by the authorities, it was deemed requisite that some disguise should be resorted to; and it was ultimately agreed that the youth should submit to the process of transformation, and, by the aid of grease and lamp-black, be converted into a negro—the captain promising to land him after dusk-hour, so as to avoid the difficulties and suspicions which daylight might engender.

To this arrangement Hamilton readily gave his consent; the colour mattered but little to him, so that he could but obtain the object he had in view; he submitted to the process till every part of his person that was likely to be exposed was as black as the ace of spades. His parting with Don Pedro and his family was with mutual regret—but hope beat strong in his heart; and the worthy Spaniard promised his cordial co-operation, should it be deemed advisable for Madame Brienot to make her escape through that part of the island.

The sloop was ready, and Hamilton embarked amidst the best wishes of his friends for success. Pleasant was the breeze, and delightful the day, as she ran along the land, and beautiful was the panoramic scenery on the shore. The third evening they were between the isle of Beata and the cape of the same name, and never was there a sunset more lovely. The night was fine, with but little wind; and, except the negro at the helm, the people were stretched upon the deck, covered over by an awning, and sound asleep. It was too hot below, and Hamilton brought up his mattress and laid himself down abaft.

About midnight the sleepers were aroused by the

noise of oars close to them; but before they could get on their legs, a boat clapped them alongside, and about a dozen men, well armed, were instantly on the sloop's deck.

"Yo hoy!" exclaimed a voice in English; "what! all hands with your eyes buttoned up? What craft is this?"

The helmsman promptly answered, "Non entend pas, monsieur;" whilst the rest, in a state of alarm, rubbed their eyes and said nothing.

"Well, I'm blow'd, Jem," exclaimed another of the boarding party, "if I haven't heard o' this here very craft afore; she's the Nong Tong Paw, and no mistake."

"Take the helm, Johnson," ordered the person who spoke first, and who was habited in a British naval uniform. "Puckalow the tiller, and just keep her out, round the westermost point of the island." Then turning to the terrified captain, who now made his appearance, he demanded. "Where are you from, and where are you bound to?"

"Je non entend pas, monsieur," returned the man, respectfully pulling off his hat, and fully sensible that his vessel would be made a prize—"Je non entend pas, monsieur."

" Scrub my ould tarry trowsers, but there's another on em, Jem!" said the seaman; " they've nothing else but nong tong paws in Johnny Croppeau's country!"

" Where's that cargo o' night we shipped out of the pirate?" inquired the officer.—" Here, Coast o' Guinea, where are you?" A negro stepped promptly up. " Here's some o' your blood relations, blacky; just ax 'em where they're come from, and where they are bound to; and present my best civilities to the skipper, and say that I trust he will have the condescension and politeness to favour me with a sight of his papers. Can you remember all that?"

The negro put the questions in French, and his voice thrilled with strange sensations through Hamilton's heart—for it was Quaco; and without an instant's consideration, he sprung forward and grasped his old intimate by the arm, exclaiming in English, " She is a French sloop, from the port of San Domingo, bound round to Port au Prince."

" And now a good and lawful prize to his majesty's ship the Glasso'wisky," said the officer, laughing. " But how's this, young Mungo? you palaver English like a native! Is he one of your own begetting, Quaco?"

"Wharra dis?" exclaimed the trembling black, as he held the youth from him at arm's length. "Where you tievee darra voice for peakee me so, yer rob-yer-missee corpion—eh?"

Hamilton instantly called to remembrance the change which his complexion had undergone, and remained silent, preferring to wait for a more favourable opportunity of making himself known; whilst Quaco conversed with the captain of the sloop, and pointed out to the distracted man the unfortunate position in which he was placed. The poor fellow begged, entreated, and implored that his vessel might be liberated; but this was not in the power of the officer to comply with. The papers were French—England was at war with France, and consequently the sloop was a lawful capture.

The man-of-war's men searched every part of the vessel for liquor, but they found only a very small quantity; and having delivered her cargo at San Domingo she had nothing of consequence in her hold, and therefore would have been worthless as a prize, but for a whim that seized the officer who commanded—an old quartermaster converted into a master's-mate—who took it into his head to have a

cruise to himself, and endeavour to pick up something along-shore.

"What say you, my hearties?" exclaimed he, addressing the crew of the double-banked pinnace, fifteen in number, and four marines; "What say you to a bit of a roving commission? This here craft arn't never good for nothing whatsomever: there wouldn't not be a copper a man, and sixpence for the skipper, if she was to be shared out to-morrow, which to my mind is a sin and a shame. Howsomever, as we have sustained such a loss as this here, why I'm thinking I'll make out an acting order for myself, convarting her into a tender to his Majesty's ship, and sign my own warrant as master and commander. We'll just run quietly alongshore, and mayhap we may pick up summut worth having to make up for damages, particularly in the grog line; for what's half a pint o' rum when yer broiling your livers under a wertical sun?" A ready assent was yielded to the proposition. "Well, then," continued he, "hoist the boat's ensign and pennant, just to go through the motions, all ship-shape, and take her properly into the sarvice."

The order was complied with, and though in the darkness there was no possibility of distinguishing

what they were, the ensign and pennant were hoisted whilst the master's-mate made them a speech.

"None on you," said he, "knows what's properest for an officer to do when he bemeans himself to act all square by the lifts and braces, or hauls dead upon a wind to get the weather gage in an argyfication; under sich circumstances as these here, I've deemed it right to take command of this here sloop, and cruise again the enemy; there's fifteen prime hands, all picked men, and four jollies, nineteen in all; with muskets, bagonets, pistols, and cutlashes, plenty of cartridges, and a never-say-die officer to lead you into action. Do your duty like brave sons o' thunder, and I'm blest if we don't walk off with the island, if so be as we can't man handle any other consarn. There, that's all I got to say: now, haul down the pennant, and consider yourselves in a man-of-war."

The strangeness and drollery of the man's manner tickled Hamilton mightily, though his coarseness displeased him. The seamen well understood his meaning, and the boat being hauled up on the side away from the shore, the course was altered, and they stood in for the land to get under the lee of the Cape, the wind (what there was) being from

the north-east. A good look-out was kept—one-half the men lying down on deck to sleep, and amongst them Quaco.

As soon as Hamilton saw the negro had comfortably composed himself abaft, he approached to his side, and sitting down softly, uttered his name;—"Garamercie! who dat peakee me?" exclaimed the black, starting up in affright.

"It is I," returned the youth, in the same low tone. "Do not make a shouting and noise, old man, it is I, Monsieur Ami Brienot."

"You liar for true," angrily responded the black; "you one debbil-face runaway nigger slabe; where you tievee dat voice?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, old man," said Hamilton in a whisper. "Do you remember Le Bon Mari, and the hurricane?"

"Garamercie, wharra dis?" uttered the black in terror. "You go for dead, and Jumbee change da colour—No?"

"No, Quaco, I am still living, notwithstanding your having basely deserted me," answered the youth. "I was left floating alone on the ocean, exposed to the incessant heat of the sun. I was wrecked on an uninhabited island, where I had

nothing to eat but raw *coal* fish, and that has caused the alteration in my colour."

"Well, who eber hear such ting!" exclaimed the negro. "Neber—neber—you debbel for true—'pose you no get furder off, me cool da fire in your claw in da wharrer—hearee?" and he raised himself more firmly up, as if to get upon his legs and fulfil his threat.

"You are an old fool, Quaco," uttered Hamilton, laughing, "and an old rogue too—Many a decanter of wine have you to account for, taken from the sideboard at the Solitaire."

"Good debbil, no plaguee me noder time—me neber tieve again," shouted the negro jumping up, and in his haste to get away stumbling over the legs of the prostrate master's mate as he laid concealed underneath a boat's sail, having taken Hamilton's mattrass to lie upon.

"Halloo—what the —— is all this?" bellowed the officer, starting up, and rubbing his shins; "why, you coast o' Guinea monster—you make every thing so dark about you, that you can't see your way. Take that, you black angel," and he gave him a cuff with his fist. "Have you no more respect for an officer in command of a tender than

to treat his lower stanchions as you would a couple o' monkey tails?"

"Oh—oh!" roared Quaco, "em debbil lib dere, massa Earwig! he peakee me somut ob ebery ting —and tella me—" and the black stopped, for he did not like to mention his peccadilloes.

"Aye, aye, yere both on you o' the same kidney, I dare be sworn," answered the officer, whose real name was Herrick, though Quaco had transformed it into Earwig. "Here, Johnson, take this black fellow alongside of you, and just larn him a little bit o' good behaviour—will you?"

"What can you expect, sir, from a dark-skinned nigger," responded Johnson, the coxswain; "its hard lines to be a poor hignorant know-nothing of a creatur, without a soul, and mayhap without a gizzard, and to get monkey's allowance for it into the bargain. But, come along here, Quaco, and lay down alongside o' my look-out, and no holy infarnal shall mislest ye whilst Jos Johnson has you under his lee— and it arn't clear to me but nat'ral inkstinck may lead you to smell out a good prize for us yet."

Quaco did as he was desired, and Hamilton, vexed at the old man's stupidity and obstinacy, resolved as secretly as possible to cleanse himself of the im-

purity, which had become extremely disagreeable. For this purpose he went forward, eagerly watched by Quaco, and having drawn a bucket of water, he tried to wash the black off his face; but the saline quality of the element prevented it from having more than a partial effect, though a piece of coarse canvas, with hard scrubbing, removed the darker shades, and in some places restored the original white.

Nor was Quaco the only one who eyed the motions of the supposed young negro—the look-out man forward, as he sat upon the windlass, had, unknown by the youth, narrowly observed his proceedings, as much from a superstitious dread as any other cause, and when he distinguished in the coming light that the lad was turning white he could contain himself no longer,—"Well, I'm blowed," said he aloud, "if this arn't reg'lar out-and-out unnatral—a scraper and a hand-swab may take off a ship's paint, but for a nigger to moult his skin!—then, I'm bless'd, if I knows what to make on it!"

"What's the matter, Jem?" inquired the coxswain, walking towards the windlass, and followed at a short distance by Quaco; "have you found a couple o' gould watches, and don't know what to do with them?"

"No, no, Joe," responded the other, "its nothing in regard o'watches, though any body may have my share as likes. But just haul your wind this way —did you ever see a nigger a moulting? Cause if you didn't never see sich a thing you may see it now," and he pointed to the youngster.

Hamilton was not aware that any one had been looking at him, and when he heard the observations of the seaman, he ceased scrubbing. Johnson, who had previously seen the youth as black as a thunder cloud, was struck with astonishment at witnessing the pie-bald countenance that was now presented; he stopped short as if undecided how to act, and turned to Quaco. But a new light seemed to have burst in and illumined the negro's mind; he sprang forward, caught the youngster by the arm, gazed wistfully and earnestly in his face, and then exclaimed in joyous glee, "He my massa for true— Garamercie me so glad—dare him tam Misser Johnson de massa for me, dat me leab in a brig and tink he go dead."

"Well I'm bless'd, Joe, if this arn't a rum go any how, and I shouldn't be surprised if the ould un was to turn yellow," exclaimed Jem; "all I got to say is, that I hopes the devil's color arn't

catching, for if I was to go home a black fellow, the ould woman would'nt never have nothing whatsomever to say to me."

The whole of the watch had now gathered abaft the windlass, and Hamilton continued his operation, aided by the delighted Quaco, and was soon restored to something like his proper complexion. "I'm no negro," said the youth, "but an Englishman like yourselves."

Avast, avast," exclaimed the good-natured coxswain, and then turning to his shipmates, he added "I'm sure none on you has heard what he said, and in nat'ral consekence can't tell any body."

"Why should I fear its being known", said Hamilton with energy; "I believe myself to be English, though not certain of it."

"Aye, aye, that's right," returned the coxswain, with a self-satisfied air, "and if I was you, not a word but French lingo would I let Master Herrick or any one else, hear payed out of my lips—you're rather too young to go cloud hunting for a mere mistake as to country."

"I perceive your error, my generous friend," said Hamilton, much affected at the seaman's humanity; "you take me for a traitor to my king."

"Oh no, only a mistake, my boy," returned the coxswain, soothingly. "You are serving under the French flag instead of the British ensign, and as for your own particular colours, why you've been sailing under false ones—that's all."

"I can explain every thing," said the youth, whilst Quaco looked on in dismay, at the terrible ideas which Johnson had conjured up in his mind; "I am here as a passenger, engaged on an important duty, which I trust your officer will yet allow me to fulfil. Yon island has been my home for twelve years.——"

"Sail, ho!" exclaimed one of the party, and the rest immediately gathered round him to catch the direction of the stranger, and offer their conjectures as to what she was; up sprang Mr. Herrick and called for his glass, which being brought to him from the boat, he carefully and steadily fixed his gaze on the object, and in a few minutes (during which the most breathless attention had prevailed) he pronounced it to be a topsail schooner, jogging off the land.

"Pose massa Earwig please for make me see 'em," said Quaco, respectfully touching the woolly hair on his forehead, "me tell him at once wheder a craab or a cockroach."

"Oh, no doubt o'yer cleverness in that way," returned the master's mate, contemptuously. "But d'ye think nobody else besides yourself has got preceptions about 'em to diskiver a black dog from a blue monkey? She's a drogher, and we'll carry her out with us, if she's worth having, and get along-side afore they can overhaul our manoverers from the shore."

"Em no drogher wid a topsel, saar," said the negro, who was fearful of being captured under the British flag and punished; "me tink 'em pribateer, pose massa Earwig please."

"Well then I don't please," exclaimed the master's mate angrily, for though he strongly suspected the character of the stranger, he did not relish the idea that any one should be able to detect what she actually was besides himself. "If she arn't a drogher she's a pilot boat."

"P'rhaps him pilot boat," assented Quaco, though he well knew the contrary. "My massa here know for dat."

"Your master!—who the devil may he be," scornfully uttered the officer, looking at Hamilton for the first time since his ablution; "why who have we got there—young mungo transmigrified—

by the pipers — what, have you found coppers aboard, for I never yet knew a black fellow turn white till he was boiled."

"It is true, sir," said Hamilton, "that when you first boarded us I was most certainly under a cloud——"

"A cloud, d'ye call it," exclained the master's mate; "if it was ounly a cloud, it was about the blackest I ever seed. But what are you? no Frenchman I'll swear, and if English, then I'm blessed if there won't be a yard rope rove the day you trip your anchor of life."

"He was a passenger in the sloop, sir," said the coxswain, desirous of making matters as smooth as possible; "but, with all due submission, sir, I'll make bould to say, that there is no pilot boat, and to my thinking the black fellow's right—for though God Almighty has not given him the onderstanding and larning, as he has to the likes of you and me; yet there's a sort of a kind of a inkstinck about him, as it ud be well to mind sometimes."

"When your adwice is wanted I'll ax for it," responded the officer, more testy than ever. "I say she's a pilot boat or summut o' the sort," (he was satisfied to the contrary), "but mayhap she may be

armed, and in consequence it's best not to be taken unawars. Go you to the helm, old coast o' Guinea, and keep steadily on in your course; send the prisoners all but the youngster below, and secure 'em in the hould. The rest on you jump into the boat along-side, and lay down in her bottom with your arms all ready. Bend on the ensign and pennant, but keep 'em snug till I tell you—and d'ye hear, Quaco, when she nears us try and get close along-side, and answer her hail—she's ounly a pilot boat, but it's well to be prepared for squalls;" and the master's mate sunk himself in the companion hatch, so as just to leave his head, on which he mounted a red cap, in sight; "go you forud, directly as you're told, young whity-brown," continued he, as soon as he was ensconced, "and tend the head sails."

"'Em pribateer for all dat," muttered Quaco at the tiller, "and now whar for me do? — Pose tak'em? bullet in him gizzem—pose take him pribateer? all safe. Ah, me massa," added he, addressing Hamilton, who had approached him, "dere come 'noder hurricane," and he affected to laugh.

The vessel was evidently a schooner, of no mean dimension for that coast, and as it frequently happened that the privateers bore a very dubious cha-

racter, sometimes perpetrating acts of piracy, it caused no surprise to Quaco to see her rapidly advancing, and shortly afterwards to hear the crack of a musket, and the whistling of a ball as it flew past him.—"Port a little, and edge towards the rascal," said the master's mate, "lay the sloop close along-side, even to touching if you can, and I'll drop round under his starn and grab him in no time; now mind what you are about Quaco. Go forud, youngster, and it will be the best for you to obey orders."

The master's mate then hurried into his boat, telling the negro to shout "Glasso'wisky," at the appropriate period for boarding.

"Me no touch 'em, dough," muttered the black, "pose him jump on de deck, good-by to Quaco and me young massa;" another musket was fired—"Ha, dere he come again."

END OF VOLUME II.

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HAMILTON KING.

OR,

THE SMUGGLER AND THE DWARF.

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BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

"TOUGH YARNS," "STORIES OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HAMILTON KING.

CHAPTER I.

"Mark well the African,
The woolly-headed negro: he is a
Subtle humourist, and his queer replies,
Though they seem silly-sooth, have in them more
Than strikes the casual hearer."—Old Play.

The morning was faintly breaking as Quaco steered towards the schooner, a long, low, black, snake-like looking thing, with a crew of cut-throats, and a brass nine-pounder. "What sloop is that?" enquired a voice in French.

Quaco had forgotten to ask the name of the vessel, but he promptly gave that of an ugly old colonial craft he had himself once commanded—"Le Bijou," shouted he, "belonging to Monsieur Pelereaux, of Port au Prince."

The schooner had now ranged up on the starboard side, and again the voice was heard as the negro hugged closer to them, till they were little

more than a boat-hook's length apart, for the water was as smooth as a mill pond. "What cargo have you got in?"

"Glasso'wisky," shouted the negro, giving the helm another hitch to port.

"What the deuce is that," enquired the other; "starboard your helm—port a little us, you'll be foul of our quarter."

The larboard waist of the schooner, which was next to the sloop, was crowded with men—but before they could sheer any distance from each other, Mr. Herrick and his brave fellows had dropped under the stern of the privateer, and boarding her on the starboard quarter, poured in a volley of small arms, and then rushed with desperate energy upon the enemy, who, though double the numerical strength of the British, were wholly unprepared for the encounter; in fact, seeing nothing but a colonial sloop, they had not even meddled with their arms, their object no doubt, being plunder.

The impetuous rush of the seamen at once decided the business: a few knives were hastily drawn from their sheaths and brandished in self-defence, but terror took possession of their minds; several jumped overboard and tried to swim to the sloop—but Quaco

sheered off, and gave them a wide berth ; the principal portion plunged down the hatchways and concealed themselves below, whilst no small number were stretched on the deck, either killed or wounded; and many of the latter, rendered desperate by the emergency of their situation, fought with their opponents, and brought down death upon themselves. Not a single casualty happened to the man-of-war's men, and in less than five minutes the privateer was entirely their own.

"Whar 'em tink o' pilot-boat now, Massa Earwig?" shouted Quaco, making the air ring again with his merry laugh.

"I'd tell you, ye Newcastle angel—I'd tell you what I think, if I was alongside o' you," growled the master's mate, who did not relish the negro's familiarity. "But now, lads," continued he, addressing the men, "bear a hand and clear the decks: —corporal!" The corporal of marines stepped out and gave a military flourish with his hand to his hat. "Corporal you was once doctor's sarvant in a frigate, I'm tould."

"I was, sir, some years ago, before I was promoted to my present rank," returned the non-commissioned officer.

"Well, then, as you ought to know summut about sword-cuts and gun-shot wounds, I hereby appoints you surgeon extrawdinary to myself. Now, overhaul them there fellows," pointing to the prostrate privateer's men, "and if you finds any on 'em likely to howld on by the life-lines, why just send 'em abaft. Johnson, get a sail spread chock aft for the wounded; and I'm thinking, corporal," added he, in a lower voice, "if there's any on 'em dragging their anchors for t'other world, and isn't likely to ride it out long, why it 'ud save 'em a good deal of pain and misery, and be all the better for us, if you expended 'em at once among the D D's*—you understand me, corporal."

"Not exactly, sir," responded the non-commissioned officer, who though he really did comprehend what the other meant, yet was prevented by humane considerations from acknowledging it. "You wish the wounded to be shifted aft, sir."

"Yes—yes," grumbled the master's mate, vexed that the broad hint he had given had not been taken; at the same time not over anxious that the sole responsibility of the proposition should rest upon him-

* DD. Two letters placed against the name of any seaman who died, signifying Discharged Dead.

self. "And now, lads," uttered he to the people, "what's to be done with all these here prisoners? If we sends 'em ashore they'll alarm the whole coast, and our cruise will in course be up; if we keeps 'em aboard they'll be cursedly in the way;" he paused a moment to collect their ideas from the expression of their countenances, and then added, turning to the coxswain, "It won't do to heave 'em overboard, Johnson!"

The latter part of this brief address was uttered in that sort of tone which implied a perfect willingness to perform such an operation, but a desire that the proposal should emanate from another, as it might produce awkward inquiries, and unpleasant consequences afterwards. "No, sir," responded the coxswain, "it would never do to make the onfortunates walk the plank, though I dare say there's many on 'em richly desarves it. But a good deal, Muster Herrick, must depend on what you means to do with the schooner."

"Take her into the sarvice, to be sure, Joe," answered the officer, "and we may as well do it at once. Hoist the ensign and pennant."

"They're in the sloop, sir," announced one of the

crew; "but, if we hoists a blue jacket instead, I'm thinking it will be all reg'lar enough."

"I hope Mr. Herrick will consider the honour of the royal marines, and hoist one of our jackets at the same time," said the corporal.

"Why that's a point as requires a little hargyfication," returned the master's mate; "now you know the sarvices ar'n't on a level, not by no manner o' means, and, consequently, to bend 'em on alongside of each other wouldn't be proper discipline; but you may hoist the jolly's consarn about one-third or a little more down than the bit o' blue, and that will be about the amagraphy of the thing;" and, thus united, the emblems were hoisted. "I arn't got time to make you another speech," continued Herrick, "but you may consider that which I made in the sloop repeated again, and it will do just as well. Though, mayhap, as it won't be altogether ship-shape either, I'd better not omit it. Send the hands aft, Johnson:" the men soon collected on the quarter-decks. "I'll tell you what it is, my lads," said he. "There, dowse your trucks, all on you, whilst your commander speaks. Arn't you none on you got no better notion of respect for

your colors than to keep your heads covered when an officer reads his commission?" The hats and caps were all removed, and he proceeded. "Now I'll tell you what it is; I arn't by no ways satisfied nor contented with our prizes, seeing as the trifle they'll fetch will have to be shared out among so many, and the head-money won't come to much. But as we've now got howld of a reg'lar fighting craft, as our own property, and I've expended none on you in boarding, it stands in the nat'ral reckoning of the calkelation of things, that if we, in an owld rattle-trap sloop capturs a well-manned and well-armed privateer-schooner, why we ought in that same schooner to take, sink or destroy, summut worth talking about. At all events I'll have a week's cruise, if I don't get anything else, so here goes for Cape Teburoon."

"But the wounded, Muster Herrick, what'll you do with them?" remonstrated the coxswain; "them cutlash wounds are the very devils to fester in a hot climate."

"And bring on mortification and lock-jaw," uttered the corporal, desirous of showing his surgical knowledge.

"You'll hould your jaw, if you please," said the

master's mate, to the great mortification of the corporal's self-esteem.

"But it's true, Muster Herrick," continued Johnson; "and to do as you'd be done by oughtn't never to be forgot."

"Pity they didn't make a methody parson on you, Joe," said the master's mate, contemptuously; "you'd have made a prime hand in fitting out a sarmon."

"I hopes, Muster Herrick, I shall never be wanting in humanity to an enemy arter he's struck," returned Johnson. "Now, in all due respect, as we've never got no doctor among us,"—the corporal coughed, "I would run in off—Jackanmoll,* and see what there is loading there; and, whether or no, I'd put the wounded into the small boats, and send 'em ashore just as we're coming out again."

"Well, it's odd, too, for a couple of us to have the same thoughts," said the master's mate, more complacently; "do you know, Johnson, I, was overhauling the same thing in my mind, and them there's precisely my own ideas. But see, they've

* Jaquemel, a sea-port, on the south side of San Domingo; it is situated near the neck of the Peninsula, and Port au Prince lies a short distance across the land to the north.

got the sail ready; now then, my lads, some on you lift the wounded abaft. Why the devil arn't you examining them, corporal? do you mean to have your rating without doing the duty?"

Thus admonished, the corporal inspected the wounded, many of whom were terribly mangled; and whilst one party was removing them aft, another was engaged in attaching weights to the dead and committing them to their ocean grave, which opened to receive its prey, was ruffled for the moment as the sullen plunge was heard, and then rolled on as smooth as ever.

The schooner's name was La Serpent, of eight four-pounders, a long brass nine acting on a swivel, well found in arms and ammunition, plenty of wine and rum, but rather slender in her outfit of stores and provisions. She had forty-seven hands when first boarded, but sixteen of them were consigned to the deep, and the wounded numbered nearly as many more, so destructive had been the volley and the rush of the seamen upon the enemy, as they stood huddled together looking at the sloop. Amongst the former was the captain, almost the first who fell, and the next in command was desperately wounded; the crew had been a heterogeneous mass

of French, Dutch, Swedes, Spaniards, mulattoes, and revolted negroes, and it is singular that the principal portion of the survivors were people of colour.

"Drop the pinnace round on the larboard side," ordered the master's mate; "make all snug in her, and bear a hand about it, for the sun 'ull be out o' the bush presently, and his honest face, when it's clean, 'ud put many a rogue to the blush. At all events, let us be jogging on when they opens their daylights ashore. And now, Johnson, what have you got to say about Jackymoll?"

"Quaco says he knows the place well enough," resumed the seaman; "he was talking about it whilst we lay at the back of November there, and was telling us that there was generally a craft or two loading which we might bring away, supposing that we could get in without being discovered. And now, Muster Herrick, we may do the trick without being suspected; and, whether or no, we can leave the poor fellows behind us, so as to have clear decks if we should fall in with anything worth man-handling."

"All square," returned the master's mate; "we'll jog on quietly with the sloop. Up with the helm, and fill upon her; there's a nice little breeze abaft."

He placed his hands on each side his mouth, by way of speaking-trumpet, and hailed, "Sloop, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, Massa Earwig, me hear em," answered the black; "you hab plenny o' work dere."

"Keep in my wake, Quaco," again hailed the mate; "I'll send the boat astarn for you presently. Keep close in my wake—hear'ee?

"Ees, Massa Earwig, me hear em well enough," returned Quaco, laughing. "De marchantman alays follow him pilot-boat."

"Hould your ivory, yer grinning lump o' jet!" grumbled Herrick;—"and yet, Johnson, we carn't well do without him in this here affair, and so the lubber takes adwantage of it. He can palaver the French lingo—not but what I could overhaul a fake or two of it myself upon a pinch—and so we'll run in and rekoniter what's to be the upshot; and if there's a bit of fighting to be done, why we've just got the boys as can do it, purwided there's an officer of experience to lead em, and which I flatters myself, on this here occasion, the sarvice carn't produce a more properer or more fitterer person than Muster Samuel Herrick, of his majesty's sloop Glasso'wisky. Not that I loves boasting; but there, Johnson, nobody knows better nor yourself

that a man's merit is a man's merit. Now haul down the colours, and sarve out some rum."

As soon as the vessels were put before the wind, or rather brought it on their quarters, Hamilton walked aft to Quaco, and inquired whether there was not a possibility of giving the schooner the slip when they got in-shore.

"Neber, massa," returned he; "dey hab long gun peaka we tan tiff, and spose no mind 'em—knock a hole troo de bottom, and sloop go to glorio."

"But how is it, Quaco, that I find you here fighting against the flag of your mistress and the country of your adoption?" asked Hamilton, with symptoms of displeasure—for he had been so long naturalized to the French that he looked upon the English as his enemies.

"Em too long tory for tell him now, me massa," replied the black. "Quaco flag all colour one time or noder—red, white, blue, yellow—"

"And black!" exclaimed Hamilton, interrupting him with eagerness, as he fixed an earnest look upon his face; but the negro's manner was unchanged.

"Ees, me massa, an sometime black," assented Quaco, with a knowing catch of his head; "wharra harm in dat?—black man hab black flag."

"And that saved your life, I suppose, when the Bon Mari was taken?" remarked Hamilton, reproachfully.

"Darra time o' de hurricane—no?" responded the negro; and, as if desirous of avoiding the inquiry, he laughed loud and long.

"I shall know my friends better another time, I hope," said Hamilton, angrily, and walking away.

"Well den, me massa, tan littlee bit, you please, and hearee me peak," requested Quaco; and Hamilton stopped. "When dat snake-in-a-guinea-grass pirate com alongside de brig, me know 'em directly —'cause, Monsieur Ami, me once hab de misfortun to sail wid him; and so Quaco tink to hesef, 'Pose come aboard, find him here, den he go dead; 'pose swim to 'cooner, tell 'em passager and plenny dollar get away in de boat wid a captain, but good plunder left, dey gib me chance for life, and me try to sabe me massa.'"

"It's very little you thought of me, old man," said Hamilton, again returning to the negro's side; "you thought only of your own safety."

"'Ponna me honour, Monsieur Ami," exclaimed the black, placing his hand upon his breast, "me tink of you, and how he break de heart for me missee,

'pose neber see you again. So Quaco swim to de 'cooner, and tell 'em ebery ting someting, and where dey find de boasun."

"You could not act so wickedly!" uttered the youth, with disgust; "then he owes his death to you, and you have been his murderer! Yet, Quaco, you will call yourself a Christian!"

"No, me massa, me only poor nigger rangootang den," answered the negro, with a peculiar look of mingled shrewdness and assumed ignorance.

"And so, for a few idle words, you sacrificed a fellow-creature!" uttered Hamilton, with strong emphasis.

"Scrathcyfied, massa! what he call scratchyfied?" asked Quaco, perverting the word "sacrificed."—"Tan littlee bit, saar! Em boasun neber hab tought for we, 'pose he got in a boat darra time; and Quaco tink to hesef, 'Happen 'em find him boasun, he tell for me young massa, and him missee break him heart.'"

"How can I believe a word of this," said Hamilton, "when you left me on the wide ocean alone, with the dead corpse hanging at the peak?"

"Better dan leab him libe corpse, massa," urged

the negro ; " and me no tink for leab you alone, and the buckra man-o'-war come for take you off."

" But he did not come to take me off," said the youth ; " I was alone—entirely alone, with that horrible corpse swinging in the wind !"—and he shuddered at the recollection.

" Me only tink so, me massa," argued Quaco, quietly. "But de buckra man-o'-war catchee we in de 'cooner, and take em to Jamaica. Me tell 'em me passager in de brig, and me massa leab aboard sans ebery ting ; but captain take de pirate to Kington, where dey all try for he life, till dey get like him boasun all along shore, and tring em up like ingons from my country, and dat England."

" But what proofs had they of piracy ?" inquired Hamilton ; " they could know nothing of the plundering of the brig and the murder of her crew—they could know nothing of the condition in which we had been abandoned."

" Oh, dere plenny proof, massa," said Quaco, knowingly, and giving the youth a look fraught with meaning. " Dere part of de cargo, and dere—"

" Was Quaco," uttered Hamilton, again fixing his eager look upon the old man.

"Ees, me massa, me dere," acquiesced the negro quietly; "no help for dat any how, when dey put me in a jail."

"And you gave evidence against the pirates?" said the youth—"you again turned upon your friends?"

"Friends, massa!" exclaimed the black, "Garamercie! 'em poor friends in a 'cooner. No, no—me find one friend in de man-o'-war know Quaco in Jamaica, 'peak two, dree word for me, and behabe like one genelman to anoder. Me neber hab conceit for haangman collar."

"You have heard nothing, then, of Madame Brienot?" inquired Hamilton; "I suppose you have been ever since in the king's ship?"

"No, massa, hear noting—dat one. Ees, massa, me man-o'-war man now—dat two," answered the negro, numbering the responses to the questions. "And now, monsieur, wharra you do for get here?"

"I must tell you that some other time, Quaco," replied the youth; "I was trying to get to Port au Prince, where Madame Brienot now is, and still hope that the English officers will put me ashore."

The negro shook his head. "Me lub me missee—me lub me young massa. 'Pose dem Frenchman

catchee we—wharra den? Madame Burnoh—Monsieur Ami—Massa Quaco, get 'em gullemteem. No good dat."

Hamilton ruminated for a few minutes, and the probability immediately struck him that the commissioners would be glad to embrace any plausible pretext for destroying the widow, so as to enable them unmolested to confiscate her property, and transfer it to their own uses; for they were well aware that she had purchased the estate at Bordeaux, and invested money both in the French and English funds, besides retaining her legal right to the fertile and productive Solitaire. "But what would be the best to be done, Quaco?" said he.

"Massa one Anglice man," returned the black—"no hab Frence blood in him heart. England fight de Frence—no? wharra for, me massa, den fight de Anglice?"

"You would have me then at once abandon the French, and join my supposed countrymen?" said Hamilton. "I own my inclinations tend that way—or, rather, it is an impulse that I cannot control."

"Massa may call 'em pulse, 'pose him please; me call em rope," responded the negro, putting his hand

in a dangling position to his neck, so as to convey an idea of hanging. "Darra Massa Earwig open him eye for hearee you peak Anglice. Massa Johnson tella you peak Frence. Garamercie! but dem up to ebery ting. You no for 'member darra time when we lib at de plantation, me wear me white craabat and me white silk tocking—no? Where 'em gone now?"

Hamilton contemplated the change in the negro's apparel, which had certainly been very great. At the Solitaire he was at all times particularly clean and neat, and not unfrequently elegant in his dress; now a pair of canvas trowsers, an old check shirt, a well-worn blue jacket, a woollen cap, and a pair of slop shoes, formed the whole of his costume. "I must admit," said the youth, "that the alteration is for the worse."

"Massa, no tink me like to hab 'em all again?" argued the black; "me cocklem hat—me white craabat—me silk tocking—me frill sart—me gold repeatem—me dress coat—and noder time, me top boot round me neck—no?" He shook his head, mournfully; and after a melancholy grunt, exclaimed, "Nem mind—massa—nem mind," he began singing—

"Me lose me sooe,
In an old canoe,
Johnny, oh! come wind em so!"

Ah, dem de times for neber come again—plenny wine—plenny ebery ting for hungry belly—good missee—good massa, Quaco all same, noder genelman, now—but nem mind, massa—nem mind—neber see de day for dog nyam razor—all right bum by."

"You wish me to believe, then, that you would willingly return to Madame Brienot, if such a thing could possibly be effected?" said Hamilton.

"Ees, massa, 'spose possib for infected!" returned the black. "But me know bery well not possib; massa Earwig no for let em go—dat one ting; 'pose let em go, dem blaack rascal cut em troat—dat two ting; 'pose blaack rascal no cut em troat, dem Frencemen chop him head off—dat tree ting! and Madame Burnoh go kingom come in a gullemteen! No, no, Monsieur Ami, you Anglicemen now, and under proper flag! Madame Burnoh get away—go to France, we get away—go to France too."

There was certainly policy in Quaco's arrangement—at least, so Hamilton thought; but

there was no time for further consultation, as the schooner's boat was veered astern by a tow-line; and Herrick hailed the negro to give up his charge to the two men that were in her, and return himself in the boat. The exchange was effected without loss of time; and Quaco and his young master were again separated.

"Well, old coast o' Guinea," said the master's mate; "they tell me you are well acquainted with this coast—do you know the port of Jackymoll?"

"Do me know de grog time o' day, massa Earwig?" answered the negro. "Ees, me know em bery well, tankee."

"And do you think there is any likelihoods of bringing any thing out, old boy, supposing we stand in?" said the master's mate.

"Em not know dat, massa Earwig," responded the black, dubiously: "'pose noting dere—no noting to bring out! 'pose craft dere—no catchee no habee!"

"Well, that's nigger philosophy at all events," said the corporal. "Quaco makes it all out as straight as a ramrod."

"He'd make a Philadelphy lawyer," exclaimed the master's mate, jeeringly. "Do you know your

way in and out again, old Ebony?—that's all I want to know now."

"Ees, massa Earwig—me 'teer de 'cooner troo moquito eye," answered Quaco. "But hab battery and long gun dere, and 'pose em hit da 'cooner!" he began singing—

"Me lose me boot,
In a pilot boat!

massa Earwig!"

"Clap a stopper on your muzzle, old man," said Johnson; who was apprehensive the negro would excite the irritability of the master's mate, and probably get a blow. "If you're sartin you can carry the schooner in, why that's all about it—leave the fighting to Muster Herrick!"

"But em twenty-four pounder neber ax who he kill," argued Quaco. "'Pose him no hit massa Earwig or massa Johnson—Garamercie! he hit me, and den wharra me do for go dead?"

"The fellow's a coward!" exclaimed the master's mate, with contempt: "it ud hardly be safe to trust him, Johnson?"

"I'm thinking its ounly his way o' letting on you know that there's batteries in the neighbourwood," said the coxswain; "for arter all, Muster Herrick,

he's not nothing but a ignorant nigger, as does every thing by inkstinck. Will you engage to take charge, and not bump us ashore, ould woolley head?"

"Ky, massa Johnson," exclaimed the negro, laughingly; "neber fear for him pilot-boat go on de rock."

"Out o' that, ye black warmint," exclaimed the master's-mate in a rage, and aiming a blow at Quaco, which the latter avoided, the rope's end alighted smartly on the corporal's shoulders. "I didn't mean to hit you, Jolly," continued Herrick; "but if that ould imp arn't ha done with his etarnal pilot-boat, I'll make him hoist his jack for a pilot into a hotter place than ever he has been in yet."

"Many tankee, saar," returned Quaco, still grinning at a distance. "You take me for Rangoo Tang too. Nem mind, tan littlee bit, bum by hab noder hurricane, and den nigger tan tiff."

Jaquemel was a small place embayed, and then the resort of privateers, which laid here partly concealed, and at every opportunity slipped out to pick up a Jamaica-man—nor were they very scrupulous in plundering ships of their own nation, or committing piracy of any kind—the produce being easily transferred to the Spanish city San Domingo, or to

the French town Port-au-Prince—though the former was the favourite, as the merchants there gave the best price.

It was a regular West India day—the sun poured down his burning rays without a cloud to intervene and lessen their intensity—there was scarcely a breath of wind, and the schooner and the sloop were borne along unresistingly by the current. Hamilton called to remembrance many of the mountains he had seen from the Solitaire, and they revived recollections of past enjoyments, whilst his heart swelled with grateful emotions for the many acts of kindness he had received from his generous benefactress. From this contemplation his mind reverted to earlier years, for since the time of his first communication with Quaco he had made it a constant practice to tax his memory with all the occurrences of his infantile days, that were yet treasured in their mystic veil, and by frequently conversing on the subject, to give them the utmost consistency that it was possible to obtain.

The countenance, the manners, and the mode of speech of the old gentleman, who was accustomed to stroke his head and speak encouragingly as he presented him with cakes—these he had never forgotten

—they were still vivid and fresh in his recollection; in fact, more so than any other thing that the mind retained. His sister Ellen often flitted like a vision before him in his dreams and in his waking thoughts; and the cutter, Feaghan, O'Rafferty, Ned Jones, and Neptune, with other circumstances, came in confused promiscuousness to mystify his intellects. Names too, except those of his sister, Ned Jones, and Neptune, were alike oblivious; and though Madame Brienot remembered the vessel's name was "Blue Bob," yet it made but a small increase in those items of knowledge by which he hoped, on some future occasion, to ascertain who and what he was.

And now, as he sat on the windlass-end trying to link and connect events and periods together, his heart sickened and his spirits became faint. It is true that Madame Brienot had been to him as a mother, nor had he enjoyed many opportunities of witnessing the endearments arising from parental and filial affection; but there were the principles and operations of nature stirring within his breast—that unceasing flame that only expires when the light of life is extinguished, and the mortal lamp is exchanged for one of purer brightness, or a fire that is

never quenched—a still small voice was ever whispering to him—there was at all times an ardent longing to behold the face of his parents—an earnest craving for some acknowledged tie, some recognised bond, to unite him to relatives and kindred.

Arduous were the struggles in his breast as to his future course, and keen was his agony as the improbability of his being allowed to land, grew stronger and stronger into conviction, and he pictured to himself the distress of Madame Brienot when disappointed relative to his coming. He was as yet unacquainted with the intention of the master's-mate to send the wounded ashore at Jaquemel, and therefore not aware that either himself or Quaco would have an opportunity of transmitting intelligence to the widow: but not so the black, for Quaco discovered two or three negroes amongst the sufferers, with whom he claimed an intimacy, and promised his assistance to procure their liberation, provided they would send to Port-au-Prince, and inform his mistress of the predicament in which Hamilton and himself were placed. Of course, the promise to exert himself for their liberation was a mere *ruse* to ensure compliance with the request, but he also gave them a stronger incentive—the

certainty of being well rewarded. As he conversed with his sable brethren in French, not one of the English understood what was said, and he was enabled to impress the tale so strongly on the minds of his hearers, that there was no fear of their forgetting it; and though they might jumble some of the parts together, yet Madame Brienot would understand that her old steward and her protégé were prisoners in the hands of the English—for he did not wish his mistress to learn that he was serving under British colours.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! that a man should put an enemy in his mouth, to steal away his brains."

It was not till the latter part of the afternoon that they caught any thing like a breeze, and then it came steady and strong, and the schooner flew through the smooth water with the velocity of a dolphin, leaving Hamilton and the sloop far astern. But by this time the seamen had indulged so frequently in their applications to the rum, that many of them were in a state of helpless intoxication; nor was the master's mate sober enough to exercise a sound and wholesome discretion. Of the whole party, Johnson and the marines were the only persons who retained their faculties unimpaired; and the coxswain and the corporal were fully engaged in keeping the prisoners in subjection, as well as preventing their shipmates exercising an uncontrolled license over unarmed men. In fact, the liquor had deprived them of self-government, and

in their mad career they would have perpetrated acts of violence and brutality utterly disgraceful and discreditable to human beings. Nor was this all the evil they had to counteract; for, in several instances, the seamen had carelessly thrown their arms about the deck, which would have been instantly seized by the captive privateer's-men, and used for the purpose of offence as well as defence, but for the watchful eyes of the coxswain and the soldiers. At length the prisoners were sent below, and a sentry placed over the hatchway, with orders to shoot the first that should attempt to come upon deck without permission.

Quaco had not refrained from the wine, but he was certainly not inebriated, and the quantity he had drank served rather to stimulate than to depress his faculties. He was seated abaft—sometimes talking with and soothing the wounded—occasionally looking at the blue mountains, as they raised their dark summits against the gorgeous tints of an evening sky—and then casting an anxious and earnest gaze towards the sloop that contained his young master. Every now and then he broke out into snatches of songs, and his own peculiar merry laugh was heard as he watched the unsteady and deviat-

ing motions of the master's mate. "Haugh, boy," said he, "you neber sabby when me go England noder time, me go for see de king;" and he struck up—

"'God shabe em Jarge de king,
Laang lib him nobber king,
God shabe de king;
Sen him wiggytoryus,
Naappy an golious,
Laang to run ober us;
God shabe de king.'

Dere den, yer cucurber-shin nigger, you no hearee dat. Nem mind, me go for England 'gain—dere plenny pretty white gal, no care for me hab blaack face. Ky, den me lub em all littlee bit so much. Quaco get old man now. Garamercie! when me young fles an blood—dat de time!—all em blaack lady come for make lub to Quaco." Again he sung with infinite humour the following *elegant* ditty:—

Miss Celia be bot slim an tall,
An she look like a mawma Wenus;
An she dance wid me at a dignity ball,
But dere neber be noting atween us.
Miss Julie she tan tiff and sleek,
An her eye shine bright like a dollar;
But her tongue, Garamercie! let nobody peak,
And she beat massa parson hollow.

When Sunday come, den me bedeck,
Me neber let nobody laugh at;
Me hab me top-boot, round me neck,
Me white frill sart and craabat:
And den me meet Miss Cackerine,
In a white beaber haat an feader—
Oh! she look to me more neat an fine
Dan em Graces hammered togeder.

Dere, boy, what him tink o' dat? Tan littlee bit —hab drop more wine—drink em health for Massa Earwig."

"No, no, Quaco," said Johnson, addressing him in an under-tone, so as not to reach the ears of those around him; "no, no—do not drink any more. I must just get you to take the helm; for, look yourself, there's Bill Simmons can't make out the north from the south, and it has been hard up and hard down with him this half-hour past, and he's the soberest among em. If these Crapoos break adrift —and they seems inclined to do so—some of our shipmates 'ull have more water than grog. Come, Quaco, Bill's shoved his head in the binnacle to look at the compass, and find out what course she's on."

Bill had, indeed, "shoved his head in the binnacle;" but it was not a voluntary act—for, not-

withstanding the gripe he held of the tiller, it had slipt away from his hands, and he had fallen prostrate. Quaco readily superseded him, and, sensible of the hazardous situation they were in, he at once determined to drink no more, but attend with promptitude to his steering. "Neber fear, Massa Johnson," said he, seriously; "you keep em Frenceman in atween deck, me take care 'cooner no go crooked course."

"There's a sowl!" exclaimed the coxswain; "I know'd I could depend upon you." He then stooped, and laid hold of the fallen man to drag him away. "Halloo, Bill, rouse and bitt; how's her head—eh?"

"How's her head?" hiccupped the drunken man; "well, then, I'm bless'd if I can tell you, unless you howlds a lantern over the bows for me to see by; for it's been so dark for the last hour I arn't never seed it at all."

To run close into an enemy's port in such a state as both the officers and the men were, would have been unpardonable rashness; but still what was to be done? There they were, careering on with a brisk breeze, and the beautiful vessel cleaving the water, as it rose in white foam beneath her fore-

foot, and hissed along her sides in fleecy whiteness. Herrick tried to walk the deck; but his staggering grew worse and worse, and he was frequently compelled to cling to the main-shrouds for support—fully indicating the debasing position of betweenity he had acquired; and the coxswain knew, from past experience, how useless it was to employ persuasion or remonstrance to counteract his drunken stubbornness, or as it was styled by the captain's clerk, his "dictionary moods;" for at such seasons the master's mate indulged in all the hard and cramp words he could muster in his storm-dried brain, without the slightest attention to a right appropriation.

Had Johnson endeavoured to dissuade the master's mate from running in, it would have made the latter more determined in accomplishing it; and had he thwarted his designs, it would have irritated him beyond bounds; and he plainly saw how utterly futile it was to assume the command with a crew of intoxicated men, who, in their drunken fraternity, would be more ready to side with the views of their officer, though it should lead them to destruction, for the purpose of evidencing their own sobriety. Besides, he was well aware what a ticklish

experiment it was to deprive an officer of his authority, even in self-preservation—a thing seldom or ever countenanced by superiors, who, in the event of a court-martial, would have to sit in judgment on the offender.

Still, to run recklessly into the enemy's mouth was rather more than Johnson's usual equanimity of temper could endure. He felt confident that nothing could save them from capture, if once beneath the guns of the batteries Quaco had mentioned; and if captured, immediate death, or, what was worse, lingering out a few days in a wretched dungeon, was inevitable. The corporal also felt uneasy, and repeatedly urged the coxswain to take the charge upon himself; but the latter saw the total impracticability of the thing, and was fully sensible that they would have quite enough to do to restrain the turbulence of the prisoners, and keep them from making an attack, instead of being divided amongst themselves, and giving the privateer's men an easy victory.

Under these circumstances, Johnson had recourse to Quaco, hoping that the "natral inkstink of the nigger" would help him out of the dilemma; and, therefore, he placed himself by his side, and in a

few words pointed out to him the risk they were incurring in running in for the land ; "and," added he, "you sabby ould man, that you as pilot have charge o' the craft. Now, if you can ounly persuade Muster Herrick to lay-to till midnight, so as to shove her nose in under the cover of the darkness, why you know, by that time, some on em may get *cobblus mentus*, and be able to attend to their duty ; and if he won't agree to it, why then, ould boy, you must give up charge."

Now Quaco required no information relative to the difficulty they were likely to be involved in, and had he been differently situated, it is probable that he would have increased rather than diminished it, so that he might obtain a better chance of getting ashore. But he had been revolving the affair over in his own mind, and apprehensions of personal hazard determined him ; the fact of his serving under the British flag at the taking of the sloop and privateer, could not be concealed, and he knew that, such was the hatred of the French against anything English, nothing could save him from condemnation as a traitor, should he fall into the hands of the commissioners, though it was far more probable that he should be put to death imme-

diately on his landing. There was also another thing to prompt his decision, and, to do him justice, it must be stated that it had a powerful influence in directing his future course, and that was young Hamilton.

"A negro has a soul, an't please yer honor," said Corporal Trim to my Uncle Toby; and certain it is that Quaco not only had a soul, but also from that soul emanated warm affections towards his young master; and, having once more found him, he felt no inclination to part again, although a suspicion now and then crossed his mind that the sloop, which was a considerable distance astern, would soon change masters. This was grounded on the expectation that the two men in charge would get drunk as their shipmates had done, and then Hamilton and the French crew would overpower them, retake the vessel, and stand in direct for the land, so as to run her ashore.

"Well, Quaco, will you do it?" urged Johnson, after he had given the negro a few minutes to consider the proposition.

"Tan, Massa Johnson, littlee bit," said the black complacently; "no use do anyting while 'em grog aboard. You no see 'em, Massa Earwig, walk all

same one craab—ebery body but sodger cranky de coup. Wharra, den? tell him corporal roll em caax, bung down, rum go, debbil drink go—bery good. Now, hearee, you please."

"Mind your helm, you black scorpion! do *you* hear?" shouted the master's mate, from holding on by the main-shrouds. "You'll get fum-fum presently."

"Me hearee, Massa Earwig," responded the negro, in perfect good-humour; "you no see me 'teer de 'cooner good."

"Steer her magnificently, you thunder-cloud!" hiccupped the master's mate; "and don't have any ambigerousness about it, nor get perambulatory in the gammon yer pitching into ould Johnson's rarefactions."

"Ky what he call me names for, Massa Earwig!" exclaimed the black; "me neber bumbletory faction for 'fend *you*, saar!"

"Howld yer spasmology, yer cantankerous inkbottle," said the mate, "and don't presume to overhaul yer discoursation with an officer in his Majesty's sarvice of my long standing and axperience, and you no better than a homageable animal."

"Tan littlee bit you please, Massa Earwig," said Quaco; "'cooner run too fast; 'top till he come dark night for run in—me no sabby de land by de daylight."

"He'll hardly hoist that in," whispered the coxswain to the negro, and then speaking out himself —"Muster Herrick, Quaco says that about midnight 'ull be the best time to run in, and we shan't be suspected by the craft as we've got to bring out; and then there's the sloop a long way astarn. So, with all due humblification, I thinks as soon as it gets a little darker we had better heave-to for a couple of hours."

"Oh, that's the luckybration you've come to is it?" inquired Herrick, staggering towards them; "then I tell you we'll not have no such traverse worked when I command! Keep her her course yer lump of jet, and leave it to my conflagetation to manage the rest."

"But, Massa Earwig, it no possib for me take charge o' de 'cooner for run in till bery dark," remonstrated Quaco.

"And why not? isn't it superwenient to see your way, rather than be digging for daylight with your jib-boom in the bush?" argued the master's mate.

"Well, Massa Earwig, ebery genelman tink a someut for hesef," pleaded Quaco, luffing the vessel more off the shore; "me blaak man see more better in de dark."

During this short dialogue Johnson had withdrawn from the quarter-deck to seek the corporal, to whom he entrusted the operation of sluing the liquor-cask bung downwards, and it was not long before it was accomplished; whilst, Quaco declaring he would not take charge unless the mate waited a couple of hours, the officer, drunk as he was, had yet sense enough left to yield the point, and the schooner was brought to the wind.

In the mean time the two men, left with Hamilton in the sloop, very fortunately for them had nothing of an intoxicating quality aboard, and, consequently, remained perfectly sober. The youth freely conversed with them, and nothing occurred to disturb their tranquillity. The breeze freshened, and they joined the schooner that was lying-to for them to come up, and Quaco was delighted to find that his young master was safe and still in company.

Mr. Herrick had seated himself on a sail near the companion and fallen asleep, as were also most of

the men, and Johnson with the marines, and two or three seamen, who had partially recovered from the effects of inebriation, were vigilantly engaged in watching over the prisoners. It was somewhere about four bells in the first watch, that Quaco obtained Johnson's sanction to take the schooner's punt and board the sloop to see "him young massa." This he accomplished without aid, as the vessels were close together; and both were much gratified at the interview. The negro assured Hamilton of the utter hopelessness of his expectations to get on shore, and seriously advised him to submit with a good grace, now he was under the flag of his proper country; for there was no telling what the master's mate might report to the captain of the Glasso'wisky, who was a strange sort of being. The youth saw the justice of Quaco's reasoning, but, still desirous of further information, he prevailed upon his black friend to scull him to the schooner, so that he might hold some converse with the coxswain on the subject.

"I tell you what it is, young genelman," said the veteran, as soon as he had heard the youth's statement, "the black fellow's right in what he says; not that I'm thinking his knowledge o' things

is so uniwarsally ship-shape as a man's to whom the Almighty has given reason and judgment in the way of argifying matters with hisself, but then there's a sort of natur about them there dark-skinned niggers as puts human calkelations at defiance; they comes into the world naked and bare, and so natur takes 'em into her school, which is someut like that of a parish consarn—them as has got any gumption in 'em larns a little of every thing off-hand, and, being without book edecation, they works their traverses by rule o' thumb. Muster Herrick, won't let you go ashore"—

"I'll see him —— first!" exclaimed the person alluded to, who had just awoke from his heavy slumber, and caught the latter part of the coxswain's address. But he said no more, for, after two or three restless shiftings of the head, he again composed himself to sleep.

"Him, Massa Earwig, hab he eye shut an' he ear open," uttered Quaco, in an under tone; "oberseer nap dat," and the negro grinned.

"And now, Quaco," said Johnson, "we'll wear round, and stand in shore, as I'm thinking they'll be all square by the lifts and braces by that time, and, having no more grog aboard, they'll just fight

the divel himself to get a tooth-full o' stuff. As for you, young genelman, if you'll take the advice of an ould tar, it's just to make yourself useful in any way as you can. You says you believe you hail from ould England; now, if so be as that 'ere's the case, why in course it stands in the nat'ral consequences o' things that you're an Englishman! and what Englishman, but an infarnal traitor, would lift a cutlash or point a gun again his countrymen?"—

"But I'm not positive as to what nation I belong," argued Hamilton; "and even if England is my native land, I have been so many years away from it as to become somewhat naturalized to the one which has adopted me."

"Nat'ralized!" exclaimed the old tar, indignantly; "what, a right arnest born'd Englishman be transmogrified into a nat'ralized Crapoo?" He turned his quid, ejected the juice from his mouth, and then contemptuously uttered the word "Gammon."

"Excuse my interfering, young man," said the corporal of marines, "but may I be allowed to ask whether the lady who adopted you is a royalist or a republican in principles—does she side with the Jacobins, or remain true to the Bourbons?"

"She is a decided royalist, and adheres most sacredly to the cause of the fallen monarch's family," answered Hamilton.

"Then, young man, whether you are English or French, if you hold the same views as your benefactress, you must be sensible that the Bourbons are still the allies of England," remarked the corporal; "and, therefore, you can have no part nor lot in the matter with the republican commissioners at Port-au-Prince. They are equally opposed to the British and the royalists of France, who are now united in one common bond, consequently your position with us is by no means doubtful, unless you choose to render it so by declaring yourself a Jacobin."

"Garamercie! hear 'em, dat buckra dere!" exclaimed Quaco, in admiration; but, suddenly changing his tone, he added—"All bery true, Massa Corporal, me tink o' dat when me get aboard man-of-war noder time."

The argument of the corporal, added to his own inclinations, induced the youth to decide in favour of joining his countrymen, and he trusted to something or other occurring to render him instrumental in saving Madame Brienot. One of the wounded

prisoners was well known to him, for he had on some former occasion treated the man with great kindness, and to him he especially entrusted a message to his benefactress, urging her to try and get to the Spanish capital, San Domingo, and from thence to cross to Porto Rico, where Captain Wise would cheerfully afford her a passage to the United States, and afterwards she might proceed to England or France, as suited best with her own wishes.

The schooner was now drawing well in with the land, which frowned loftily above her, the dark summits being boldly traced against the intense blue sky of midnight studded with myriads of gems. "Sail, oh!" sung out one of the seamen, and a large ship was distinctly seen on the weather quarter, standing on in nearly the same course as themselves; but, owing to the schooner being more in shore, she was not visible to the ship. Johnson handled the glass with intense attention, and then, without saying a word, he passed it to Quaco, who gave a short glance, and quietly returned it.

"And what do you make of her, ould nigger-head?" inquired the coxswain "Is she a ship, or a brig, or a hurricane house?"

"Em ship—ebery body know dat," answered Quaco; "you no see em tree mast?—large ship, too."

"Do you think it's the Glasso'wisky, ould woolly pate?" continued Johnson, in a tone of good-humour.

"Em no Glasso'wisky dere," answered Quaco, merrily; "em plenny glass o' rum, dough—an sugar an coffee."

"Aye, aye, my boy, an armed French marchan-man, mayhap," said the coxswain; "she is going to make a run of it for the grand nation—or, maybe, a Yankee trader."

"Is she barque-rigged?" asked Hamilton eagerly; "will you allow me to have a peep at her? It may be the Ebenezer."

"Him no Heabysneezer dat, Monsieur Ami," said Quaco, as he altered the schooner's course, so as to close with the stranger.

"What is she then, ould friend?" inquired Johnson with assumed carelessness—"a cotton-logie, or a cane-mill?"

"Massa Johnson sabby well what em 'tis," responded the black; "and now ebery body turn out for retake him."

"I believes you're right, my ouzel," returned

the coxswain; "she's a Jemakermun, and as pretty a recapture as we could wish for. But where's the fellow as took him?—Muster Herrick!" shouted he, shaking the master's mate roughly by the collar—"Muster Herrick, here's a good prize for us, sir." But Mr. Herrick did not arouse till after repeated shakings, and then he was more than half stupid. "Here's an enemy in sight, sir!" urged Johnson.

"D— the enemy!" grumbled the master's mate; "let me have my snooze out, and call me when we're alongside of him."

Johnson troubled him no further, but immediately bustled about amongst the men to ascertain in what condition they were for a bit of fighting, if it should be found necessary to engage. Numbers of them were recovering, but enervated by debauch and quarrelling, as each attributed to the others the capsizing of the rum-cask. He got together ten, with the marines, and he determined to take the pinnace and lay her right in the ship's track, so as to board them unawares. But, first of all, he secured the prisoners below, and clapped the hatches over them. Then once more rousing the master's mate, he tried to make him understand his position;

but the poor creature was attacked with *delirium tremens*, so as to render him incapable of energy, or even barely comprehending where he was.

No time, however, was to be lost if they purposed effecting the capture of the supposed West Indiaman by stratagem.—"And now, young genelman," said Johnson, addressing Hamilton, "seeing as we've no officer, and you stand in a predicklement sort of no man's fashion in regard o' your colours, why, if you likes to take command o' the boarding party, there's not none on em as shall say 'black's the white of yer eye;' and mayhap it may do somut for you when you gets under ould Pilgarlick's lee in the Glasso'wisky. At all events, you shan't want a friend in ould Johnson. What do you say to it?"

"I should indeed be ungrateful, if I did not most sincerely thank you for your proposal," returned Hamilton.

"Gammon!" ejaculated the veteran, with a peculiarly expressive emphasis; "nobody axed you for any fal-lal palaver. Will you go, or not?"

"Most assuredly I will go," responded the youth; "and if you will instruct me how to proceed—"

"Aye, aye, that's what I'll do, never fear," ut-

tered the coxswain; "catch a weasel asleep, if you can. But bear a hand."

"Em all ready for go," exclaimed Quaco, presenting Hamilton with a brace of pistols and a cutlass; "you neber see him fight de debil noder time up dere;" and the negro pointed to the mountains with his chin. "We all ready now, Massa Johnson."

"No, no, Quaco—you must stop on board the schooner with one of the jollies," directed the coxswain; "the craft mustn't be left to the marcy of Providence. Rouse the men out as well as you're able; close the ship as soon as you can; and if we gets possession, the young genelman ull shew two lights, one over the other. Now, if you don't see them, I'll fire a couple of muskets from the boat, and you must come and pick us up—hear'ee, boy?"

"Ees, Massa Johnson, me hear em," answered the black, with well-affected chagrin; for he did not altogether like the hazard of going, and considered himself safest in the schooner. "But 'pose him, Massa Earwig, for trouble me?"

The coxswain assured him that he could meet with no interruption from Herrick, who was in a state of imbecility; and after some further instruc-

tions the pinnace shoved off, and Hamilton, in the most unexpected manner, found himself incurring a responsibility that he was in a great measure unacquainted with. But Johnson encouraged him by advice in language which, however rough, had honesty and benevolence as dictators. Their conversation was carried on in whispers—for the utmost silence was observed; and the oars having been muffled from the first, the boat flew noiselessly along till it attained the precise spot that Johnson's well-practised eye informed him the ship must pass over, or very near to.

"You, jollies," said the coxswain, "must do most of the cutting and killing work, taking into your reckoning the possibility of resistance.—You, Jones and Transom, must clap the hatches on the moment you have orders. As for the rest, let them stick by this young genelman; and I'm blessed but you'll find me as close in his wake as a rudder-fish!" Other orders were given, with strict injunctions to obedience.

The party in the pinnace, with Hamilton and the coxswain, just made a dozen, well armed, and most of them eager for any contest that might take place. It was evident that the ship had not yet made

out the schooner, even if any one on board had seen her; for she stood boldly on, the pinnace laying right ahead of her, just steadied with steerage-way by the oars. At length the wash of waters was heard under her bows; and "Stand by, my men!" uttered Hamilton, prompted by old Johnson. The response, "Ay, ay, sir—all ready!" had scarcely been uttered; the pinnace was holding her own, so as not to make any shock in going alongside; no hail had been heard; not a soul was to be seen—when the bowmen caught hold of the lee fore-sheet, and in a few seconds every soul had made good his footing in either the main or the fore-channels, wholly unperceived. Indeed, except the helmsman and one individual walking the deck, no other person was visible.

"Now then, young genelman, take the lead," whispered Johnson to Hamilton; "I'll be close aboard of you. Don't fire unless there's right arnest occasion for it; but just capsize that ere chap as is walking the deck, and then ax him civilly where he comes from. Now shout 'Away!' and you'll see some fun."

"Away, my lads—away!" shouted Hamilton springing through the port on to the quarter-deck,

and with the butt-end of one of his pistols levelling the person who had been pointed out to him with the deck. Johnson ran to the wheel, and secured the steersman, who uttered a "Sacre!" but made no resistance. The seamen and marines cleverly performed their part of the duty; and in less than five minutes, without the shedding of a drop of blood, these fortunate youths had recaptured a fine ship, of nearly four hundred tons, which had been taken by a French man-of-war brig, formerly belonging to the English as a gun-brig, but had fallen into the hands of a frigate squadron, from which she could not escape

The prize-crew, eight in number, were no match for the Glasso'wisky's, had they come to blows; and sleeping as they were, five of them on deck and three below, the conquest was achieved with the utmost ease. They also found two of her own crew on board, who of course were extremely rejoiced at their rescue. They stated that "they had fallen in with the brig that previous afternoon, and supposing her to be an English gun-brig, as she had a blue British ensign and pennant flying, they had not avoided her; nor did they discover their mistake till the captain went on board of her, when, with his

boat's crew, they found themselves prisoners, and the ship became an easy prize. The brig was still out upon her cruise, expecting a few more laden vessels, when she proposed running in again for her people. To Johnson's surprise, they had seen nothing of the Glasso'wisky, so as to recognize her; but, in the morning part of the day, they had discovered a ship in chase of a suspicious-looking vessel standing to the north-west.

"Order two lights in the main rigging parpendicularly, if you please," whispered Johnson to Hamilton; "that's the signal, you'll bear in mind, as was to bring the schooner down to us."

"Two lanterns, one over the other, in the starboard main-rigging!" shouted Hamilton; and immediately the men belonging to the ship, one of whom was the second mate, hastened to obey the command. But, before the lights were displayed, the flashes of musketry were seen and the reports came smartly upon the ear, so as to shew that the privateer was at no great distance.

"Ay, I thought as much," uttered Johnson; "they've got to loggerheads in the schooner, and now some on em 'ull pay for getting drunk. Well, it's no fault of ourn; there's Muster Herrick and

six hands in the schooner to look out for squalls; and if so be as they stitches theirselves up, why that's their consarn."

"But, Quaco!" uttered Hamilton; "I hope nothing will occur to injure the black. Do you really think the Frenchmen have risen?"

"We shall know better presently, young genelman," responded the coxswain, who had been called to a proper sense of his duty. "Order the men into the boat, Muster ——, what's your name?"

"Ami, or Hamilton Brienot," returned the youth with quickness; and then his voice was heard in a louder strain, "Away, lads, to the boat—away!"

"Sing out, 'Man the pinnace, and bear a hand!'" said Johnson, in a low tone, addressing the youth; "we must shove off, and see what them fellows are arter."

Hamilton complied—the men promptly obeyed—and taking four of the Frenchmen into the boat, and lashing the other four, with their hands behind them, to the ring-bolts on the deck, two of the English seamen were left with the two belonging to the ship; and with nine effective hands they gave way for the schooner, where the noise of strife continued unabated. In a very few minutes they

were alongside ; and this time Hamilton did not wait to be told to take the lead—for, springing into the main-chains as soon as the boat touched, he shouted "Follow me!" and climbing over the bulwark, was instantly on the quarter-deck. At first, he could scarcely distinguish friend from foe ; but the voice of Quaco, exclaiming, "Yer haangman coquin!" directed him towards the spot, where his black friend had fallen beneath a heavy blow from a handspike, which his opponent was preparing to repeat, when a ball from the youth's pistol averted the aim, and the negro was saved. A smart hand-to-hand contest ensued; but the prowess of the British prevailed, and the enemy again subdued, though not till four of the man-of-war's men had yielded up their *spirit* —and this in a literal sense, for they had drank so much rum as to render them but little else. Quaco and the others were severely though not dangerously wounded. As for Herrick, he laid much in the position in which he had been left, but was now—a corpse!

It appeared that, shortly after the departure of the pinnace, a quarrel occurred between two of the seamen left behind, relative to a small quantity of spirits, which one of them had been told was secreted

down forward, and the noise brought others to the scene of controversy, when, in the true recklessness of drunkards, they determined to take off the hatches and overhaul for it. Quaco strongly remonstrated against the removal of the hatches; but a kick and a cuff were the only responses that he got, and he again took his station at the helm. During his temporary absence, however, one of the wounded prisoners had contrived to shift his berth to the side of the master's mate, where he laid concealed beneath the sail, so that the negro did not detect him. The two men who had quarreled removed the hatches and went down below, but were almost immediately seized by the prisoners, who made a rush to ascend, but were beaten back by those on deck. Quaco once more quitted the tiller; and, uncovering the master's mate, beheld the lurking foe at his side, and with one stroke of his cutlass deprived him of existence. He took hold of Herrick to arouse him, but, on lifting him from the deck, found that the head of the unfortunate master's mate was nearly severed from his body—an assassination that had been perpetrated by the villain whose life Quaco had taken. Letting the corpse fall with a shudder of horror, the negro ran forward, and joined the

only two who were left alive, and now were obstinately disputing the passage of the hatchway. They had discharged their fire-arms with fatal precision; but the prisoners, knowing that there were only three left to contend against, persisted in the attack; and this number was reduced to two, by one of the British, who had not yet recovered from the giddiness of intoxication, stumbling over the combing and falling down amongst them, where he was at once sacrificed. This accident, however, enabled Quaco and his assistant to clap the hatch over, though not to secure it; for it was shortly afterwards forced off again, and the Frenchmen, having possessed themselves of the dead man's weapons, succeeded in gaining the deck: but the incident had lengthened out the time; and it was at the very moment when Quaco and his companion were on the point of losing their lives, that the pinnace returned and rescued them from death.

"And now, Muster Brineoh," said Johnson, "although in good right, and according to hatikit, the command dewolves on me—yet, young genelman, I'm an ould man as 'ull soon be hove down for a full due; I've neither ould ooman, chick, nor child—

relative nor friend; and so, if you likes to undertake it woluntarily, the command shall be yourn, and I'll see the dooty done."

"Your conduct is indeed most generous," returned Hamilton; "but you know I do not belong to the service, and perhaps the men may refuse to obey me."

"Never you fear that," urged the veteran. "Arn't I alongside of you? And as to your not being in the sarvice, it 'ull be your own fault if you continue long out of it. We arn't got never a young genelman in the ship as is worth a rotten rope-yarn—or else, mayhap, they wouldn't have spoilt a good quarter-master by making Muster Herrick a mate. Now, I'm thinking, you've ounly to blow your nose and look smart, and the skipper 'ull rate you midshipman directly, if so be as you likes to be entered on the ship's books. But we've other things just now to veer and haul upon. Launch the dead overboard at once, and put the wounded into the small boats and send them ashore."

"Do you think the sloop is of sufficient value to take out with us?" inquired Hamilton; "she'll

hardly fetch any thing, and two hands will not be sufficient to work her, whilst we shall want more for the ship."

"I arn't overfond o' working traverses, young genelman," uttered Johnson; "why can't you say at once that the skipper has behaved well to you, and you want to set him at liberty? It 'ud do you no discredit."

"Well, my good friend, you certainly have judged correctly of my real feelings," assented Hamilton; "and if you see no impropriety in it, I would put the wounded in her, and send her away with her own people to navigate her; and as the fewer prisoners we have, the less there will be to trouble us, I would also free the Frenchmen we captured in the ship. As for the rest, I'd keep them aboard to go aloft."

"It can't be done not yet," replied the coxswain; "for, to my thinking, Muster Brineoh, as the French brig is still at sea, we may chance to fall in with another recaptur. As for going into Jacky-moll, that's all up now; we must dodge about a little while, and then look for the Glasso'wisky. No, no—let the wounded have the small boats, and send who you please to pull em ashore."

The dead were committed to their ocean-grave,

and Hamilton having conversed with the captain of the sloop, frankly told him of the situation of affairs, offering him either to go on shore with the charge of the wounded (whose numbers were considerably increased), or to remain with his vessel, and run the chance of her liberation. He chose the latter. The wounded were sent away with the men who had been taken in the ship—the refractory prisoners were confined below—and the three vessels stood on their course alongshore, but keeping a little more out to sea.

A lovely morning dawned upon the waters, and several sail were seen in different directions; but they were apparently only colonial vessels, and Johnson did not deem it worth while to advise pursuit. They had a pleasant beam-wind; and Hamilton, whilst looking around him, felt not a little proud of his elevation. As the day advanced it fell calm, and they remained stationary till towards evening, when a brisk breeze came down upon them from the southward, and enabled them to make good headway. The schooner sailed remarkably well, nor was the ship far inferior—but the sloop was a dead drag; and at length Hamilton succeeded with Johnson in dismissing her; but under promise from

the captain that he would himself see Madame Brienot, and, having explained every thing to her, would use his best endeavours to get the widow across the island. The remainder of the prisoners were put on board, and she was soon left in the darkness far astern.

Rum had again become abundant from the West-Indiaman; but Hamilton, by Johnson's advice, reasoned with the men on the folly of risking their lives by intoxication, which, though it did not entirely cause them to refrain from the liquor, yet prevented that excess which had before been indulged in; and the force of example in the officer now predominating the other way, also held a powerful check upon the baneful propensity. There was no immediate enemy to apprehend, and the men slept soundly and securely, as the vessels made good a steady progress.

CHAPTER III.

"C'est la fortune de guerre."

DAYLIGHT again broke upon the schooner, as, still with a fine southerly breeze, she rattled along with her recapture in company. They were now abreast of Point d'Abacou, and at no great distance from the shore; to windward of them appeared a large ship in chase of a brig, and two minutes' scrutiny through the glass assured Johnson that one was the Glasso'wisky, and the other he suspected was the Frenchman that had captured the West-Indiaman. They were running in for the land with the wind on their starboard quarter, and were broad away on Le Serpent's weather bow. Old Johnson stood considering for a minute or two before he spoke; he first looked at the approaching vessels, then scanned his eye along the coast, and, as Hamilton approached him, he observed—

"There's more work cut out for us, Muster Bri-

neoh; we shall want the long gun and some pretty practice, else our craft 'ull never catch Johnny Crapoh. Now, take some 'sponsibility on yourself, and let's see what you'll do."

"I'm not seaman enough to direct," returned Hamilton, "but if left to my own judgment, I should place the schooner ahead of the brig, and, as she nears us, try and knock away some of his spars."

"A very sensible conclusion, young genelman," assented the tar, with a pleased expression of countenance. "Then the first thing to be done is to clear away the long-nine"—

"And get the French colours ready for showing abaft," said Hamilton; "we must use a little deception, and not fire till we have him in good range."

"That's supposing he's bothered about his prize, for he'll make her out directly," remarked Johnson. "No—no, Muster Brineoh, we must work up to her boldly at once—the shore's too close to play with her;" he then added, in a whisper, "Sing out, 'trim sails.'"

"Trim sails," shouted Hamilton, and the men promptly obeyed, as the sight of their own ship in chase had quickened their intellects, and like

thorough man-o'-war's men, they saw they had plenty to do.

"Full and by," said Johnson to the helmsman; "don't let a sail lift, but give her about half a point free."

The change in position brought the brig right ahead, and the schooner was tacked more than once or twice, so as not to open her broad away upon either bow. The British sloop of war was not within gun-shot, and seemed to be losing ground, which Johnson attributed to the foulness of her bottom. Nothing could exceed the excitement in Hamilton's breast as the brig drew nigh, and frequently did he inquire whether it was not time to send her a shot. That she was the vessel Johnson supposed admitted of no doubt, though the French had improved upon her since she had fallen into their possession. The West-Indiaman, according to a hail from Johnson, was jogging on in her course, as there was nothing to obstruct her, and there was no occasion for her getting within range of the brig's guns. The Frenchman appeared puzzled what to make of the schooner; several times they altered their course, but Johnson's judicious manœuvres quickly placed her

between the chase and the land. The brig showed French colours, the schooner did the same, but, still the pinnace towing astern, evidently excited suspicions as to her national identity.

"And now, young genelman," said Johnson, addressing Hamilton, "we're within very fair range, and you shall have the honour of the first shot; don't stand long looking at the sight to get a better eye upon the object, but catch it as quick as you can, and fire without losing an instant—it prevents narvousness."

Hamilton did as he was desired; the schooner was kept a little away, and, as she fell off, the quick eye of the youth along the gun caught the precise moment to fire; he was enveloped in smoke, but a cheer from the men told him the shot had taken effect; and, as soon as the atmosphere became clear, he saw the brig's foretop gallant mast hanging down before the foretopsail, which it had split from the head-rope to the foot.

"Ve-ry fair," said old Johnson, with a look of extreme gratification, as he stood with his thumb on the vent; "you've taken in some of his canvas pretty handsomely, and now he's luffing up to thank you. Spunge out the gun, you lubber, and bear a hand;

this is no time to be thinking. Ah, there it comes."

Wreaths of smoke curled under the brig's bows, and the next instant a shot rebounded from the surface of the water, and came crashing through the schooner's bulwark, and passed over her stern, without doing any other injury; but the nine-pounder was again loaded, and Johnson himself took the match. "Port a little with a small helm," shouted he, as he cast his eye along the sight; "there, steady so—starboard again—now I have her happy-go-lucky," and away flew the shot, followed by another cheer. "It's his maint'gallan mast," remarked the coxswain, again applying his thumb to the touch-hole, whilst one of the men sponged the gun.

"No—Massa Johnson! no, he main t'gant mast dis time," said Quaco, who had crawled upon deck; "take in him 'tudding sels, saar."

The smoke cleared away, and the lower studding sail of the brig was seen towing in the water, whilst the topmast studding sail was flying away without being of the least utility. Again a gun from the brig sent a swift messenger to the schooner, who was now within pistol-shot; but it was wide of the mark and flew past them harmless, though a

volley of musketry told with effect upon her sails, and wounding two of the men.

"Put in round and grape," said the coxswain, "and ram well home; lay down all of you, we shan't have a hand to spare. There goes the ould sloop," and the smoke from the Glasso'wisky showed that she was trying the range, whilst a crashing noise in the brig gave evidence that she had effectually attained it. "Well done, my tight-uns," continued Johnson, rubbing his hands together. "Corporal, just get your jollies, and pick off some of those fellows aloft. Keep her away a little more, Tom Sansom—that 'ull do; now, lads, slue round the breech o' this here gun, and, Muster Brineoh, would you like to try it again?"

Hamilton once more took the match, and the brig being now closer, he depressed the muzzle of his piece, pointed it right blank at her figure-head, and fired. The report still vibrated amongst the canvas, when piercing shrieks came down upon the wind, evidencing its deadly effect, and a shout from Quaco proclaimed that the shot had passed over her head, and knocked away her main-boom.

"Down—down, every soul of you!" exclaimed Johnson, catching hold of Hamilton's arm and

forcing him to the deck; "he's rounding-to—we shall have his broadside directly; it's his last kick, and it 'ull be sink or swim with us. This is sommut different to playing at marbles, young genelman."

The men laid themselves flat on the deck as the iron storm rushed over them; and the rending of canvas and chattering of the sticks, as well as the crashing of the planks, as the shot tore them up, verified the coxswain's prediction. Up sprang Johnson and his young protégé, to witness their schooner almost a wreck, and to see two poor fellows with their limbs quivering in the last death-pang. But the brig's main-topsail was laid to the mast, and her colours no longer flaunted the breeze; she had perpetrated the last act of vindictive vengeance, and instantly struck.

"Hurrah!" shouted Hamilton, wrought up to a pitch of extreme excitement. "She's our's, my boys; and now, Johnson, shall we take the boat, and board her?"

"No! no! Muster Brineoh," answered the coxswain, looking pleasedly at the capture; "it will be best to leave her for the skipper to man-handle; he'll take it as a bit of respectfulness and it ull tell in your favour when you gets aboard."

The sloop of war came boldly on under her canvas, and soon ranged up to windward of the brig, the schooner having by this time contrived to place herself about a cable's length to leeward of her. A boat, from the royal craft, swept rapidly through the waters, and the only lieutenant (the other having been invalided home) of the king's ship took possession of Le Renard, of fourteen guns and eighty men.

Johnson and his young friend, or rather *protégé*, hastened with the wounded to the Glasso'wisky; where, on the quarter-deck, Hamilton found a remarkably corpulent and venerable old man, in an undress captain's uniform — his white hair came streaming from under his broad brimmed straw hat and spreading over the collar of his coat, and there was a look of mild benevolence on his weather-beaten countenance that spoke well for the general feelings of his heart. But there was no decrepitude, no weakness observable in his frame—in fact, he resembled an antique piece of oak furniture, that bore every semblance of age without having lost the smallest portion of its utility or strength.

Near the captain stood another veteran, in a

round uniform jacket and with a thorough Jack-tar cast of features—he was not so far advanced in life as his superior, and the ruby complexion of his nasal organ, which capaciously expanded itself in an eccentric shape, assuming something of the appearance of a red lion rampant, told of his spirituous devotion to Bacchus. This was the sailing master of the ship—a seaman of the old Benbow school, who had no idea of this world or the next that was unconnected with his nautical experience.

In various parts of the deck were two or three young midshipmen, whose yellow-tinged cadaverous faces gave evidence of recent sickness, whilst most of the crew manifested the lassitude and biliousness of a West India climate—they had not long recovered from the yellow fever.

Old Johnson walked steadily up to the captain, and, pulling off his hat, simply uttered, "Come aboard, sir!" He then stood still at a respectful distance, and remained silent.

"Haugh!" exclaimed the person addressed, folding his hands behind him, so as to give a more extensive bow-window protuberance to his front. "Haugh! and pray where is Mr. Herrick, eh? Has he no better sense of etiquette than to send

the coxswain of the pinnace to report proceedings? I have my suspicions—where is he, sir?"

"Muster Herrick is aboard the schooner, sir," answered the seaman, shaking his head and fixing his gaze upon the deck with a rueful aspect; "I'm sorry to say, your honour, that onfortunately he's obnibulated."

"Hob—what?" shouted the captain, in a tone and manner mingling anger with contempt. "Curse that fellow, he'll infect the whole ship's company with his jaw-breaking words. Do you mean that he is drunk?"

"Dead, yer honor," returned Johnson, with another melancholy shake of his head, "quite dead."

"The scoundrel," muttered the captain, "a pretty pass the service is coming to—dead drunk, eh? I'll cut off his buttons—unofficer him—no more long togs and frilled shirts—he shall return to his old station again."

"He'll not never return to nothing, yer honor," mournfully ejaculated the coxswain, as he squeezed the rim of his hat together, so as to give the article the appearance of a bag.

"But he shall return, sir," insisted the naval chief, giving the worthy seaman a look of defiance.

"Who is there that dare presume to controvert my orders—which among you will have the temerity to disobey my commands? I say he shall resume his station before the mast!"

Once more the seaman, who had never raised his eyes from the deck, gave another shake of his head. "He's a long way a-head of all that, sir," said he. "Ax the young genelman there."

"Haugh! and pray who is the young gentleman, as you call him?" enquired the captain rather haughtily, as he glanced at the youth.

"It's Muster Brineoh, as took the West Ingeeman, and fout the schooner, arter Muster Herrick was killed, sir," responded the coxswain earnestly, but respectfully.

"Killed!" exclaimed the commander, in surprise; "what poor Herrick killed?—poor fellow—why didn't you tell me of it at once, Johnson, and I should have been spared the pain of reviling his memory. Come here, young gentleman."

Hamilton advanced to the captain's front, and was introduced by old Johnson, who related the events that had occurred from beginning to end, in a plain unvarnished manner, dwelling warmly and

energetically on the meritorious conduct of the youth.

"Haugh! young gentleman," said the veteran chief, "you have acted gallantly, sir—very gallantly; and I honour you for it. Your friends will be pleased to hear of your behaviour."

"Friends, sir?" reiterated Hamilton, whilst an unusual sickness of heart crept over him. "Alas, sir, I have no friends."

"Eh? what? no friends?—haugh—that's hard too. You are an orphan, then, I suppose?" uttered the commiserating man.

"I cannot tell, sir," returned the youth, mournfully; "my parentage, even my birth-place, is unknown to me. The only individual who, to my knowledge, has ever befriended me, is a titled lady, now a prisoner by order of the commissioners at Port au Prince."

"The nigger, yer honor, as we got out of the pirate, overhauled the consarn upon his trial at Kingston, as yer honor 'ull remember," explained Johnson. "This young genelman was in the brig the thieves plundered the night we saw 'em. He was left alone desarted on the ocean— was wrecked—"

"Haugh! no long yarns, old man," said the cap-

tain; "he shall tell me all himself by and bye, when we've shifted the prisoners. But as you have been mainly instrumental to our capturing the brig, young man, I am desirous that you should reap some pecuniary advantage from it, which you cannot adequately do without belonging to the ship. You have no friends, it appears, to consult; and if you like to accept of a rating as midshipman, the entry shall be dated so that you may share prize money. I would offer you time to consider of my proposition, but that I should like to send you in charge of the schooner to Jamaica. Johnson shall accompany you; and no doubt both vessels will be bought into the service. Mister Tomlins (the lieutenant) will take in the brig; and as the breeze is light and pleasant, with every symptom of fine weather, one of the youngsters shall bring the recapture with a good prize crew. Go, young gentleman, consider of what I have proposed, but do not be long in deciding. Go, Johnson, take the pinnace, and assist in transporting the prisoners."

"May I ax yer honor's pardon jist for liberty to overhaul a word or two to yer honor 'afore I goes?" enquired Johnson, who still stood hat in hand.

"Not a syllable, my man, till your duty is per-

formed," returned the captain; "I have many questions to ask you when you come back, but let us get every thing in proper order before we expend a moment on unimportant matters."

The seaman put his hand to his bare forehead, and turned away; but stopped a moment to address the master. "Would Muster Wetsel be good enough jist to adwise the youngster what tack to stand upon? The poor lad 'ull be ducking about in his notions of things like a gull in a squall, if he'd no friendly wing to help him top the comb of the sea."

"Bear a hand in the boat, old man," returned the master, kindly, "or else, I'm thinking, you'll be like a gull in a squall presently, if Captain Tyrrell observes you backing and filling arter this fashion. I'll see to the boy, and mayhap a word or two from them as has experience may be of service to him." Johnson turned to the boat, whilst the master walked to the youth. "What cheer, my lad, what cheer?" uttered he.

"There can be but little to cheer the heart, sir," responded Hamilton, sorrowfully, "when it is lonely and desolate."

"Ay, ay, I know all that my boy," said Mr.

Wetsâil; "and just now you're sommut like a ship in irons, and can't see which way she'll tend. Well, well, I've heard a little of your history, and now, any thing I can do to put you on a right tack and in good sailing trim, why say the word."

"You are very kind, sir," said Hamilton; "and, as you probably are acquainted that my benefactress is in difficulties at Port au Prince, so I think you will consider it my bounden duty to attempt to rescue her."

"All right and proper, my lad; but when a craft's on the rocks, it arn't no way to get her off to run slap alongside of her, and stick fast yourself. You must bring up at a convenient distance, and try to heave her afloat, either by carrying out her own anchor, or letting her get a purchase upon yours. The case stands thus—there's your object in view, whether it's sarving a friend or fighting an enemy—every thing rests upon the way you set about it. Now, you want to sarve a friend, and the right calculation is to get the assistance of them as can help you to do it."

"Do you think Captain Tyrrell could or would render me his aid?" asked Hamilton, as a gleam of hope dawned upon him.

"It is not for me exactly to say what he might do," returned the master, cautiously; "for he steers his craft by his own compass. You have logged yourself in his good feelings on this day's work, at all events; and he don't mean you no harm by offering you a rateing. There's a providence in all things, as the nigger said, when he lost his paddle and drifted out to sea in his canoe during a hurricane; so, young gentleman, there seems to be a providence in what has befallen you."

"And the only thing, sir, is rightly to understand the best means of taking advantage of it," observed Hamilton. "If I thought Captain Tyrrell would kindly aid me in trying to obtain the release of Madame Brienot, I would without hesitation and with gratitude embrace his offer."

"Ay, ay, my boy," assented the master; "however, you must just balance your sails well when you argue the matter with the captain; and, I say, is this Madame What's-her-name, a fine woman?"

"She has been very beautiful indeed, in her younger days, and still retains a very commanding person," answered Hamilton.

"All ship-shape," remarked Mr. Wetsail, "hand-

some, amiable, generous—I say, mind you stick all that into the skipper. Is she rich ?"

" I have every reason to believe that she has remitted considerable wealth to Europe," said Hamilton ; " and purposed, on her arrival, to resume the title of Marchioness."

" Whe—ew," whistled the master, " it's a done job—a Marchioness, eh ? Captain Tyrrell will never be able to stand that ; only pay out handsomely, a goodish scope upon doubloons, and dollars, and gold candlesticks, and marchionesses ; now and then taking a severe turn about remains of beauty and overflowing kindness, and you may have it all your own way."

" You would not advise me to enter, then ; do I understand you correctly, sir ?" inquired the youth.

" Not by no manner o' means correctly," answered the master ; " just tell the captain all about it ; not forgetting the doubloons and the Marchioness, fine daylights and good figure-head ; and then ax him to put you on the right tack, for you see, my boy, if he consents to shape your course, why he's bound in honour to keep the reckoning, so that he mayn't bump you ashore."

Now this was perfect Greek to the lad, who

nevertheless believed that it was something meant for kindness. "It is very true, sir," answered he, "that separated from my benefactress, I am totally destitute, for all I possessed in the world was lost in the Bon Mari; therefore I should be quite unable to discharge any reckoning if I was on shore."

"In course—in course," responded the master, equally puzzled at the lad's meaning; "so, d'ye mind, sway away upon the doubloon purchase, and leave the settling of the matter in his hands. But here comes the prisoners, and now the ship will be like that tower as they rigged out to go aloft to heaven by, but was hove all aback by a confusion of tongues. Well, it does puzzle me, the difference of languages, though, when our parson in the ould Bedford used to be overhauling his Hebrew book, there sartainly did appear to me a goodish supply of comical, out-o'-the-way, no-man's-land sort of letters, as might be ontwisted, worked up again, and convarted into a good many ship-shape A. B. C's. Ha!—here they come—confound their jabbering; it seems unnatural and barbarous in a well fitted and well found British cruizer. I do abhor that parley-woo mouthing, though mayhap you have held on so long by it, that you can talk it

without damaging your tongue; but I'm thinking it must have made your jaws ache at first starting. Well, well, you do as I've told you—just place yourself under his convoy, and he'll see you safe into port, never fear." The old man hurried to superintend the disposal of the prisoners, muttering imprecations against the barbarity of "calling a ship a 'worseoh,' (*vaisseau;*) and a sail a 'whirl,' (*voile*)."

Hamilton was left standing by himself near the Jacob's ladder, when Quaco, who had passed under the surgeon's hands, ascended to the deck in search of him. "Oh me, massa!" exclaimed the gratified black, "him Cappin Tiddle good for you, no? Ha! me know him noder time, when he leftenant wid Rodney, and genelman for me, at me massa house in Kington; tan litlee bit you see," and he endeavoured to attract the captain's attention.

"Well, Quaco," said the chief, "though your wounds are not mortal, I should hope, you have had a great many squeaks for your life?"

"Ees, Massa Cappin; yer honor, me hab plenny queak," answered the black; "nem mind, me fight for my natib land now, and, pose die, go to glorio."

"I do not wish to hurry you in your decision,

young gentleman," said Tyrrell, addressing Hamilton, "but time presses, and I want to complete my arrangements, haugh!"

"May I solicit the favour of a few minutes' counsel, sir," said Hamilton, respectfully; "I am at a loss how to act—but if you will hear what I have to urge, and give me your advice, I will most gratefully follow it."

"Haugh—well—I see no objections to your request," rejoined the captain; "but as it will necessarily occupy time, why you must take breakfast with me, and then we may kill two birds with one stone." Johnson came up and touched his hat. "Haugh! coxswain! Well now, and what is it you wanted to say to me, my man?"

"Jist to inform yer honor that the brig has another prize at sea," returned the seaman; "they captured her afore the one we retook, and the prize-master was ordered to run for Jackymoll; but no one has seen anything of her in the schooner, and in course it's likely she has tried to get round Cape Tuberoon, or got in shore somewhere, so as we might cut her out."

"Very good, my man," rejoined the captain, placing his hands behind him, and standing for two

or three minutes in a ruminating mood. "Mr. Wetsail," shouted he, and the master placed himself before him. "Mr. Wetsail, old Johnson tells me that the brig has another capture at sea, or rather she may be somewhere in shore; now the coast is a dangerous one—are you well acquainted with it?"

"There are many rocks that are not laid down upon our charts, sir," returned the master; "but still I think, with a good look-out, we might keep clear of every thing, and stand close in."

"If yer honor won't be offended at my speaking, I'll make bould jist to shove my oar in by way of exposteration," said Johnson.

"Poor Herrick, he's gone!" mournfully uttered the captain, called to a remembrance of the master's mate by the coxswain's attempt upon the dictionary. "But I must insist upon it that every man, fore and aft, speaks plain English. Heave ahead, sir; what have you got to say?"

"Why, yer honor, in regard o' pilotage, there's not never a better pilot in the whole fleet than the nigger here," said Johnson, whilst Quaco grinned assent to the assertion. "And if so be as yer honor would send me with the young genelman in the schooner, and twenty hands, why I'm thinking it

shan't be for the want of good-will if we don't bring sommut out with us—either a crab or a creole."

"Haugh, it's worth consideration, Wetsail," said the captain, addressing the master; "I cannot spare you, as Tomlins is away; and, except the gunner, who will also be wanted now the prisoners are on board, I have no one that I can trust. But come, young gentleman, breakfast is ready, and we'll talk it over. Come to the wind on the larboard tack, Wetsail, and hail the mast-head to see if there are any strangers in sight."

Hamilton accompanied the chief to his cabin, and during his repast he related as many of the circumstances connected with his history as were necessary to afford the captain information relating to Madame Brienot; nor did he forget the master's advice relative to the rank and wealth of the lady, which evidently produced the desired effect. He then expressed a wish to place himself entirely at the captain's disposal.

"Haugh—another cup of coffee, young gentleman," and he handed him the beverage. "You've interested me—greatly interested me; not that I have a regard for anything French—on the contrary, I have a natural dislike to them; and as for

their language, I am astonished that any body can make an oilet hole of their mouths to talk it. But mind me, I do not mean to insinuate anything against you, my boy, but it does seem to me only reasonable to suppose that you are a native of Britain, for you would never have been able to hold on by the English palaver if it had not have been your mother tongue. It is, in fact, what old Johnson calls inkstink. A bird may be taught to whistle tunes by a hand-organ, but never loses its own sweet nat'ral note. At all events, we must make a thorough Englishman of you. We'll have a jolly christening, sir—and haugh—as you've shown yourself a brave lad, why-y I'll stand your godfather. Ay, you shall be baptized in good Madeira, and I must think of a name."

"I should prefer retaining that of my benefactress, sir," said the youth, "at least till I can lay claim to one that I am more entitled to."

"Well! well! we'll think of it," partly assented the kind-hearted officer; "and as for madame—that is—haugh—I mean the marchioness—why, we must try and get her away from the island. You shall have your rating, young gentleman—it will secure your share of prize-money, which will help to rig

you out in uniforms; and if you continue to behave well, why I make no doubt but you will rise in the service. I am an old man, Mr. What's-yer-name, and fortune has not been very kind to me, though I have been sixty years at sea. I'm saying, fortune has never been favourable to me till to-day, and now all her gifts are coming in a lump, holus bolus, as I may say—nor shall I forget that to your ready assistance I am much indebted for our prizes—and therefore, my lad, if there is anything you require, come boldly—but mind, respectfully—haugh—always bear that in remembrance—respectfully—and tell me what it is. I must now have a word or two with Johnson, so, if you have done, you may go on deck and make friends with your new messmates."

Captain Tyrrell might indeed well say that fortune had been adverse to him—he had served forty years as a lieutenant under some of the bravest officers of the period, and in most of the gallant actions; but, from some cause or other, though chiefly from a want of interest, had always experienced neglect, till when first lieutenant of a smart frigate, the son of the admiral, a youth of nineteen, was appointed acting post to command her, and the

corpulent and orderly first-lieutenant not according with the freaks and caprices of the racketty young captain, the admiral was induced to purchase a prize that had been taken, and converting her into a sloop-of-war, elevated Tyrrell to the rank of master and commander to commission her. This appointment was duly confirmed, and he was subsequently removed to the Glasso'wisky, so that at seventy years of age he had risen no higher.

On ascending to the quarter-deck, he informed Mr. Wetsail that he had duly attended to his counsel, and was now a midshipman of the sloop. The master congratulated him upon his decision; and, calling the reefers to him, the youth was introduced to his future messmates, who received him with great cordiality—though they envied him his good looks and apparent health. Most of them (there were only four) were debilitated and dejected through long sickness, and one little fellow burst into tears at the mention of home—for there was a deep conviction stamped upon his mind that he should never see it again.

Orders arrived from the cabin for a fortnight's provisions for twenty men to be got ready for the schooner, and the carpenter was sent aboard the

schooner to ascertain whether she was worth much. At the same time Hamilton was requested to prepare himself to take command of the privateer.

"I have nothing to prepare," said he; "except a second shirt, all that I am possessed of in the world is now about me."

"You must have a parish fit-out," exclaimed one of the youngsters. "I'll give you a jacket—Benson must launch out a pair of trowsers—Jemmy Wright will find you a waistcoat, and so we can muster enough for present service, with stockings and shirts. But avast! another thought has struck me;" and he crossed over to the weather side of the quarter-deck, where (whilst Hamilton was narrating the death of Herrick and the taking of the prizes) he held an earnest conversation with Mr. Wetsail. At length he returned to them, and inquired, "Do you mind wearing dead men's shoes?"

There was something so uncouth and abrupt in the question, that it created an unpleasant sensation in the mind of the newly created midshipman, who was not aware of its tendency or actual meaning. "I do not understand you," replied he.

"Why, the fact is, one of our messmates—

just about your size, died three weeks ago, and his chest and clothes have not been sold; so Mr. Wetsail is going to speak to the captain, and no doubt you will have them, if you like it, almost at your own price."

"But I have no money," responded Hamilton, "nor am I likely to get any for some time to come."

"That's a matter of no consequence," said another; "immediate payment is not requisite, and I'm sure you'll readily find bondsmen."

In less than an hour from that time, Hamilton found himself in command of the schooner, with an excellent stock of clothing, cocked hat, dirk, quadrant, and all the necessary outfit as a midshipman. Old Johnson and nineteen men composed the crew, *viz.* fourteen seamen, and five marines, and the small cutter of the sloop-of-war was hoisted on her deck. His instructions were, to run to the eastward of Jaquemel, and so along-shore, and pick up whatever chance might throw in his way; then to proceed off Cape Tiburoon, and cruize there for a week. It would be impossible to describe the proud feelings of the youth, when he felt himself thus confided in; nor was

the pleasure of old Johnson of any trifling degree, for, with the true characteristic of the tar, he had selected Hamilton for his pet, and was highly gratified at the distinction that was shewn him, though secretly he was aware that the real trust was reposed in himself. But there was also another who looked upon the youth arrayed in his midshipman's uniform with uncontrolled delight, and that was Quaco, who, though much hurt, yet had concealed the real extent of his injuries that he might accompany his young master; and now he sat on the aftmost gun, watching every movement of Hamilton, and exclaiming, "Garamercy, 'em do him proud for true!"

In a few hours the sloop and her prizes were no longer to be seen from the schooner, as with a fresh wind off shore she stretched to the eastward for the appointed station, purposing to commence the cruize from the island of Beta, off the Cape of the same name. Le Serpent sailed remarkably well, and the men conducted themselves very differently to what they did before, when they could plead the force of example in the officer as an excuse for their own delinquency. On the following evening they made the island, and stood in

between it and the cape, from which they took a fresh departure and bore up to the westward again, without having seen anything of the missing vessel; nor did they meet with any adventure worth recording till they arrived abreast of a small port a little to the westward of Cape Tiburoon, where they were becalmed nearly within reach of shot from the shore, and clearly discerned a ship at anchor close in, and a flotilla of row-boats pulling out towards them. In vain old Johnson whistled for a breeze; in vain did Quaco invoke all the saints he could think of, black, white and piebald—the wind continued heedless of their entreaties, and though a cat's-paw now and then just troubled the surface of the waters, it only served to tantalize them the more.

"Come what may, we are all ready for them," said Hamilton, whose few days of responsibility had taught him many a useful lesson. "It will be sharp work I dare say, but I do not think they will attack us till dark, they will present too conspicuous an object by daylight, and offer too bold a mark."

"If they mean that, Muster Brineoh, I have no fear on 'em," replied Johnson, stopping in the middle of a gentle lady-like whistle, as if to court

the breeze with its silvery tones. "It 'ull be odd if we don't get a light air off the land, and then we'll show 'em a little sport for their trouble. Howsomever, we must get out our sweeps, and go with the current, which is setting strong to the westward, and if them fellows do come, we can lay the nine-pounder pretty well to give 'em a taste on it."

"Dat bery good, Massa Johnson," said the negro; "but let go him killick do better—'cooner hold on—boat drift away—breeze come bum by—up anchor—board him prize dere," pointing to the ship with his chin—"cut cable—run away—boat down to looard—no?"

"Well, it's wonderful and concantackerous to me, Quaco, how you gets yer knowledge o' things, seeing as yer nothing but a dark-skinned nigger, as never had any thing like larning," said Johnson. "Yet, Muster Brineoh, he's right; and I'm blessed if I don't back his natral inkstink agin all the book study in the world. Let 'em pull out a little further, sir, and then we'll drop the anchor with a spring on the cable; and if they chooses to get within range, we'll physick 'em with a pill or two as 'ull 'die-o-rear their indisgestions,' as the corporal says."

The suggestions were complied with — the schooner was anchored—and the row-boats, as Quaco had predicted, were swept away by the current, in their endeavours to return towards the shore; for they did not care to venture within range of the nine-pounder. Hamilton paced the deck of his vessel with all the pride of youth entrusted with command; but he was nevertheless extremely anxious as it respected the purposed attack upon the ship, though he placed the utmost reliance on the judgment of old Johnson, and the natural sagacity of the negro.

At the turn of the tide a breeze sprang up from the south-west; the schooner was got under weigh; and, as evening had now set in, they could no longer discern the position of the ship, nor the situation of the row-boats; but the Indiaman's bearings had been well taken, and as soon as the anchor was secured they stood towards the spot.

It would be impossible for the pen or the tongue to describe the excited state of feeling in the breast of a man-of-war's man when in pursuit of an enemy; and one remarkable trait in their character is the astonishing coolness and steadiness with which, notwithstanding this excitement, they perform their

several duties. Indeed, to this may be attributed a great portion of the success which has attended our naval battles, whether in the hostile collision of fleets and squadrons, or the engagements between single ships. Nor was this all; for, in the hour of imminent peril from the rough and boisterous elements in their rage, or the apprehension of wreck on the more obdurate rocks—when the diversity of threatened destruction was more than sufficient to appal the sense and paralyze the body of the landsman—the tar has stood collected and firm, eyeing death as an enemy with whom he had to grapple, hand to hand, for mastery.

It may be reasonably supposed that the brave fellows in the schooner, though enervated by the insalubrious climate, wanted none of the *esprit de corps*. They were, in fact, thorough man-of-war's men, in every sense of the term; ready for every enterprise, without calculating results, and more easily governed by example than guided by precepts. They were now perfectly sober, for their only stock was the regular ship's allowance, and no one could have been found amongst them who meanly, dishonestly, or dastardly would have robbed a shipmate of his daily grog.

Every eye was earnestly directed away on the schooner's lee bow, and the inquiry was often repeated to the man on the fore-yard, "Do you see any thing of her?" and the reply as frequently returned in the negative. But they had neared the place where she had been riding, so as to render it impossible not to catch sight of her had she remained; but the fact was, the moment the shades of darkness began to fall heavily upon the waters her cable had been cut and she was run on shore. Quaco was the first to discover this, and running closer in than sound discretion would have dictated, they perceived the ship by the light of her canvas, lifting to the swell as it rolled in, and all doubt of her situation was instantly at an end.

"She is worth a trial yet," said Johnson to the young and newly-made midshipman. "The schooner must stand off with four hands in her, and away out to sea."

"And what then, Johnson?" inquired Hamilton, as he eagerly listened for the advice of the old man, who with a stooping gait, and one hand arched over his eyes, was earnestly scanning the ship's position.

"Why, sir," returned the seaman, "the other sixteen men must man the cutter, and when the schooner heaves in stays to stand off, the boat must be dropped, and lay upon her oars till the craft has got a good offing. That 'ull make the crapohs think we have had enough of it, and in course they'll not never excumsabberate any suspicion as we're nigh hand 'em. Well, then, we'll pull quietly in shore, and be superinducticated by circumstances. What do you say to that, ould pipe-clay?"

Quaco had paid great attention to what the veteran had urged, but being better acquainted with the locality of the place, he at first differed with him, and used arguments which convinced Hamilton the negro was right; but suddenly, the latter appeared to change his mind, and without assigning even a plausible motive, he strenuously recommended an attack.

The manœuvre was put in practice—the schooner, after firing a shot or two at the ship, which was not returned from the shore, stood out to sea, leaving the cutter well manned and armed behind her. The negro had been desired to remain in the craft, but, with a pertinacity which surprised Hamilton, who knew that the black was not over partial to

fighting, he insisted upon accompanying his young master in the boat.

It was nearly midnight—the schooner was scarcely visible in the distance, and indeed only seen at intervals when she rose on the summit of the swell, and appeared like a sea-bird wetting its wings on the comb of a wave. The cutter, with muffled oars, noiselessly swept in shore, and as they approached, they became more and more sensible that their *ruse* was unsuspected. All the night long lights had been flashing to and fro, and they could hear the sound of many voices, engaged in work of labour, which Johnson correctly attributed to the plunderers, who would not lose a moment of time in landing whatever part of the cargo they could conveniently get at.

Cautiously did the cutter advance till they were nigh enough to ascertain that the ship laid nearly on her broadside, with her masts (on which the topsails remained set) pointing to the shore; whilst boats were busily engaged in removing every thing that could be grabbed hold of, and parties of negroes and white people by torchlight were rolling up casks upon the beach, and placing them in detached heaps.

"We're ondiskivered as yet," whispered Johnson to Hamilton, as the cutter laid about a cable's length a-head of the ship; "but as for getting off that ere craft there, to my thinking its onpossible, for, by the way she hugs the ground, I'd bet my grog again a marine's button, that she's more nor one hole in her bottom, and is half full of water. But then, Muster Brineoh, it ud be exasperating to me to leave her in the hands of them picarooning wagabones, seeing as she's good English timber and British built! For my part, I wouldn't leave 'em enough to make a toothpick of, if I had my will."

"Well, Johnson, you have only to advise me for the best," returned the young midshipman, "and my ready acquiescence shall be given."

"There's never a soul among us as doubts your hackyessence, Muster Brineoh," responded the old man, eagerly catching at a new word, though he did not comprehend its meaning; "but," continued he, after a momentary pause, "it isn't altogether hackyessence as we wants, and to my thinking the smell of powder is as sweet and as wholesome as any other essence whatsomever.—No, no, young genelman, it's good cumbusterbles as is necessary just now—in fact, without any more circumferential

backing and filling, we must set her on fire, and that's what we must do. Quaco, keep the boat's head for her off-side, just under the bow. We'll board 'em, and get possession, and then every man his brand.—Now, be ready, shipmates; follow your officer with steadiness—give every lubberly crapoh his gruel, and don't leave one to sup his broth again."

The cutter moved stealthily along, like the spirit of destruction gliding with spectral stillness over the surface of the waters, for the oars were only used to steady her steerage, as she drifted with the current to the precise spot old Johnson had pointed out, and which they reached wholly unperceived by the busy multitudes who thronged the shore, or the few stout negroes under the directions of two or three whites, who were assisting as well as they could, on the inclined plane of the deck, in breaking out the cargo.

"We're all right, Muster Brienoh," whispered Johnson, "but mayhap as you arn't had much experience in the way of going aloft hand over hand, you'll be sommut bambaxter'd to mount-a-reeve-o up the side,"—the boat rubbed against the ship; "keep her off, ye lubbers, do," grumbled

the old man, "d'ye want to let 'em know what we are arter. Well, Muster Brineoh," continued he, "I'll shin up and send you down the eend of a rope, which you must pass round you under your arms, and we'll rouse you up, never fear. They're making too much noise, and are too busy to hear us.—Drop the boat under the main chains there, Jem Baxter;" the order was obeyed; "and now, Jem, rise your body, like a sky-rocket, up by the boat-hook, and send us down a few fathoms of rope."

The command was complied with—the man who had been addressed fixed his boat-hook into the laniard of one of the main shrouds, and climbed into the channel, from which he sent down the end of the required rope—the veteran Johnson was soon by his side, and together they hauled up Hamilton, who was speedily followed by the rest, leaving only one man to take charge of the cutter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Boarders—away!"

The ship was lying, as before described, right along the strand, and parallel to it; and though she occasionally lifted when a heavy swell set in, yet Johnson felt assured that his surmise of her being bilged was correct, and there could be no hope of getting her off. She laid upon her starboard side, so as to bring her gangway nearly level with the water; and, consequently, it was impossible for any person to obtain foot-standing on her decks, unless by the companion, the skylight, or the combings of the hatchways; so that there was not a single individual on the upper side, except Hamilton and his party in the main-chains. A considerable multitude was assembled on the beach, as well as in the boats that were conveying the plunder away; and all were clearly discernible to the man-of-war's men, by the strong light sent forth

from the torches, whose ruddy glare tinged the foam of the surf with a blood-like hue, and streaming on the surrounding objects, served to heighten the interest of the imposing spectacle. Behind them rose, in dark-frowning grandeur rendered more visible by the illuminated fore-ground, huge blocks of broken granite, that looked as if they had been piled in such strange and uncouth masses by an Almighty hand, to shew that no human strength or power could thus have placed them. In the rear of these towered the lofty mountains that mark this line of coast, lifting their craggy summits into the heavens, to catch the first and the last gleam of day.

Most of the figures that moved to and fro were negroes; and the torch-light, flashing on their black skins, afforded a picture which a warm imagination might easily have applied to the place of endless torment. Nor was the confusion that prevailed at all calculated to diminish the delusion; for there was, apparently, no one to direct or control, and each seemed to be following the bent of his own inclination, in securing whatever he could for himself. Neither was much scrupulous attention paid to individual claims, for the strong robbed the weak of

his share, and added it to his own ; and, during the few minutes that Hamilton looked on, several sanguinary contests took place, in which, from the inanimate state of the conquered party, it was fully believed that lives were recklessly sacrificed without exciting the slightest interference from the rest.

" We must open our fire quite permiscuously, Muster Brineoh," whispered Johnson, " and let fly right slap among the thick of 'em. They don't seem to be overstocked with arms ; and, Quaco tells me, they arn't never got no battery here."

" If I am right in my views," returned Hamilton, " we are to set the ship on fire. Now, would it not be best, Johnson, for half-a-dozen hands to do this, whilst the rest keep the fellows in check ?"

" All right, Muster Brineoh," responded the veteran; " and I'll just take five of the men with me, whilst you pepper the thieves with the muskets. But, first of all, have a slap at the boats alongside, and astonish their indelectuals a bit."

" Make ready !" exclaimed Hamilton, in an audible whisper ; " take a steady aim at the people in the boats, and do not throw a charge away. Fire !"

Thirteen muskets were discharged, and twelve men fell, to the great astonishment and alarm of

the survivors, who at first stood panic-struck; but, some of the more quick-witted conjecturing the cause, it was instantly vociferated through the whole, and "les Anglais—les Anglais!" reverberated amongst the rocks. Another volley produced nearly similar deadly results, and in a few minutes the ship was abandoned to the captors. But the people on shore were not destitute of fire-arms, as a scattering and random discharge soon evinced, though it did no injury, and Johnson with his shipmates cleverly effected an entrance to the cabin by the sky-light.

The boats had rapidly pulled for the shore, and the men had joined their confederates, as they extinguished their torches and sought shelter among the rocks, so that nothing remained visible to present a mark to fire at, and Hamilton and his party were compelled to remain inactive. But this did not last long, for the measured sweep of many oars in more boats than one, was heard approaching along the shore, and the young midshipman readily conjectured that the sounds proceeded from the row-boats that had been carried away by the stream, and were now exerting their utmost strength, no doubt stimulated to action by the reports of the

firelocks. In this emergency, he earnestly requested Quaco, as the person in whom he could place the greatest reliance, to inform old Johnson of the circumstance. The negro at first manifested an unwillingness to go, but finding Hamilton was determined to perform the duty himself if he refused, he reluctantly complied.

Anxiously did the young midshipman wait for the old man's re-appearance. The noise of the oars was minutely growing louder; the negroes on the beach were re-lighting their torches, and having become aware of the advance of their friends, shout after shout resounded amongst the crags, multiplied by the numerous echoes into a myriad of voices. Still Johnson came not, and Hamilton, after waiting a few minutes longer, went himself in search of him. On reaching the cabin sky-light he lowered himself by a rope, and found the old man very busily engaged in igniting a quantity of combustibles he had collected together in the state-room, which had once belonged to the captain, and one of the men with distended cheeks was blowing it into flame.

"Young genelman," exclaimed the veteran, "what, desarted your post whilst your men are in danger?"

"Have you seen Quaco?" eagerly inquired the midshipman; — "where is he? I thought you would have heeded the message I sent."

"You best can tell where the nigger is, Muster Brineoh—blow harder, you lubber," returned Johnson, alternately speaking to Hamilton and the seaman, who acted as a supernumerary pair of bellows; "I left Quaco under your orders in the main-chains—puff away;—and as for messages—there it comes, bright and clear—why as for messages—stronger yet, and the flame rises—I arn't seen no living homogiferous cretur since I boarded the craft, save and excepting fat Jem here, who's puffing away like a grampus—a fresh hand at the bellows, Jem."

"What can have become of the negro, then," exclaimed Hamilton, in apprehensive alarm; "I sent him some time ago to tell you that the row-boats were coming up along-shore, and were close to us."

"The row-boats," reiterated Johnson; "another puff, Jem—then it's time to be moving, Muster Brineoh. And there it is, all on fire; it 'ull puzzle 'em, Jem, to distinguish that again, so you may leave off now, and if you can find a toothful o' rum, bear

a hand and stow it away in your hould, it 'ull give you fresh wind, messmate, and I'm blessed if we shan't want breath afore we gets back to the schooner."

"But the negro!" exclaimed Hamilton; "where can Quaco have got to? I saw him go towards the companion."

"Mayhap he has pigged in with some of the others down forud," answered Johnson; "I shouldn't like to lose the nigger, for his nat'ral inkstink might help us in a pinch, letting alone his being a shipmate and what not. Howsomever, I'll call the men together;" he put a whistle to his lips, blew it shrilly two or three times, and then went on—"we shall soon see what's become of him, though a piece o' darkness like that arn't to be wery clearly diskivered on such a night as this."

In a very short time the other four men made their appearance, and, at first inspection, either of them might have been mistaken for the negro, so begrimed were all their features with soot, tar, and gunpowder. On inquiry, however, neither of them had seen Quaco; and Hamilton, though greatly distressed, yet cherished a hope that he might have returned to the party in the chains. A loud shout-

ing and a discharge of musketry quickened the motions of the fire brigade, who hastily ascended to the deck, except old Johnson, and Hamilton saw him, with a sort of match in his hand, set fire to a quantity of loose cotton that was thickly spread between the cabin table and the aftmost lockers. They were not long in mustering in the channels, but no one could or would render any account of Quaco, and Hamilton expressed his determination to proceed in quest of him.

"Avast, avast, Muster Brineoh," exclaimed Johnson, in an admonitory tone; "in less than five minutes from this time there will be an explosion abaft, and the lads have set her on fire in half a dozen different places. You ought not to disremember, sir, that you are now an officer in his Majesty's sarvice, God bless him, and that every one demands the same care from you, let em be black, white, or grey. These here men, sir, won't start tack or sheet without you, and ——"

"You are right, Johnson," returned the youth mournfully; "my regard for the negro was blinding me to my duty. To the boat, my lads—to the boat."

Whilst this brief conversation was going on, the

men remained perfectly silent, watching the approaching boats, which were becoming distinctly visible; but they were between the ship and the shore, except one of the largest that was evidently pulling round her. The command to man the cutter was instantly obeyed, and every one resumed his oar as they shoved off from alongside. But this resumption was only momentary, for the voice of old Johnson was heard.

"Small-arm-men, make ready!" The seamen handled their muskets, and, just as the row-boat came full into view in an oblique direction under the ship's counter, the order was given to fire, and such was the fatal effect of the aim, that nearly every shot told upon the enemy, who dropped from the oars, most of them dead or wounded, and the rest through fear. But the boat had good way upon her, and was almost instantly alongside the cutter.

"Board her, Muster Brineoh," shouted old Johnson, waving his cutlass; but, conceding the post of honour as leader to his young officer, who sprang into the row-boat, and was followed by the veteran and several of the men. Not the smallest resistance was offered, but there were cries for mercy, which never met a British ear in vain.

"She's our's, young genelman," uttered the veteran tar, "and we must carry her off with us. Take her in tow there in the cutter, whilst we toss up the masts."

The wind had continued to freshen from its first getting up, and was now blowing a top-gallant breeze; the row-boat's sails were lateen, and to step the short stump of masts was the work of not more than a couple of minutes; but before that time had elapsed the whole flotilla were seen rounding the ship's stern, though evidently with much caution. At this instant a loud explosion blew the vessel's quarter completely out; the fragments were dashed with impetuosity amongst the row-boats, rending and crashing, and slaying; and several of the cutter's hands received contusions and bruises, though, happily, without any fatal consequences.

For several minutes dismay seemed to pervade both parties, but the English recovering first, the sails of the prize were promptly set; the cutter as quickly followed the example, and hoisted her three lugs, and they were walking off at a spanking rate, when the Frenchmen, recovering from their panic, sent a volley after them which killed two—one of the prisoners and a marine,—and

slightly wounded four others, amongst whom was Hamilton. This was immediately returned—with what effect it was impossible to judge, but the enemy offered no further molestation, and about five minutes afterwards they had the satisfaction of seeing the flames burst out, right fore and aft, with such impetuosity as to convince them that it was beyond all human power to arrest their progress.

"And now, Muster Brineoh," said old Johnson, as he turned his quid with much self-complacency, hitched up his trowsers, and looked with satisfaction at the burning pile, "I think we've made no very bad night's work on it, barring the loss of the nigger, who I'm half inclined to believe had a bit of a soul in him, notwithstanding they denies them consarns to the blacks in this here West Ingies. Howsomever, here we goes, and if them chaps in the schooner haven't got omnobulated, with their heads under their wings, they'll make out the burning craft, and stand in shore. But there's one thing, Muster Brineoh, I arn't overhauled to you yet."

"And what is that, Johnson?" inquired Hamilton; "I hope it is something of a consolatory nature, for, I assure you, my heart is very heavy at the loss of my old friend. I know neither father nor

mother; Madame Brienot is, perhaps, separated from me for ever, and the negro was the only tie I had remaining;" he paused a minute, "yet I wrong you, my kind friend; you have, indeed, shown me the most disinterested friendship, and it is solely to you that I am indebted for my present circumstances."

"Why ay, Muster Brineoh," responded the veteran; "I don't mean to say that you are none the worse for having a friend at court, as the donkey-man said to his ass; nor am I going to enter any thing again your name in regard o' your liking for the nigger; but alays bear in mind, young genelman, that an officer must hardly be allowed to pay out the slack of feeling for hisself when on duty; for then his king, his country, and the people he has in charge, ought to disgross the whole tier of his ideas, whether they're coiled away in Flemish fakes, or ownly in cable fashion. But that arn't altogether what I'm going to tell you, though I've roused out pretty handsomely in the way of lingo to give a sort of prefish to the rest. That 'ere craft in flames arn't by no manner o' means the ship as we've been looking arter, but, according to my notion o' things, she's a Spaniard

as has fallen into the hands of pirates—ah, there the fellows are poking their fire-sticks at us again."

A harmless volley this time was sent after the retreating party; and the row-boats, finding they had no chance to catch them, or, what is more probable, cherishing no desire to come in personal contact with their enemies, gave over pursuit; and in about an hour's time they had got alongside the schooner, that had tacked in-shore to pick them up. The first care was to remove the wounded; the next employment was to bury the dead; and the late foes, side by side, were consigned to the deep.

"What shall we do with these poor creatures, Johnson?" inquired Hamilton; who, though almost fainting with the pain from two wounds caused by musket balls, one of which had passed through his thigh, and the other grazed the upper part of his head, yet had concealed both. "They will perish here. Is there no means of sending them ashore?"

"Why, Muster Brineoh, I'm thinking that among such a set of owtrageous devil-may-care sort o' chaps as they calls friends, they'd be more likely to die like dogs ashore than they would like men aboard; but our own poor fellows requires the

doctor, and so if you pleases we'll make sail for Jamaica and look for the ship."

This was instantly acceded to, for independently of his humanity towards the sufferers, he felt it would be necessary to get his own hurts dressed; but whilst giving the necessary orders to fulfil his desire, a sudden sickness at heart came over him; he staggered a few paces, and fell heavily upon the deck.

"Well, then, I'm blowed if this here arn't too bad of me," exclaimed old Johnson, as he assisted to raise the prostrate youth; "here have I been working this young genelman as if his timbers and his scantling were as sound as an ould tar's as has weathered the breeze for forty years. Lift him up as gingerly as you would an infant, Jem, and let us take shame to oursels for heaving the poor lad on his beam-ends, after such a no-man's-land sort of fashion. Muster Brineoh," shouted he, but the youth made no response, for he had fainted—"Muster Brineoh," repeated the veteran still louder; "now Heaven forbid that he's got beyond hail. Muster Brineoh!—Yo hoy!—it's o' no use, Jem.—Why where's that lubber of a jolly?—Here, you corporal; confound your jawing-gear; bear a

hand this way, and if ever you know'd anything of the mother medicker in your pill-building consarns, jist attend to the young genelman here."

The corporal responded to the call, and placing his hand over the heart, pronounced that it was nothing more than "syncope."

"What cope?" asked Johnson; "never mind though, as long as he arn't slipped his wind. But halloo, what's this?—blood!—well, I'm blessed if it arn't, and the gallant young fellow must be wounded."

Johnson, on lifting the inanimate midshipman, had placed his hand under the lacerated thigh, and thereby stained it with the blood, which, though it had not flowed very copiously, had nevertheless saturated the blue trowsers which he wore. The day was just breaking, but as in that climate the dawn is but of short duration, there was sufficient light to display the crimson hue on the hard horny fingers of the veteran. Hamilton was carried below, and whilst the corporal carefully examined his body, old Johnson manifested the utmost solicitude and delicacy, as he stood over the youth, and assisted in binding up the wounds.

Hamilton's insensibility did not endure very

long, and on his revival he found every sail was packed upon the vessel, the row-boat with her lateens being left to make the best of her course alone; but fortunately she held good way with the schooner, and was not left very far astern. Three of the wounded Frenchmen died in the course of the day, and just about dusk they fell in with the Glasso'wisky, who, after seeing the prizes safe into port, had come out in search of them. The wounded were immediately removed to the sloop of war, but as Hamilton earnestly desired to remain in the schooner, the surgeon did all that was necessary and left him. The following day they arrived at Jamaica; and shortly afterwards the schooner was bought into the service.

It was with feelings of considerable pleasure and pride that the young midshipman heard the congratulations of his veteran commander; nothing but the earnest solicitude of old Johnson could exceed the considerate kindness of Captain Tyrrell, who embraced every opportunity of introducing Hamilton to his friends (and he had many), both ashore and afloat, and the youth would have felt perfectly happy could he have seen his benefactress rescued from the fangs of the French commis-

sioners, and have ascertained the fate of his old associate, Quaco. But nothing is perfect in the world, and this truth was fully felt by the young midshipman, though hope swelled high in his breast that both desires would, before long, be accomplished.

It was at this very juncture that Captain Tyrrell, wholly unexpected by himself, was made acting post in a two-and-thirty gun frigate, and Hamilton was induced to follow him, especially as one hundred pounds had been presented to him by the inhabitants of Kingston for his gallantry, and he was enabled to discharge his pecuniary obligations, and add to his slender stock of clothes. Nor was the veteran Johnson left behind, for his chief and he had been so many years together that separation was impossible, and he was allowed to accompany his old commander. The frigate had not been long from England, and having been under the command of a thorough martinet (removed into a forty-four) the young midshipman found a very different set of officers to those of the old ship, whilst the men, acquainted beforehand with Tyrrell's character, had no sooner heard his commission read, than they greeted him with three hearty and honest cheers.

Such was the posture of affairs when the reverses

in the West-India Islands rendered it necessary to send confidential despatches to England, and Captain Tyrrell was selected for the purpose. No time was allowed for consideration; the ship was victualled and watered without a moment's delay, and in the course of a few hours was under weigh, and on her passage for home. Nothing material occurred beyond a gale of wind, during the voyage, and in six weeks from the day of their departure they moored ship in Plymouth Sound. Captain Tyrrell started for the metropolis with his despatches, and intelligence was received on board that he had met with a very gracious reception from the First Lord of the Admiralty. His elevation to post rank, and his appointment to the frigate, were confirmed.

Under the instruction of his veteran friend, old Johnson, young Hamilton had diligently applied himself to the study of seamanship, and as nothing gratifies the pride of an old tar more than witnessing the progress of a youngster in the art they are so evidently attached to, he was never at a loss for a practical teacher; whilst Mr. Wetsail, who had been invalided from the sloop of war, and had taken a passage to England with his ancient shipmate

and commander, imparted to the youth a correct knowledge of navigation, so that he bade fair to become an active, enterprising, and intelligent officer.

Whilst refitting, Hamilton was very attentive to his duties, and the first lieutenant lost no opportunity of assisting him in his nautical education; and whilst others, who had many relatives and friends, were enjoying the delights of the shore, he remained steadily by the ship. But a period of relaxation arrived, and then Mr. Simpson took him to visit and inspect the wonders of Plymouth; the fortifications and the dock-yard excited his admiration and astonishment, and he felt a glow of pleasure warm his heart as a conviction came across his mind that he too was an Englishman, though it was soon saddened down by the reflection that he was alone in the world, without parents, without kindred, without home, and almost destitute of friends.

The season was summer, and nature appeared beautiful in her verdure; the Sovereign and the Court were at Weymouth, and thither was the frigate ordered to attend upon the royal yacht, as part of a protecting squadron, when his Majesty embarked on a cruise. Hamilton was delighted at

the prospect of seeing the powerful monarch, of whom he had heard so much, as possessing the ardent attachment of his people; whilst others calculated upon some event occurring that would bring them under the kingly eye, and insure their promotion.

On his arrival in Portland Roads, Captain Tyrrell, in full uniform, hastened in his barge to wait upon his Majesty, and Hamilton accompanied him in charge of the boat, of which old Johnson was coxswain. As soon as he had landed at the jetty, for the tide was out, the veteran chief took his way to the royal residence, leaving the young midshipman with orders to await his return, and not to suffer the men to wander away.

The afternoon was rather sultry, with but little wind, and the beach was nearly deserted on account of some fête that was going on in the town. An hour had elapsed, and the intense heat caused the barge-men to be thirsty; at least they said so, and permission was requested for two of them to run to the nearest public-house, to bring down drink for the rest; but Hamilton, rigidly adhering to his orders, positively refused, and no small degree of grumbling was the consequence.

"What am I to do, Johnson?" enquired the youth, a short distance apart from the rest, of his humble friend—"you know how strict the captain's orders were, and yet I cannot endure the thought that the poor fellows should suffer."

"Dooty afore all nations, Muster Brineoh—and though I wants a toothful as much as any on 'em, and would top my boom to get it if I could, yet, says I, death afore dishonor; and as you've axed me my opinion o' things in general, and this here in particular, why all I've got to say is, there ar'nt one of 'em as ought to side out for a bend, even if Billy Pitt was to tell 'em."

"What, what, what—what's that about Billy Pitt?" exclaimed a tall elderly gentleman, who had advanced upon them unperceived; "Who's Billy Pitt eh,—who's Billy Pitt?"

"Why, yer honor," returned old Johnson, hitching up his trowsers, and giving the enquirer a look of mingling respect and reproach, "you seems to be the full-length of a genelman at all events, from your figure-head to your starn, but I never liked listeners, from a notion I got when I was a lad, that the devil always was badgering athwart my bows, to catch howld of every word as was launched

out of my bridle port; and as for Billy Pitt, mayhap you long-shore gentry may sabby the thing better nor I, that Billy Pitt is ould Georgy's chief mate, as works a traverse to get to wind'ard of his skipper, and though he don't wear the crown, I'm blessed but he rigs out the sceptre like a guess-warp boom, for any one to hang on by; and there, yer honor, that's Billy Pitt."

"All riddlemeree! riddlemeree!" responded the gentleman, as he lifted a gold-headed cane and laid it, with the utmost gentleness, on the old tar's shoulder; while Hamilton, who had drank in every word of the stranger's speech, experienced a thrilling sensation, for which he could by no means account.

"But come, come, Mr. Midshipman," continued the gentleman, addressing the youth; "what, what was you saying about Billy Pitt—eh, what was you saying about Billy Pitt?"

"Well, yer honour, I hopes no disparagement, for I means none," intruded old Johnson, for Hamilton was unable to reply; "but the case stands just as this here: you can't expect the know-alledness and experience of sixty-two upon the shoulders of fifteen or sixteen, and therefore mayhap the

young genelman don't never sabby nothing whatsomever about Billy Pitt, and the more so in regard of his having passed most of his life in the West Ingies. Howsomever, I ar'nt never ashamed of anything I says, and so in course I'll jist overhaul the calkilations of the thing. The skipper has come ashore to wait upon his Majesty, God bless him! and the day being hot, the people got dry and wanted to go up to the public, and fetch down someut stronger nor water; but the captain's orders was as not a soul was to leave the barge, and I was just telling the young officer not to allow them by no manner o' means, even if Billy Pitt was to come and fetch 'em."

"But the king—suppose the king was to come, what would you do then?" uttered the old gentleman archly, "you would not refuse the king?"

"It arn't for me in my capacity as coxsun to answer for my officer." returned Johnson rather unwilling to take upon himself more responsibility than he ought to do, or else desirous of drawing Hamilton out. "But if I had charge, why I knows too much of owld Georgy to log down again him that ever he would constrapulate a poor tar to neglect his dooty to his commander."

"Con-what? con-strap—constrap, eh, what, what?" inquired the gentleman, while Hamilton endeavoured by every means in his power to connect his early recollections with the voice and manner of the stranger.

"Constrapulate, yer honor," repeated Johnson; "which means bamboozle, or cumfuzzle a fellow, so as to bring him under the articles of war, and perhaps get him seized up at the gangway."

"But Billy Pitt is a friend of mine," exclaimed the gentleman, seriously—"mustn't hear him spoke ill of—no, no—mustn't speak ill of Billy Pitt."

"Well, yer honor, I arn't got the pleasure of knowing yer honor—but I am not the lad, as I said afore, to keep my thoughts in a fog-bank, or in boobibus, as Muster Herrick would have said, and so I'll just pay out a bit of my mind—Billy Pitt* arn't never no better than he should be."

* It is a curious circumstance that I have never yet heard accounted for, although the fact is undeniable, the old men-of-war's men, both before and after the mutiny, attributed all their troubles to the celebrated William Pitt, and his name was scarcely ever used without an execration. The negroes entertained a very different opinion of the "heaven-born minister," and both on the coast of Africa and in the West Indies, Billy Pitt was a name very freely assumed, and very

 proudly

"Monstrous charge!—heavy offence!" exclaimed the stranger laughingly; "and so, young gentleman, you wouldn't let them drink—right, right, very right that—bad habit, drinking."

"To excess, I presume you mean, sir," said Hamilton. "I have no objections to my men quenching their thirst this warm day, but I cannot consent to their quitting the boat."

"Under all circumstances, mayhap yer honor wouldn't mind just making a board to the public, and telling 'em to send down a bucket o' stuff," requested Johnson.

"Stuff!—stuff!—what stuff?" returned the person addressed; "can't tell what you mean by stuff."

"Lord love yer heart—why yer honor must be a little nummy not to diskiver the meaning of 'stuff,'" answered Johnson with a mingled look of ridicule and contempt; "why stuff means grog, ale, beer, and what not, for a thirsty sowl to drink."

"What, mix 'em all up together?" inquired the stranger; "bad stuff that—bring on headache—

proudly acknowledged. At most of the negro settlements or tribes, such as those at Madagascar, the Comoro Islands, &c. the adviser of the king was called Billy Pitt, and the same thing occurred in the South Sea Islands.

get in the sick list—and I suppose you have come here to attend upon the King."

"And that's what we have, yer honor," responded Johnson proudly. "I ownly wish his Majesty—God bless him! was here now; he wouldn't let his tars moisten their lips with sun-beams as ud cook a beef steak—no, no, its owld Georgy as would order us somut to wet our whistles, and take the sheepshanks out of our windpipes!"

The gentleman fidgetted about for a minute or two evidently pleased with the bluntness of the veteran, and then beckoning to a person who was standing at a distance, he gave him some directions that could not be distinguished by the seamen. The man walked hastily away, and when he had got a little way off, the stranger called after him, though not loud enough for the other to hear, "Remember, nothing but small beer—only small beer."

"Swipes!" burst forth from half-a-dozen voices, to the great amusement of the gentleman, who laughed heartily at the disappointment of the men.

But at this moment two ladies approached—one passed the middle age, but still retaining traces of great beauty; the other apparently about seventeen, and as lovely as Hebe when she presented nectar

to the Gods. The bargemen had not removed their hats to the gentleman; but at the presence of the ladies, not a head was covered, and the most profound and respectful devotion was evinced.

"Ha—my lady, how do you do?—what, what, stole away, my pretty one," said the gentleman, addressing first one lady and then the other. "Glorious afternoon this—very fine—should like to have a row in the boat—very pleasant on the water—very—should you like to go, eh?"

"It would afford me great pleasure, Sire," returned the eldest lady; "but this spot recals painful remembrances to poor Ellen." The younger female looked down, and the tears stole from her eyes.

"Oh ay,—yes I recollect," exclaimed the stranger; "a water excursion would do her good—cool breeze yonder—I wish we had a boat—don't grieve, my pretty one—poor Hammy—strange name though, comical name—well, my lady, there's no boat."

"You must be joking, Sire," returned the elder female; "here is a noble boat lying idle on the beach, and a gallant crew ready to obey your orders."

"They won't, though—no, no, they won't," responded the strange gentleman, looking archly at the young midshipman, and the coxswain; "they wouldn't give even the King an airing contrary to commands. Ah now, if Hammy had lived—poor Hammy!—he might have been just such another, ay, just such another as you youth—he wouldn't have refused me."

"Nor will he now, Sir, if it should risk his life," exclaimed Hamilton, springing forward and catching hold of the stranger's fingers between his own trembling hands. "Oh, it has burst upon me like a flash of lightning—I see it all, and you Sir, you are 'the gentleman,'—he who in my infancy was kind and indulgent to me and dear little Ellen, and played with us and young Ned at nurse's. Yes, yes, it is all fresh before me; and though years of quiet and days of trial have passed since then, still the glimmering has been treasured even in a far-off land. I am that Hammy of whom you speak. I cannot, must not be deceived—it would kill me—oh say that I am the child whom you once cherished, and who was carried away to sea—do not slay me outright," and the youth burst into tears.

This appeal was uttered with much vehemence, and the supplicatory tone and manner affected every one who heard it, but in different ways. The seamen looked like great schoolboys, when reading a pathetic tale—the gentleman eyed the youngster with distrust, as if fearful of deception—the elder of the ladies was calm and placid, though the soft distillation of real sympathy was visible on her cheeks—the younger lady gazed with a fixed earnestness on the youth, and scarcely drew her breath—at length she hurriedly exclaimed, "The mark Hammy, the mark my brother had."

"A wine-mark on his breast—it is here, Ellen, it is here!" Hamilton tore open his shirt and displayed it, and the next instant they were locked in each other's arms.

CHAPTER V.

"Well met again, old friend."

Thus acknowledged by the operations of triumphant nature, Hamilton's heart was nearly bursting with delight, whilst several of the jolly tars, especially old Johnson, fairly blubbered right out. Still the strange gentleman looked suspicious and unconvinced, and the elder lady (who was none other than the Countess of Gordon) seemed in some measure to share in the feelings of her male friend, though she could not but paticipate in the joy that sparkled on Ellen's countenance. Yet the youth's face had not a single line that bespoke deception; all was open candour and exquisite gratification.

"What—what?" said the stranger; "this must be seen to—never—no, never practise imposition, young man; we must inquire into this—eh my lady, —eh?"

"Oh! indeed, Sire, he is no impostor," uttered Ellen, deprecatingly; "I am sure he is my bro-

ther—my own brother—the still, small voice of my departed mother tells me so:—indeed, indeed, my lady, it is that Hammy I have wept for so often."

"Do not distress yourself so much, my love," said the Countess, soothingly; "I trust he is your long-lost brother." The gentleman shook his head; and Lady Gordon observing it, added, "I think, either one way or the other, it may be easily proved, your Majesty."

The words "your Majesty" were like an electric shock to the poor tars, who, though they had heard the title "Sire," knew not that it was only addressed to a sovereign. Every man stood proudly erect; and Johnson, having hitched up his trowsers, cast a side-long glance at "owld Georgy's" face, whilst Hamilton, as if awakened to fresh remembrances, though dimly shadowed forth, bent himself upon one knee before his King.

The affair was partly ludicrous, partly solemn; but the former eminently prevailed, when the attendant, who had been despatched for the "swipes," was seen returning, accompanied by two servants, each bearing a highly polished pail, well filled with port wine negus. The monarch graciously raised the youth, and then looking archly, first at the sea-

men and next at the beverage, and then at the seamen again, addressed the veteran Johnson :—

"Come, come, coxswain — come, must drink 'owld Georgy's' health—and better manners to Billy Pitt, eh?—ay, better manners to Billy Pitt:" and the monarch laughed.

"God bless your Majesty," returned the aged coxswain, smoothing down the remnant of his grey hair. "If I spoke my mind too freely, why, I'm sorry for it ; but arter all, I tould yer Majesty the truth. It is not always when a poor fellow is veering away upon his palaver, that he knows when to clap a stopper on and bring up. But, yer Majesty, I meant no offence; and as I've often fought for my King and country, so I would willingly die in your sarvice : and as for the grog ——"

"The King wouldn't constrapulate you, eh?—no, no, sailor, the King never constrapulates," and again the good-tempered monarch chuckled with unrepressed glee.

Hamilton had withdrawn to a short distance with the ladies; and Ellen, proud of her newly-found brother, hung fondly on his arm, as they mutually recalled to memory the scenes of their childhood, so as to convince the Countess of the relationship that

existed between them. But the King wished the happy party to witness the gratification of the seamen, as they drank their Sovereign's health in bumpers.

Whilst thus engaged, Captain Tyrrell returned, and was surprised, amused, and pleased, to see his Majesty taking such an interest in his barge's crew. The King drew him apart, and questioned him relative to the young midshipman:—the generous officer related the history of his *protégé*, with which he was well acquainted, and spoke of him in terms of high encomium, so as to entirely remove the prejudices which a fear of imposition had created, and to raise an assurance that Hamilton was indeed the child of that dying mother, to whom he had administered the last consolations of religion. Leave of absence was obtained for the young officer—the barge was ordered on board, and shoved off as soon as the "stuff" was finished; but not till old Johnson had given the midshipman a look and a smile of approbation and pleasure, and the men, one and all, delivered themselves of three hearty cheers.

Mrs. Jones, the mother of poor Ned, had paid the debt due to nature, and therefore was spared the

pain which would have been renewed at the mysterious disappearance of her son. As for Hamilton and Ellen, they were truly happy; and when his Majesty departed with the Countess and Captain Tyrrell, they walked together to the house which they had inhabited when children, and the youth was reminded of many spots and incidents, as they were pointed out by his sister.

All doubt of the young midshipman's identity was removed, and he was once more received under Royal patronage; which, though it procured him greater distinction amongst his superiors, and more consideration from his messmates, seldom rendered him presumptuous with either. From the Countess, who was warmly attached to Ellen, he received the utmost kindness, and many days of happiness did the brother and sister pass together whilst the court remained at Weymouth; the only drawback to their pleasure being a want of knowledge as to their parentage and origin.

Hamilton—so far as his recollection would serve—narrated his adventures since their separation, and many anxious thoughts, and not a few tears, were devoted to the memory of his kind benefactress, Madame Brienot; nor was the negro Quaco forgot-

ten. Having the *entrée* to the royal visitors and the friendship of the Countess, the youth's romantic tale revived the still-remembered occurrence of the orphan children amongst the nobility; and now that they were grown into riper years, every one readily distinguished and petted, the royal *protégées*. As for Captain Tyrrell, warm-hearted and generous, he rejoiced in the good fortune of his young officer; and though advanced in age, yet still a great admirer of rank and beauty, proud was the veteran's heart to receive the noble Countess and her suite, whenever the squadron put to sea; for though Hamilton had been offered a rating in the yacht, he preferred remaining with his old commander in more active service; and, at Ellen's intercession, her friend and patroness generally embarked in the frigate during the royal cruises, and by her munificence and condescension, became almost idolized by the gallant crew.

At length the season was over—the King returned to the metropolis—Hamilton and Ellen parted from each other with great regret; but each had now a stronger tie to bind them to existence, and ardent as their warm-hearted affections were, it hardly need be said that they promised themselves much

happiness in the future. The frigate was ordered round to Plymouth, and became a channel cruiser on the coast of France, where she was very lucky in captures, so that Captain Tyrrell declared "that fortune was at last redeeming her former scurvy tricks, though it was only to gild his coffin-nails"

Whilst cruising off Brest, orders were received by a despatch vessel for the frigate to be engaged upon a special duty, but the intent and purport was not communicated to the officers. At night the ship was anchored near the Parquet rock, and the pinnace was sent to lie at a grapnel close in-shore, at Camaret Point, ready to take off an individual who should give a certain pass-word, but without fail to be on board again before daylight.

The night passed away in rigid watchfulness—the pinnace returned without fulfilling her mission; she had lain close to the beach undetected, but no one had made his appearance; the anchor was weighed, and whilst the frigate was enveloped in the darkness which surrounded her, she was clothed with canvas, and stood out from her perilous situation. On the following night she was again brought up in nearly the same spot—the boat resumed its station, and once more returned with

similar results; the ship was promptly under weigh as before, and running from the land. The practice was continued a third and fourth night, without anything material occurring; but on the fifth, about seven bells in the first watch, the noise of oars falling on the water was heard. At first it was conjectured to be the pinnace returning, having accomplished the desired object; but as the sound approached, it became evident to the well-practised ears of the seamen that it was not the pinnace, but some diminutive boat, at no great distance. Every eye was instantly on the alert, and in a few minutes a small punt was visible, coming towards them on the larboard bow; a challenge was given from the frigate, and remained unanswered, when Captain Tyrrell shouted, "For England, ho!" Breathless silence prevailed, and the next moment a voice was heard responding "Saint George and merry England!"

"A rope for the boat," exclaimed the captain, as he quitted the larboard gangway. "That is my man—hoist a light for the pinnace."

The boat, a small punt, came alongside; it was rowed by two men, whilst a third squatted down in the stern sheets, holding a pistol in each hand, and

a huge Newfoundland dog crouched beneath the thwarts under the rowers.

"What ship is this?" inquired the man abaft.

"His Majesty's frigate the Dolphin," answered the captain. "I have been waiting for you these five nights—come aboard."

"Directly, Sir," assented the man. "But you must relieve these poor fellows first—they have had a hard pull, sorely against their wills. Come Nep, old boy; sit steady, sir. 'Pon deck there? Lend me a hand, up with the dog."

The man's requests were complied with—the huge animal was carefully raised up the side; two seamen were sent into the boat—the wearied rowers ascended to the deck, followed by the person who had spoken; the dog fondled upon him, and then laid himself quietly down near the binnacle.

"I fear you must have had a hazardous time of it, Mr. Morris," said the captain. "The pinnace is now waiting for you at the appointed rendezvous, but I began to give up all hopes of seeing you."

"Mine is at all times a perilous life, sir," answered the man, "and latterly it has been more so than ever. I have been in Brest a whole week, and made several attempts to get to Camaret Point by

land; but found that I was so closely watched, the thing was impracticable. To-night I hired these two men, to take me in their cockle-shell to the Arethuse, lying in the roads; they readily complied, and when afloat, these persuaders"—he held up his pistols,—" induced them to bring me out. Your position here is well known ashore; a *chasse-marée* brought in the intelligence, and I easily guessed the cause of your lying where you do. I have had much trouble with the two Frenchmen in passing the batteries; but, if you please, they must be refreshed and sent back without delay. Trust them for keeping still tongues in their heads, that would not be long upon their shoulders if they revealed a syllable of this night's work after they get on shore."

The steward was directed to supply the wants of the two men, and Mr. Morris went below with the captain, where they were soon engaged in earnest conversation. The Frenchmen were briefly examined, and sent away; the pinnace returned soon afterwards, and orders were issued for getting under weigh as smart as possible.

" No time is to be lost, Mr. Norton," said the captain, addressing the first lieutenant. " Morris

tells me that a squadron is coming out, purposely to attack us; and as we cannot stand a ship of the line and three or four frigates, the sooner we top our boom the better."

The pinnace was hoisted in—the men danced round at the capstan till the cable was a short stay peak, when the command was given to loose sails. Morris and the captain were conversing together near the gangway, when, during the lull, whilst the topmen were aloft, the dog hastily approached his master, and sniffing the wind, gave a short sharp growl. "Ha—is it so Nep?—see to 'em, lad—try them again." Once more the animal elevated his nose with quick sudden jerks, and then uttered a sound between a bark and howl. "He never deceived me yet, Captain Tyrrell—cut—cut, sir, at once"—he raised his voice to a roar. "Bear a hand, and let fall the sails aloft—clap on the topsel sheets and halyards with a will, my lads;" then, bowing to the surprised captain, he added in gentler accents, "Forgive my usurpation of command, sir, but the enemy is approaching — and by —! yonder he comes—this is no time for compliments."

Captain Tyrrell looked in the direction pointed

out, and could discern several sail creeping out from under the land—the commands of Morris were peremptorily repeated—the ready axe cut deep into the straining cable, the strands were nearly severed—another blow, and the anchor-part smoked out at the hawse-hole—the frigate was free and paying off, and in two minutes from that time she was covered with canvas alow and aloft, and gathering way like a race-horse. The French squadron fired a few straggling shots, and then, fearful of encountering the British fleet, slunk quietly back into port.

The sagacity of the noble dog was soon reported through the ship, and Hamilton, who from infancy had been attached to such animals, patted him on the head, and received the creature's rough caresses in return. He was very old, and age had made him peevish, but with Hamilton he was always pleasant. Morris retired to rest on the captain's couch, and the dog was permitted to repose near him; but when about mid-channel the wind shifted round to the N.N.W., and blew a fresh gale with a lee tide, so that Captain Tyrrell determined that, instead of struggling to reach Plymouth, he would keep her a good free, and stand

for Portsmouth: the breeze in four hours afterwards favoured his design, and the frigate rattled along at a ten-knot pace, till the anchor was let go at Spithead. Morris landed at the Sallyport, and Tyrrell, desirous of pleasing the Countess, gave Hamilton permission to accompany the messenger to London; but this arrangement was defeated by the admiral, who sent Morris off in a chaise and four by himself, and the young midshipman, eagerly desirous of seeing his sister, started by the coach; but on reaching Portman Square, he ascertained that the Countess, accompanied by Ellen, had set off the day before for Castle Toole in Ireland, having received intelligence of the expected dissolution of her aged parents.

This was the first time the young midshipman had visited London, and it hardly need be said that he was highly surprised and pleased at the magnificence which the West End presented. From the servants he received every attention and respect; refreshments were promptly provided—a room was prepared for him; but he had now no inducement to remain in the metropolis, and he therefore determined to return to Portsmouth as soon as possible. After writing to his sister, he

accepted the offer of the under-butler to show him the parks, the royal palaces, the Admiralty, Whitehall, and other places.

Whilst returning from a sight of the venerable Abbey of Westminster, and repassing the Admiralty, Hamilton felt his hand touched by some extremely cold substance, and turning sharply round, he beheld the Newfoundland dog of the messenger, who fondled upon him and then joined his master as he stood leaning against the stone wall at the entrance, apparently so absorbed in thought as to be insensible to every thing that was passing before him. He was a fine, tall, muscular man, with handsome features, though anxiety had worn deep furrows in his countenance, and an early autumn of life was bringing on a premature winter of age.

Hamilton was about to accost him, but unwilling to disturb his reverie, he stood still for a moment or two to contemplate his person. The dog, too, tried to engage his master's attention in favour of the youth, but without effect; and it was not till a rough, brawny-looking seaman suddenly seized him by the arm, that he became conscious of his situation.

"What cheer—what cheer?" exclaimed the highly gratified tar. "It's many a long day since we've been alongside o' each other, Captain Feaghan."

"Hush, hush, old man," returned the messenger, grasping the hand of the tar, which he cordially shook; "you must not hail me by that name here—but how do you weather it, Tom?—you look in good sailing trim, old boy."

"Why as for the matter o' that, it's been like the outside and lining of an oyster's jacket wi' me—rough and smooth, sir," responded the seaman. "I've made a few trips across the pond, but somehow I never had much luck in that way since we lost the Blue Bob—poor thing."

"Don't refer to it, Tom—it revives recollections which I would wish to subdue," said the messenger mournfully; but catching sight of Hamilton, his manner instantly changed as he uttered, "You have not forgotten me, then, young gentleman? I am glad to see you, and hope you have found your friends well."

"Thank you for your good wishes," returned Hamilton; "but, unfortunately for me, my friends are gone over to Ireland." The man started, and an expression of deep interest mingled with pain passed across his features. "They left London

yesterday, but I understand they were in good health when they departed."

"If the question will not be deemed impertinent, pray to what part of Ireland are they gone?" inquired the messenger.

"To Castle Toole, near Bantry," returned the midshipman; "a rather wild and lawless part of the country, I am told."

The seaman and the messenger glanced fixedly at each other; and the latter rather vehemently exclaimed, in a strong Irish accent, "and who has made it wild and lawless? them as are battening on the blood, the marrow, and the sinews of my countrymen. Are you related to the O'Tooles, young gentleman? —oh! their's is an honoured and a holy name."

Before Hamilton could reply, however, the seaman who had been addressed as Tom (and was in fact none other than our old acquaintance, the boatswain of the smuggling cutter, old Tom Graves) eagerly vociferated, "and that just freshens the nip of my memory, captain; I've found her, and she's now in England."

"Ha!" uttered the messenger, as he drew a convulsive respiration, "how did you discover her—eh, Tom?—does any one else know a word of the matter?"

"Lord love your heart, yes, and I was coming to the Admirality purpose to ax about it," replied Graves.

"About what, Tom—about what?" asked the captain, greatly agitated. "Tell me, sir," he continued sternly—"tell me in what way you found out where and who she was."

"Why, you know, Captain Feaghan, I never was much of a hand at making head-way when overpressed by canvas—I was somut like the cutter in that—poor thing!" remonstrated old Tom; "but if you'll listen a minute or two, why I'll just overhaul the circumstance of my diskivering o' Madam Brienot."

"Madame who?" eagerly inquired Feaghan, as he again folded his arms and leaned against the wall; "I thought you meant some one else. Who is this Madame—what's her name you are speaking of?"

"Well, then, I'm blessed if that don't clinch it," exclaimed the old man. "Why, didn't we leave the young 'un with Madame Brienot at Bordeaux?—" Hamilton's ears tingled,—"and that reminds me that the craft you went out in was wrecked, and all hands perished. Yet, captain, you are here."

"Yes, yes, Tom; a trusty friend, that never

deserted me in peril," and he patted his dog's head, who seemed perfectly sensible that the allusion was to him, "saved me. But what of Madame Brienot?"

"Why, she's in London here, all alive as a conger, and the lad's alive too aboard o' some man-o'-war, and I've hauled my wind upon this here tack, just to try and make him out," answered Graves.

The coincidence of names and places, if it was nothing else, acted powerfully on the youth's mind, and seizing the hand of old Tom, he hastily demanded "Is Madame Brienot from the West Indies?"

"Why, ay, young gentleman," answered Graves; "she's not long landed from a Yankee as brought her from San Domingo, where the blacks are all turning Christians, and cutting one another's throats."

"And the child's name—quick, if you would spare me agony! What was the child's name that you left with her?"

Feaghan gave the youth a keen look of scrutiny, for his former mention of Castle Toole awakened suspicion; but old Tom replied in his straightforward manner, "Why, to the best of my recollection, his name was Hammy."

"My God I thank thee!" fervently uttered

the youth; "thou hast indeed wrought wonders for me!" Then addressing the seaman, he continued, "That child was stolen from the beach at Weymouth, was it not so?"

"Can't disactly say," answered Graves, looking inquiringly at Maurice Feaghan; "mayhap it might, and mayhap it mightn't."

"It was, it was;—it must be so!" vehemently uttered the youth, as he threw his arm round the dog's neck—who licked his face, and seemed pleased with the caress. "This is the noble animal that has been often shadowed in my remembrance as my early playmate—this is that Neptune who swam with me in the water. Old man, I am that Hammy who was left at Bordeaux."

Tom held the youth at arm's length, as he earnestly gazed on his features, whilst an hysterical laugh burst from Feaghan, and a number of people were gathering round them; but a well-timed repression of feeling by the Captain saved them from annoyance, and together they adjourned to a coffee-house, where mutual explanations ensued.

It appeared that Tom Graves had quitted the contraband dealing (except on particular occasions, such as landing a freight from an Indiaman, or some

such thing,) and become a hoveller. It was whilst engaged in this pursuit, that he boarded an American ship—the Ebenezer, off Dungeness, to carry her abreast of Hay, or Shakspeare's Cliff, near which they expected to pick up a Dover pilot. Almost the first person who caught the old man's attention was Madame Brienot, and though several years had elapsed since their last interview, an almost immediate recognition took place, and Tom was induced by the entreaties of the lady to accompany her, when she landed at Deal, in her journey to London.

"I must not delay seeing my benefactress," said Hamilton. "You must stand my pilot, old man. Come, let us get under weigh at once. You will accompany me Captain Feaghan?"

"There was a time, young man, when it would have been my pride to be your companion," answered Feaghan; "but the favoured of a monarch —the son of a baronet—nay, who possibly is a baronet himself, is far too elevated to become the associate of poor Morris the spy—for such is my character and occupation, young gentleman."

"What do you mean by the son of a baronet, or a baronet himself?" demanded Hamilton, greatly agitated. "Alas! I know not who I am; and it is unmanly and cruel, thus to mock me."

"Let it rest for the present," returned Feaghan. "You are most assuredly what I have stated you to be; but a powerful and malignant enemy intervenes, one whose wealth would outweigh even that of a parsimonious king. I know who you are, and have evidence of the fact: but we must go discreetly to work. We must take a run over to Ireland, though perhaps, if recognized there, my life would not be worth more than a few hours' purchase. Still it must be done; in fact, it was my intention to visit that distracted country before making another trip —the Countess being there, will aid us in our designs. Go now, young gentleman, and see the French lady, and I will wait upon her in the evening. I know the inn well, but she must shift to some better berth."

The outlawed smuggler, now transformed into an avowed spy, quitted the place, and Hamilton (having dismissed the under butler some time before) accompanied Graves to the place where Madame Brienot was sojourning: but scarcely had he entered the inn-yard, when he heard a voice exclaiming, "You—for Jacksonapes rarksal, who no hab better manner for me lady—eh?"

"Come, come, Mister Mungo, clap a curb upon

that ere jaw of your'n, or I shall be obligated to try a snaffle," responded another. "And as for your lady, as you call her, she may be an outlandish lady, but she's not never English, to refuse a guard a trifle as has brought her all the way from Dover. I say, Muster hoveller, can't you just pitch it into her what's the reglars?"

"You arn't been over civil, my friend," returned Graves, "and as you may see she's furren, and the black arn't no better than an on-christian-like nigger, why the matter of paying out a little good manners 'ud ounly be showing 'em that we knows how to behave ourselves, this here side o' the water."

"Here—here!" exclaimed Hamilton, giving the man some silver, whilst the negro sprang forward, and grasping the midshipman by the arm, danced round him in antic glee, to the great diversion of the spectators, singing,

"Me lose my sooe,
In an old canoe,
Johnny oh—come wind 'em so,
And now me find me Massa oh."

"Golly, me so glad for see you again, and Missy for me tan tiff, for hab too much joy;" and Quaco, for it was he, skipped before him into the presence of Madame Brienot.

CHAPTER VI.

"The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe."
MACBETH.

THE interview between Hamilton and his benefactress was of an exceedingly affecting character, and proved the strength of human attachment, even where there can be no maternal feeling to influence the affections of the heart. The lady wept and laughed alternately, as she caressed the youth, and rejoiced unfeignedly at once more seeing him; whilst the black rendered more familiar by the events which had occurred, capered about the room, singing snatches of songs and performing all sorts of gambols, to testify his gratification. As soon as something like decorum was restored, the youth eagerly requested an explanation of their arrival in England—which may be given in a few words.

It appeared that when the old sloop was released, the master of her made the best of his way to Port

au Prince, where he faithfully fulfilled the promises he had given of communicating with Madame Brienot, and using his best efforts to effect her escape from the destruction which threatened her. He found the lady under partial confinement, pestered on the one hand by the mulattoes, who claimed her as one of their own race; and tormented on the other hand by the French commissioners, who were jealous of her movements, and suspected that she was secretly acting in concert with their enemies. They knew her to be a royalist, and that, without any other cause, was of itself sufficient to ensure condemnation, whenever an opportunity offered.

It was about this period that Hamilton, from the schooner, made the attack upon the ship, in which, it will be remembered, the negro was missing after the action; the fact was, that Quaco, in his eager haste to avoid the straggling fire which was kept up at intervals, and which happened to be pretty fierce just then, had laid hold of a slack rope to ease himself down, when away he went overboard; but striking his head against the lower bulwark, he remained for some time in a state bordering upon stupefaction, though he still retained sufficient consciousness to

comprehend the situation he was in, and prudence enough to cling to the rigging so as to keep his head above water. As soon as he was able, he endeavoured to rejoin his companions, but his efforts were ineffectual, and on hearing the row-boats as they pulled up in shore, he divested himself of his apparel and remained holding by the ship's mizen channel, which he had contrived to reach. When the affray was over, Quaco was a negro amongst the rest, and no one recognised him; for as the marauding party had been drawn together from various places along the coast, the persons composing it were not very well acquainted with each other, and thus he passed undetected for an associate.

By dint of perseverance and subtlety, Quaco got to Port au Prince at the very period appointed for the secret embarkation of his mistress in the old sloop; his ready invention and subtle craftiness proved extremely serviceable on the occasion; eventually they escaped, and favoured by the breeze in a few days they were safe at Porto Rico and under the protection of the American flag, for Madame Brienot would not trust herself ashore but took her passage with Captain Wise, in the Ebenezer,

to New York, whence she had embraced the earliest opportunity of getting to England, rightly judging that her attachment to the royal cause might endanger her life if she attempted to return to France.

Such was briefly the history of that affair; and Hamilton having related his adventures, Madame Brienot, though pleased that the young midshipman was under such exalted patronage, yet could not resist a feeling of jealousy that he should be indebted to any one but herself or have any other protector. In the evening Feaghan made his appearance and after a serious consultation it was decided upon that Hamilton (whose period of liberty was undefined) should write to Captain Tyrrell acquainting him with the necessity for his going to Ireland and earnestly requesting the veteran's indulgence for a few days. The young midshipman suggested the propriety of informing his royal benefactor of the posture his affairs had assumed, but Feaghan had motives for declining this, though on the following day he conducted Hamilton into the presence of the home-secretary of state, to whom he communicated every particular, and was in return furnished with documents which he was to

use or not, according as he saw it necessary or essential to do so. Hamilton did not hear the whole of their conversation, nor was he present when the documents were given, having been desired to wait in an ante-room, where he was joined by Feaghan, and they quitted the office to prepare for their departure.

In the meanwhile, Madame Brienot had removed into furnished apartments that were more suited to her rank and fortune, for she was still extremely wealthy; and in the dusk of the evening a chaise and pair drove up in which was Maurice Feaghan, and Hamilton, who, being well supplied with cash, and after bidding his benefactress farewell, entered it, and the vehicle instantly drove off. To Hamilton's surprise, however, he found another inmate besides Feaghan—a lad apparently younger than himself; but the deepening shades of twilight would not allow of an inspection of his features, though there was a melodious sweetness in the tones of his voice that greatly delighted the young midshipman. Feaghan had contented himself with merely introducing the youths to each other, and though there was a natural shyness at first in the manners of the strange lad, yet it gradually wore off and their conversation

became more free from restraint. Feaghan said but little, and was soon apparently in a deep sleep.

They travelled all night, stopping only at the appointed inns for changing horses; but the carriage was commodious, and they slumbered tolerably well. The day broke with splendour on the travellers, and Hamilton, who was the first to awaken to its beauties, had an opportunity of examining the countenance of his younger fellow traveller. His skin was swarthy and freckled, but the features were very regular and handsome; his eyes were closed, and a large furry cap was pulled closely down over his forehead, though a quantity of rank yellow hair was seen issuing from beneath it. A feeling of mortification which he could not account for came over Hamilton's heart; there was nothing repulsive in the lad's face; but still he wished his fellow traveller had been better-looking. But his musical voice when he awoke, and his full large blue eyes, softened down the disappointment, and they talked familiarly together on different topics, though the young midshipman would rather have conversed with Feaghan on his future prospects, but the outlaw was silent on the subject, and whenever it was broached, an intimation that a third person

was present, entirely stopped all further allusion; indeed, Feaghan seemed enveloped in his own thoughts and though kind and affectionate to the youngsters, and especially so to the boy (whom he named Thady), yet he was by no means communicative.

We shall not follow the travellers through their journey, in which no time was lost, but proceed with them at once to the dwelling of the kind-hearted old priest father O'Fogherty, who received them with a thousand welcomes. Nor was Annie, now a staid matron, less warm in her reception, though the tears started to her eyes, her voice faltered, and her hand trembled, as she extended it to Maurice Feaghan, and they steadily gazed, each on the other's countenance. Oh, woman! love is a pure and holy thing, enshrined within an innocent and faithful heart! The days of brilliant prospects and happy contemplations had passed away; the future was enveloped in a shade of gloom; yet still the affections were unsubdued, and though sobered down, were in their nature as strong and as powerful as ever. Annie would have died for Feaghan without uttering one murmur or complaint. It is in this that woman is superior to man; it is in this that

true devotion lies, and accursed be the wretch who would triumph over it.

It was over the little turf-raised grave of Ned Jones, that Feaghan revealed to Hamilton every particular that he knew connected with him, and the youth shed many tears upon the grass that covered the remains of his infantine playmate; it was here also that Feaghan narrated his own eventful history, (which it is possible I may one day publish); and Hamilton's grief was renewed whilst listening to the misfortunes of his parents.

The power of the Catholic priests over their flocks in Ireland is too well known to require particular notice here; but it is nothing in the present day to that which they exercised in former times, when a link of communication was kept up in one continuous chain amongst the priests, so as to render them an invincible body, in their connected sovereignty. To establish the claims which Hamilton would have to make, Father O'Fogharty issued a mandate for certain parties to meet in the neighbourhood of Bantry. The holy well (the scene of the action between the troops and the rebels, as described in the first volume,) was fixed upon as the rendezvous.

Feaghan with his two youthful companions repaired to Castle Toole, where, notwithstanding the circumstances of her aged parents, who were gradually sliding into the tomb, the Countess received them with pleasure, and heard their story with astonishment and gratification. Ellen was delighted to see her brother; but her delight gave way to wonder, when he communicated to her the history of her birth and expectations. Feaghan's interview with the Countess was long and painful, and at its close, Thady was consigned to her ladyship's care, and trusty messengers were despatched in different directions, to collect evidence in the immediate neighbourhood.

Hamilton and the outlaw were the first at the holy spring—it was much such another evening as that on which the rencontre took place, and they were wandering amongst the broken crags of that romantic spot, which had once been the theatre of bloodshed, when a tall man advanced from a narrow fissure, and placing himself full in front of Feaghan, exclaimed, "Arrah thin, Captin, its yerself intirely shure—faix an I'd know you all the world over, and fardther beyand—"

"I have deceived myself," returned Feaghan

musingly; "I thought years, and toil, and sorrow, had so changed me that I should not be known. Yet, why such a delusion should have seized me is a mystery, since I have recognized every one of my old acquaintances. But how is it, Larry, that you are here? I was informed that you were dead."

"Dead?—och! then its meself has been dead and kilt intirely in that bastely place—and I'm not Larry Laffan now, but somebody else," returned our old acquaintance.

"Dead or alive, Larry, I am glad to see you, without asking any more questions," uttered Feaghan. "I suppose you are here by the praste's orders?"

"What then, you take me for a ghost of meself, raised up by the praste?" murmured Larry, in a tone of inquiry; "Och then, divel a bit, though its bothered I am to spake to you, seeing as I'm another man."

"You have come to right the injured, Larry—to prove by evidence, that Sir Cornelius O'Connor, the hunchback, is a villain. Is it not so Larry?" asked the outlaw, emphatically.

"Och, then, and you've just hit it, Captin," assented Laffan, slapping his hand upon his thigh,

so as to make the echoes resound again. "But, honour bright, Captin, is it friend or foe you are?"

"A friend to the rightful heir of O'Connor Hall," answered Feaghan firmly. "When was the Smasher the enemy of the oppressed? The satisfaction has been long withheld, but now, Larry, we will place him in his own, as unshaken as one of our native mountains."

"Well, but this bates all natur, Captin," returned Larry, joyfully snapping his fingers, and flourishing his stick, as he cut an Irish caper, "Och, this does bate anyhow, an himself, an his counsellor to the fore."

"You are aware, then, who it is you are to meet?" uttered Feaghan. "And though you call me his counsellor"—

"Arrah what?" shouted Larry. "Captin Feaghan a counsellor? Faix, an you'd look the clane thing, in one o' yer maley-peraty wigs, and black gowns. Oh wirras-thrue, is it yerself as 'ud prache at the bar?"

"You are humorous, Larry," responded Feaghan, rather nettled at the other's jocularity at such a moment; "but I see age has not dimmed your

mirth, though it has thinned your blood. You spoke of me as the counsellor to—"

"Och—hear to that now," laughed Laffan, "well I'm bothered, but it's a good joke if we could ounly find it out. By the powers, Captin Feaghan, but it wasn't yerself I'd be afther inshulting wid the name of lawyer. It was Counsellor Lillybull shure, as sticks in between the rocks there, like an anchovy atwixt two slices o' bread and butther—success and long life to that same."

"Counsellor Lillybull!" repeated Feaghan, with surprise; "concealed too: There may be enemies at hand;" and he felt in his pocket for his pistols, as he exclaimed, "Come forth, sir; there can be no necessity for hiding if you are a friend, and if an enemy, I have something here will soon search you out."

A portly man emerged from a cleft that seemed not half big enough to contain him, except, like a bottle of India-rubber, he would bear compressing without decreasing his dimensions. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, courteously bowing in rather a pompous manner; "I trust—sir—that—sir, from what I have overheard, we shall not act in hostility to each other, sir—I am perfectly satisfied

it is so, sir, for I'm never mistaken in these matters."

A burst of merriment from Feaghan made every rock and nook send back its echo, whilst Larry, the counsellor, and Hamilton, stood mute with astonishment. As soon as it had passed away he held out his hand to the man of law, exclaiming, "My old friend Captain Lilyburn, by all that is legal—why Larry; why Captain; how is this?"

"Och then, meself dunna," replied Larry, whilst Lilyburn, declining to accept the extended hand, uttered,

"I never forget my friends, sir, and I cannot at this moment call to mind that you are one of the number. I know a gentleman when I see him, sir, —nobody can deceive me in that—and I did hope from your appearance that"—

"Avast, avast, Captain; do not let us cross each other upon opposite tacks; we have often done that before now, and hot iron has passed between us," urged Feaghan. "What you are now, I have no right to inquire, any more than what you are doing here, except so far as my own safety may be concerned. You may be looking out for smugglers, or perhaps searching for that newly-discovered moss the lilyburnalia."

"Ey?—ha!—what's that?" exclaimed the surprised Lilyburn. "My sight is not so good as it used to be; yet," he looked earnestly at the outlaw, "yet it is—it must be Mr. Tooley, or rather Mr. Tooley Figgins. Well, I declare I thought I knew you from the very first—no, no, I'm not easily mistaken in such things. I am your debtor for a life preserved sir, and—"

"But may I, without being deemed impertinent, inquire your business in this lone spot?" asked Feaghan, persuasively; "I expected to meet some friends here."

"And I trust you have met with friends, Mr. Tooley," returned Lilyburn. "It strikes me—yes, I am not so readily deceived—I say it strikes me we are here upon the same errand. I think, Mr. Figgins, I heard you say you were come to right the injured—am I right?"

"You are perfectly right, Captain Lilyburn," answered Feaghan; "and though at the present moment we cannot ascertain our exact relative positions, yet I declare such to be my purpose. May I ask to what parties you allude?"

"It is a delicate question, Mr. Tooley, and would require deliberation before I gave an answer

to any other person," responded Lilyburn, "but with you I am safe, and my client—"

"Your what?" demanded the outlaw, in a tone of mingled astonishment and mirth.

"My client, Mr. Tooley," responded the other, with perfect coolness of manner. "Stop, stop, I see how it is, and a little explanation will set all to rights. In early life I was educated for the bar: but a truant disposition, and a father's interest in the Customs, drew me away from Coke and Littleton, to buffet with the waves. My losing my prisoners, as you well know, and subsequently the wreck of my cutter, deprived me of command, and I once more resumed my legal studies, and am now one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law. This, sir, I owe to my never being mistaken, and I have, thank God, a pretty good practice. Thus, Mr. Tooley, you see I have no longer any claim to the title of captain, though my nautical experience is of infinite service to me in causes connected with maritime affairs."

"And, after all," said Feaghan musingly, "the change is not so very great; a lobster's a lobster, whether on dry ground or in the water; and from a sea-shark to a land shark, is no such wonderful

metamorphose. But you said something about a client, Mr. Lilyburn, surely you do not mean my old friend Larry here?"

"Och! now ye're coming the blarney over me, Captin Feaghan," said Larry, scratching his head and looking very silly; "is it meself as looks like that same?"

"Humble as the man may be in life, Mr. Tooley, yet the law recognizes him as a subject of the realm, and has him under its protection," argued the counsellor; "Liberty—liberty, Mr. Tooley, is the grand basis on which British jurisprudence is founded. Oh, Sir, I know something of the law, and believe me, the freedom of the subject I have ever held to be paramount to all other considerations—and the freedom of the subject is recognised; nay, more, it is guaranteed by the laws of England."

"Which have never yet reached Ireland then," responded Feaghan, interrupting him; "for in this country the freedom of the subject is locked up in Dublin jail, where the only liberty it has, is the liberty of looking between iron bars."

"Oh! then, Captin, its yerself as bangs any how, barring the counsellor here; and may be he don't know a thing or two," exclaimed Larry, significantly.

"It would seem that we are not to come to an explanation," continued Feaghan, with assumed carelessness of manner, "and therefore Captain or Counsellor Lilyburn, which ever you may be, and I must own I might be easily deceived either way in the matter, we must each shape his own course: so fare thee well, friend." And taking Hamilton by the arm, he gave indications of departure.

"Och! hubaboo! an what do you mane, Captin Feaghan," demanded Larry, placing himself in front of the outlaw, so as to impede his progress; "would you sell the pass upon us, and yer ould frind to the fore? Och! then, isn't he, the—the—the thing-um—he—the counsellor's clienter I mane." Feaghan put him gently on one side, and was walking away. "Blood and turf come forenent him Mister Murtoch and plade yer own cause—why? Its bang the counsellor you would, and him a borned lawyer as they made say-sick? Arrah then out wid yerself, Mister Murtoch Delany as is somebody else now, and was, and is, and shall be, the rightful heir if every man got his own avich!"

"Silence—silence, my good man," exclaimed the little lawyer, endeavouring to stop the vociferations of the Irishman; "have more reverence for the

instruments and agents of the law, and do not meddle with things beyond your comprehension."

"Oh! to the divel I pitch you, Mister Saltwather Counsellor," shouted Larry, as he stretched forth his sinewy arms, apparently to suit the action to the word; but Lilyburn avoided his touch; and again the old man bellowed, "Arrah Murtoch—Mister Murtoch as was clane kilt and smashed in a furren world, och hone—come out I say, and stand afore 'em like a man."

Thus urged, the person on whom Larry had called answered to the summons, and, issuing from the place of his concealment, approached Feaghan with outstretched hand, and said, "I am indeed the Murtoch Delany with whom you were intimate in your earlier days. What I really am remains to be proved; and of one thing I am certain, that none can render me greater assistance than my old friend Maurice Feaghan. I fear we have both suffered severely from the rubs of the world, which, however much they may wear away the frame, have still the quality of brightening friendship."

"Och! aisy then, Mister say-lawyer, and jist listen to the two," uttered Larry, preventing some obser-

vation which Lilyburn was about to make; "its them as 'ull lay down more laws in an hour than all the counsellors in Cork and Dublin could pick up in a month."

"Are you indeed," said Feaghan, "the reputed son of my old friend Dermot? the undoubted eldest born and heir to Sir Terence O'Connor. Keep back boy, and rest aisy," for Hamilton was pressing forward, andFeaghan, as he warmed with the interest of the scene, resorted to his Irish accent, "keep back, I say! Well—well, whether it is the finger of Providence or the hand of the divel—whether its end is for good or for evil, the work is wonderful, and here it is."

"I am indeed that same," affirmed Murtoch with vehemence, "and you know me well, Maurice, by rank and title, and myself, Sir Terence Hamilton O'Connor."

"Hooroosh! I knew it," shouted Larry, as if the recognition by Feaghan was all that was required to substantiate the claim; "where's de shticks and the boys to use 'em—och! achree, but the heart of me's full, Sir Terence, and plase God I'd a lad to stand forenent me jist for love;"and Larry flourished his persuader:—"och! then joy to yer sowl Mister

Lillybull, will ye take a bout wid me, and you wanting yer wig?"

Lilyburn very prudently declined the invitation, and a warning from Feaghan subdued the ecstacies of Larry. "Whisht—whisht owld man," said the outlaw, "be aisy, and whisht—there's watchful eyes to the fore;" the sound of voices at no great distance, produced a dead silence, which was broken by Feaghan, who uttered, "they are the witnesses gathered from far to prove the title of the O'Connor heir. But it was not for you, Murtoch, that they were summoned;—I see nature will prevail—it cannot be restrained. Young gentleman, I need not tell you, for you already know it—you stand in the presence of your father—Murtoch, your son;" and Feaghan turned away to stifle his emotion.

In an instant parent and child were locked in each other's embrace, and language is inadequate to describe the affecting scene that followed. The injured, persecuted man, who had suffered imprisonment, banishment, and degradation; who believed himself childless, and bereft of every comfort, had within a few minutes been recognized as the heir to immense wealth; and at the same time pressed to his heart the boy of his much-loved wife—the child

he had so doatingly fondled in his infancy;—whilst Hamilton who had cherished no expectation of finding a father, had him at once thus unexpectedly revealed. Oh! their hearts swelled nigh to bursting—there was a moving principle within each breast, that spoke more forcibly than tongue could utter—it was the still small voice of the Creator, whispering in evidence of their kindred—it was the communion of heart with heart, in token of that bond which unites parental and filial love. It was impossible to view the spectacle unmoved. The unsophisticated Larry Laffan, though in his old age, cried like a child. Lilyburn, notwithstanding his eccentricities, had warm sympathies which though not evinced by such violent demonstrations as Larry's, were nevertheless not to be restrained, for the big drops rolled from his eyes, whilst a smile of pleasure settled on his countenance, as he contemplated this sudden and unexpected *dénouement*.

But this indulgence was not suffered to last long, others had caught the sound and joined the group. And first hobbled a very aged female, the weight of her body bending between a crutch and a stout stick. Her grey, or rather silvered hairs

were scantily hanging down beneath what is termed a mob cap, with long side lappets, and her cloak of serge was wrapped round her gaunt frame. "An what would yez wid me, Maurice Feaghan," exclaimed she, stopping in front of the outlaw; "is it them as is cross heening over the pit's mouth, as must sarve yer turn—would yez drag the body from the grave to do yez bidding;—oh! then its meself is like the withered leaf of a tree blown about at every breath—och hone!"

"Aisy—aisy, Bridget, a lanna," uttered Feaghan, soothingly, and suiting his accent to his hearer; "shure an its yerself as always nursed and loved the darlin of the world, an he the child of Kathleen yer own dainty pet now?"

"Pace—pace, ye neer-do-well," muttered the old woman, "would you put the burning iron in the sore? Where are they now—the young—the beautiful—the brave—och hone? Ay, where are they now—their bones are unkivered and blach'd—the earth-worm has destroyed that dthress which once the silk-worm clothed. They are gone, Maurice Feaghan, and the angel of death has forgotten to call at the door of the aged, whose sowl longs to be at rest."

"The angel of life, Bridget—yes, the angel of life has yet a demand for your services," uttered Feaghan with considerable mildness; "an may be them as you nursed in infancy, and cherished in manhood, are yet to the fore."

"You spake to a cowld heart, Maurice Feaghan —a heart that is stown cowld, since the fire was extinguished on their hearth, and the craturs were scattered before the blast like the slaked ashes of their home!" answered the old woman, drawing her cloak more tightly around her, as if her aged limbs felt the icy chilliness she expressed.

"But the home shall be reared again, Bridget," exclaimed the outlaw; "the fire shall be re-kindled on the hearth-stone, an the bite, an the sup, an lasheens of it, shall be for the owld, and the lame, and the stranger;—and there 'll be joy in the dwelling, an plenty in the bawn, and the right will get his own again."

The old woman remained silent for several minutes, and appeared to be ruminating on visions of the past, that were now flitting like grey shadows before her. No one disturbed her meditations, and there was a stillness amongst the party as sudden as it was remarkable. At length Bridget slowly

and solemnly uttered, "Maurice Feaghan, is it decaving me you'd be?—an yet no! I have felt a heavy hand pressing on my heart, but the blessed spirit of this place is lightening it up again, as the sight is keen upon me; oh! but it was here, Larry," and she waved one of her supports around her, "that the red blood ran like wather, and flaming divel's tools dealt death to the stout heart and to the strong hand. It's here it was that Dermot Delany met the proud O'Connor, who had robbed him of his bride, and their shteel was at each other's troats. The weight of more nor ninety years is upon my head, but oh! 'tis fresh in memory; I have it now before me, as the darlein knelt over his fallen body, and saved the life of him as was father to her born child, and him that was unborn coming into the black woreld—Cornalius the baccah, who owes his deformity to the blow Mike Hagan sthruck him down by—that's the O'Connor I mane. Yes, Maurice Feaghan, the flower was blighted, and when in the hour of nathur's call, an the pains were on her, it was then that Bridget was by her side till it was over, an she looked upon the little monsther with a shudther,—an died."

She paused for a minute or two and covered her face with the hood of her cloak, then again throwing it back, she glanced wildly around, as she exclaimed, "It's there they are now, with their dhioul's faces hacking and slashing—it's there are the bloody red-coats firing and stabbing—an there is the bright flame as glared upon the fray over bleeding bodies and the mangled dead!" She shuddered, as if actually the whole was now in view before her. "Oh, the cross be between me and harem, and the blessed saint of the well purtect me, for I was innocent then. That ruction was a cruel an a cursed deed, but pure as light to the hellish one which followed—I did their bidding—the rapparees. I sowld meself, because it was united I wished them to be—that's Dermot and Kathleen. It's here it was, Maurice Feaghan, upon this very spot that I received the infant in my arems, an it smiling in the face of its desthroyer—ay, it was here where I now stand that Dermot gave it to me to aise his great revenge. Oh! Kathleen, Kathleen, sainted sowl in glory, haven't I suffered for that same—oh! whirrasthrue, whirrasthrue, an it was that wrought all the mischief, and the divelry. The darlin of the world died in my

arems—Dermot brought the child up as his own—the young heir in his beauty and strength was sent beyand the says; whilst the crooked an the evil ushurped his property and place—an the woman who owned him, Ellein and the childther—oh! it was a hellish deed, to stheal the child."

"It was Bridget—oh! I feel it was," returned Feaghan, much agitated; "small good ever comes of such practices, an I know it well!—But there's happiness yet in store—Father Fogharty will tell you so—an the pardon, an the peace."

"Whisht—whisht, Maurice Feaghan," responded Bridget, "the deed has been done, and cannot be recalled.—I saw the brothers, Terence and Cornalius, sthrugling for masthery over their father's corpse—I spoke for Terence, but they heeded me not, and then he was again sent away, over the salt say—och hone—och hone—an where is he now?"

"It's here forenent ye, he is, Bridget," exclaimed Murtoch, as he stood in front of the old woman, "shure an ye must know me, as ye held in yer arms that night; an here too is the child of Elleen; shall I never see herself again, an my first-born darlin, of her sainted mother?"

Hamilton was about to reply, but Feaghan res-

trained him, rightly judging, that the chord of memory had vibrated in the aged woman's mind. As soon as Murtoch had begun to address her, though the instant before she had been bent down, and tottering under years and infirmity, yet in a moment she stood rigidly erect, and extending her withered, and shrivelled, but still boney arm, she gazed intently on the man; but the darkness had fallen into heavier gloom, and her sight was dim; still, her sense of hearing was as acute as ever:—

"Spake—spake again," said she, in a voice shaken by agitation; "it is the music in my heart. Why? it is the sound of joy to my sowl achree! Oh, I have heard it, in the stillness of the night, and in the turmoil of the day—cowld and hungry—sick and faint, it has floated round me, in wailing and complaints, to blight my hours, and vex my spirit for the deed I done.—An do I hear it now from himself?—will my light not go out in deshpair—is there a hope yet for my sowl? Spake to me again, Murtoch—spake out once more, I say," and she assumed a tone and manner of command.

Murtoch, deeply affected, took her shrivelled hand, and would have promptly complied with her request: but Lilyburn stepped forward with an

air of consequence, "Haugh—well Mrs. Bridget," said he, "I think I can satisfy your doubts, for I am not very easily deceived in such matters. I can attest, from documents in my possesion, that this gentleman, my client," and Lilyburn bowed, "I say my client, is *de facto* the identical Murtoch Delany."

"An who are you, that come between natur and her howly calling," demanded Bridget sternly, as she turned upon the counsellor. "My eyes cannot see him, for the night-mists are thickening around us; but oh, my heart hears his voice, and is glad. Yes, Murtoch it is yerself—yer ownself—the blessed spirit of the well is whispering it to me, an her anger is turned away. I feel her heavenly breathings come soft an warem to my face. Murtoch, tis yerself. Sir Terence Hamilton O'Connor, you are welcome."

Nothing could exceed the ardent and earnest congratulations which greeted the delighted man and his newly found son; who were shortly afterwards, alone, as the rest of the party, with Lilyburn, withdrew to a short distance, through the management of Feaghan, who wished nature to indulge in her operations, as well that he might

arrange the proceedings with the witnesses for their future government.

"Child of my Ellen—son of my heart," exclaimed the agitated father, as he pressed the youth to his breast; "I long, yet fear, to inquire your history. I see by your uniform, that you are in the service of your country, and therefore am satisfied your course is honourable—but there are others, Hamilton, of whom I wish, yet dread to ask—and yet suspense is more horrible than certainty. Tell me then, my boy—tell me—your mother," and he drew a long and painful respiration.

"She is in Heaven," returned Hamilton, as tears and emotion almost choked his utterance. "She died in the presence of her Sovereign, who soothed her last moments.

"I had another child," said the afflicted husband, restraining by a powerful effort this provocative to his grief; "a daughter, Hamilton."

"She lives, my father," replied the youth, "and I hope very shortly to see her in your embrace."

"For that, thank Heaven!" fervently ejaculated the stricken man, "It is true I am bereaved—painfully bereaved—but God has not left me desolate—sit down my son, and give me a brief view of your

past career—the lengthened history we will have at some other time, when your uncle's wickedness has recoiled upon his own head, and I shall proudly see you the heir to a title and estate."

Hamilton complied with his parent's request, and gave a short outline of occurrences as far back as his memory would go, briefly touching upon the death of his mother, as he heard the account from his sister Ellen. But as I have introduced a new actor upon the scene, and that too when the curtain according to dramatic taste, ought probably to fall, I must claim the indulgence of my readers whilst I narrate, (particularly as the narration is intimately connected with my story,) the causes which separated the father from his wife and children, though the first origin of the affair will be readily understood from the language of poor old Bridget.

CHAPTER VII.

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin."
MOORE.

THERE, perhaps, never was a spot of land whose capabilities for improvement, and whose population have suffered more from bad government, than Ireland. Considered rather in the light of a conquered country than as a part of the British empire, her rulers sought by coercion to keep the people in degraded subjection, in preference to elevating them in the scale of moral society by kindness and conciliation. The lower orders of Irish were, naturally, acutely sensitive, quick-witted, and sudden in quarrel. Ignorance on the one hand, and priestcraft on the other, had caused these qualities to degenerate into cunning, jealousy, and revenge. In England, even in the smallest hamlet, the principal portion of the community were well-disposed, and their good character and conduct acted as a check upon the evil-minded and mischevous, beyond the restraints imposed by the laws. But in Ireland, where all

classes felt, or fancied, that they were suffering from tyrannical aggressions inflicted by the stranger, men of lawless passions gained an ascendancy over the popular mind, and some through inclination, others through fear, bound themselves by oath to exterminate their oppressors. The barriers of restraint were broken down—they all had one end in view, but, unhappily, they left the means of attaining that end in the hands of designing men, who, under the guise of patriotism, lured their deluded followers into violence, outrage, and murder.

Discriminating justice, mildly tempered with mercy, would have wrought a remedy for the evils that afflicted this beautiful, but convulsed island. Unfortunately, however, the innocent and the guilty were confounded together, and the legislature, either forgetting, or wilfully overlooking the real condition of the people, partially admitted that their complaints were well founded, yet at the same time determined to act upon the principle that the vindication of the laws should precede the exercise of equity. Now it was not the laws themselves, but the abuse of that power and authority with which the laws invested the agents and instruments of their execution, that spurred the people to insurrection; and when the enforcing of the legislatorial

principle was entrusted to the very individuals whose excesses had produced rebellion, the result was by no means problematical—it resolved itself into an axiom which after-years have fully verified. The vindication of the law has been the war-shout of one party—justice to Ireland the rallying cry of the other party.

The year 1783, during the period when the most strenuous efforts were used to drive Pitt from office, and the disaffected took advantage of the hostile feeling against the minister—the volunteers arose in Ireland; and when they found their plans did not meet with the success anticipated, a national congress was threatened, and it was deemed expedient to select for punishment many of the better class of yeomen, for the purpose of intimidating the rest; nor was it absolutely requisite that the convicted party should be really guilty of crime, for it was enough that he had rendered himself obnoxious to persons in power; evidence could readily be purchased, juries corrupted, and even the judges of the land tampered with to procure condemnation, and many an unfortunate perished whose only fault was, labouring under the malediction of some one whose malice might be gratified, or whose interests might be promoted, by the removal of the aggrieved.

It was in this year (1783), that a convict ship quitted Dublin Bay, with a freight of unhappy beings, who were sentenced to be transported from their native land, some for seven, others for fourteen years, while not a few were sent from the shores they loved, for the term of their natural life. Amongst them were characters of the most abandoned description—footpads, housebreakers, shedders of human blood, men capable of planning any enormity, and not wanting in animal courage to carry it into operation. But there were also several who had been well to do in the world—substantial yeomen, whom the authorities deemed it politic or convenient to get rid of; and amongst these latter was a young man of handsome exterior, whose countenance bore the impress of candour, nor could the intense grief, which almost overwhelmed him, destroy the stamp of nobility which nature had bestowed upon him; he was indeed bowed down with the weight of his misfortunes, and, as disease had seized upon his frame, his duration in this life was not expected to be very long.

Murtoch Delaney was the reputed son of Dermot Delaney, the individual introduced in the first volume as the leader of the rebels in the affair of

the Holy Well. Through many years the chief maintained his station as a captain of a formidable band in the county Tipperary; but after his boyhood, Murtoch no longer joined his supposed father in his lawless pursuits, but settled himself quietly down on a snug farm as a cultivator of the earth. Not that he was indifferent to the wrongs of his countrymen, for there were times when his indignation would burst forth, and he lent his ready aid to punish the proud oppressor; but Murtoch had united himself to a young and lovely woman, and his heart clung with fond and fervent affection to his wife, his children, and his home.

An affray in which Dermot was severely wounded, and Larry Laffan, the driver, was taken prisoner whilst trying to rescue his chief, brought Murtoch under the lash of power: for Dermot, being conveyed by his followers to Murtoch's cottage, was there sheltered and concealed till death terminated his career. But, previously to dissolution, the dying man made such communications, both to the priest and Murtoch, as convinced them that the latter was not the son of the rebel leader, but the undoubted heir to rank and wealth, from which he had been surreptitiously stolen away in his infancy. But no

time was allowed him to avail himself of this information, so as to seek a restoration to his paternal roof—that very night an armed force surrounded his dwelling—he was torn away from all he loved and cherished, and, escorted by dragoons, was conveyed to Dublin jail, whither Larry Laffan had already preceded him, and who, at their first interview, confirmed from his own knowledge the facts that had been revealed by Dermot.

Murtoch lost not a moment in writing to his real parent: but the letter was suppressed by his brother, who could not endure the thoughts of resigning the brilliant prospects that were opening before him to another; and, therefore, cautiously instituted a secret inquiry into every circumstance of the case. He even visited the prisoner in his confinement, and whilst the result left not a shadow of a doubt as to their fraternity, he hardened his heart against the truth, and determined to exert himself to the very utmost to get him sent out of the country. With the courts of law, in the state in which they then were, this was no very difficult matter. All access was denied to the wretched man, and though, through the clemency and kindness of the jailor, he was permitted to have an interview with his almost heart-

broken wife, who had followed him to the metropolis, and had endeavoured to interest persons of influence in her behalf, yet the prompt and active machinations of the brother defeated all her purposes—her husband was tried, and convicted of gross acts of whiteboyism through the evidence of suborned witnesses; his defence, and declaration of his real name, were totally disregarded—the jury found him guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be transported for life. The effect upon the faithful wife and fond mother was of the most distressing nature. She tried to obtain an interview with her husband's father—but all her attempts were frustrated, and herself and children threatened with punishment as impostors; she was driven from the place by blows, and, on her return to Dublin, was allowed a few minutes with her husband, to bid him farewell, and then, with her children, she quitted the country for ever. On the day subsequently, her husband was embarked, with Larry Laffan and many others, and the ship almost immediately got under weigh, and proceeded on her voyage with a fair wind.

Unhappily, several of the convicts brought the jail distemper on board with them, and their crow-

ded state in close confinement, with the want of ventilation and total absence of cleanliness, soon spread the disease amongst the rest. Though the surgeon tried every means within his power to stay the plague, in order to secure the head-money for all he could carry alive to the colony, yet the deteriorated quality of his medicines, and the bad condition of the provisions, rendered his exertions useless, and the spectacle on the platform, (a temporary erection in the hold for sick convicts) every morning was truly appalling; the dead and the dying were mingled together; whilst groans and shrieks, cries for mercy, and blasphemous imprecations, made the heart sick.

At first, the burial service was performed over those who had expired; but the frequency of death, together with the necessity of immediately launching the body into the deep, wore away all impressions of solemnity; every form was abandoned, and the sufferer had scarcely breathed his last, and life was pronounced by the surgeon to be extinct, when a weight was attached to the corpse, and it was thrown into its ocean grave.

Sultry weather and calms for several days aided the work of destruction; not a breath of air de-

scended into that lazar-house (fumigation was then unpractised); and the stench arising from below tainted the atmosphere, so as to render it difficult to breathe. Hour after hour passed on; sometimes a light breeze would spring up, so as in some measure to purify the vessel from the infectious vapours; then, again, calms and heavy rains brought a succession of horrors, and the living looked upon each other as those who were appointed to die.

Fearfully increased the horrors of those death-scenes; there was none to impart the consolations of religion, nor to direct the mind to the only hope of rescue from eternal condemnation; hardened and unrepentant guilt was hurried from time into eternity, and who could read their doom?

But all that the survivors had hitherto endured was now to be heightened and aggravated by a heavy gale of wind, which rendered it necessary to batten down the hatches, so that both light and ventilation were excluded, and the heat and noxious vapour became unbearable. Many of the poor creatures in their weakness fell to the deck, where they rolled from side to side with the motion of the ship, striking against each other, and not unfrequently

bestowing feeble blows in their pugnacity. Grasping and struggling, to cling to whatever their hands might touch, but dragged away from their fancied security by the weight of their own bodies—maimed and bruised till utterly exhausted, they were dashed unresistingly hither and thither, till, after suffering tortures of the most harassing and agonizing nature, their tenacity to life was subdued, and they yielded up their breath.

In vain the convicts entreated for permission to ascend to the deck; the request was peremptorily refused, and those who attempted it were thrust back again with violence; still others pressed on, till maddened and made desperate by resistance, they rushed to the hatchways, preferring the chance of immediate death, to a prolongation of misery that could only have a similar termination. The hatches were forced off, and though several of the convicts were hurled back again, mangled and bleeding, yet the greater portion succeeded in making good their lodgment upon deck, where the elements were raging as fierce as the human passions that prolonged the deadly strife.

But the soldiers who formed the guard were enervated, from both bodily disease and sea-sickness,

whilst the terrors of the storm held a strong influence over the minds of all; at length, after a feeble resistance, the convicts became the victors, but destitute of an avowed leader, and having gained their point, they remained perfectly quiet; indeed, all they seemed to desire was to escape from suffocation, and respire the pure air of heaven, for as soon as the gale abated, and the soldiers resumed their energies, they readily submitted to the officers, merely stipulating for their not being forced to go below.

Ten dead and almost shapeless bodies were on that evening brought on deck, and consigned to the yet turbulent ocean; one after the other, the heavy splash was heard in the waters; a shuddering crept over those who witnessed the burial, and saw the unshrouded corpse descend into the great charnel-house of the deep, to add to the myriads who had preceded it. During the night, five others were at separate times launched over the gangway; the surgeon declared that his utmost skill was baffled, and he looked forward in expectation of the death of many more.

Baffling and light winds succeeded to the storm, and the convicts, emboldened by their late achievement, were no longer patient under restraint, or

inclined to yield to rule. On more than one occasion they had plundered the spirit and provision rooms, and intoxication rendering them insensible to personal danger, they recklessly rushed upon the bayonets, or daringly bared their breasts to the bullets of the guards, so that numbers who escaped disease, fell in the heat of conflict.

The breeze at length became steady, and they made the Canary Islands, just being enabled to fetch Ferro, where the ship was anchored about dusk in the evening; and such was deemed the urgency of their situation, that without waiting for the governor's reply to a request that the convicts might be disembarked, they were speedily landed in a small bay; tents were erected, and before daylight in the morning, such was the alacrity of the unhappy beings to escape from the dreadful confinement to which they had been subjected, that every thing was snugly arranged, the sick and wounded were extended on their beds beneath the canvass coverings, and the surgeon was actively administering to their several necessities.

Ferro is the smallest and most barren and arid of the Canaries, but nevertheless, it is densely populated. When this invasion of territorial

right became known, the governor sent positive orders to the captain to re-embark his freight and put to sea without delay, as he was determined, in case of a refusal, to open a fire from the fortifications. In vain the captain pleaded the urgency of the case, and promised compliance as early as it was practicable; in vain he assured the authorities, that the moment he had cleansed his vessel, every soul should be received on board; the commands of the governor were imperative, as the population were rising *en-masse* to enforce compliance.

Self-preservation, as well as a feeling of regard for the lives of his crew, instructed the captain that the thing was impossible; he himself was already labouring under severe indisposition, whilst most of the people were on the sick list, and more than half of them unable to work, so that to receive the convicts on board, and to continue his voyage, presented nothing but certain death to all. He continued, therefore, to pass the day away in negociation, whilst, as a matter of favour as well as humanity, fresh provisions and water were supplied, and he promised to be clear of the land by daylight the next day. This appeased the commotion on shore, and the vessel remained undisturbed by the

batteries. The captain fulfilled his word, but not according to the construction of the governor, for no sooner had darkness spread itself over the ocean, than he quietly purchased his anchor, and with the breeze off the land, the ship drifted clear of the roadsted till she attained a proper distance, when she was suddenly clothed in canvas from the deck to the truck, and at day-break not a vestige of her was to be seen—but she left the poor wretched convicts behind her.

Exasperated at what he considered a breach of good faith, and fearful of the spread of the disease amongst his ownpeople, he cut off all communication with the tents, and the surgeon having been withdrawn, the helpless creatures were without medical assistance, and nearly without food or physic. Several who were in a state of convalescence, had been appointed to attend upon the rest, and it was decided upon that they should go to the town, and make representations to the authorities of the situation of the whole, and implore their help. Six were selected, and these hastened on their mission; but their progress was soon checked by a discharge of musketry, which, though it did not take effect, was evidently designed to shew them what their

fate would inevitably be if they persevered in advancing.

The deputation returned to their companions in misery, and several hours passed in unavailing murmurs and execrations against the captain who had so basely deserted them. At the same time their wretchedness was increased by quarrelling and fighting amongst themselves. Sick at heart, Murtoch Delaney and Larry Laffan quitted the tents and wandered down to the rocky shore, where, after bathing themselves in the sea, they crept into a natural chasm between the rocks, having a perpendicular face to the water that washed the base, and allowing of just sufficient space for them to lie down at full length.

In the mean time, the people at the tents, irritated by privation, mustered in a body and again proceeded towards the town, where a council had been held to decide upon what was the best mode of treating them. The place was in a thoroug tumult; the inhabitants firmly believed that the convicts were afflicted with the plague, whose infection would soon reach them, and as they dreaded still more the idea of contagion, so, when they saw the unfortunate men advancing, they seized their arms,

and of all who quitted the tents not one was left alive; volley after volley was poured in; retreat was useless; the swift messenger of death overtook them, nor did the firing cease whilst a limb of the poor wretches continued to move.

The thirst for blood is generally insatiate, and the inhabitants having completed this work of destruction, determined to put a finishing stroke to their desire for carnage, by annihilating the sufferers that remained alive in the tents, and thus at once putting an end to their own dread of the terror-exciting plague. For this purpose, two six-pounders were dragged within short range, and incessant discharges of grape-shot tore down the canvas coverings, exposed the sick and dying to public gaze, and rendered them more distinct objects for indiscriminate slaughter. Some mustering all their strength, tried to escape: but their mangled bodies and shattered limbs soon gave evidence of the correctness of the aim against them, whilst yells, shrieks, and groans, rose wildly in the air. Horribly revolting was the spectacle, as the shot ploughed up the ground and turned the carcases over and over, rending and tearing them to pieces; nor did the firing cease till the butchered victims

gave no signs of life. The raising of a hand in the last convulsive agony, was a signal for the renewal of the discharges, and the quivering of the limbs as the precursor of dissolution, brought down showers of grape, till the diabolical deed was fully consummated. Not a soldier or an inhabitant was found hardy enough to approach the supposed infected place, to see how far this terrible execution had taken effect—the dead were left alone in their desolation.

Murtoch and Larry had been distressed listeners to the firing, and the noise of the mingling shrieks and cries were distinctly borne to their ears, till the love of self prevailed over every other feeling, and they continued in their hiding-place, too truly conjecturing the cause of the dreadful sounds; nor could they forbear congratulating each other on their present safety. Still they conversed but little, and when the bellowing of the cannon ceased, and the silence of death succeeded, they crouched closer together, and spoke only in whispers. The cavity they had fortunately crept into, was sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by a projecting crag, and though they could not expect to remain there for any length of time, yet it now afforded them a

place of shelter, and they hoped, on account of its almost isolated situation, to escape observation till something should occur to better their condition.

Evening once more came down with its murky darkness, and as every thing remained tranquil, Murtoch and his companion crept from their concealment, and cautiously advanced towards the spot where the tents had stood; stopping occasionally to listen for any sound that might betray the presence of a friend or foe. But all was tranquil except the murmuring of the sea as it broke upon the beach, and the distant hum of human voices from the town.

"The tents are gone," exclaimed Murtoch; "we ought to see them now, notwithstanding the gloom, for it was hereabouts they stood."

"Och, but its kilt and smashed intirely they are," returned Larry, as he stumbled over the shattered remains of a corpse; "och hone—och hone—pillaloo, pillaloo!"

"Whisht Larry—whisht!" whispered Delaney earnestly, for Laffan had uttered his cry of sorrow louder than prudence would have dictated; "the tents are down sure enough, and the boys are all dead upon the sod. But whisht, Larry—its alive we are—"

"And manes to keep so, plase God," uttered Larry, called to a discreet sense of his situation, and at once abandoning his expressions of grief. "But let us get out o' this, Misther Murtoch; a dead body had always a nat'ral dislike to my company at any time, and maybe it's not pleasant to 'em now."

For a few minutes they stood contemplating the horrible scene of carnage, as far as the gloom of night would permit them, but both felt too powerfully the influence of superstitious awe to remain long in the midst of the shattered remnants of humanity, already tainting the air with the peculiar smell which arises from flesh wounds on a field of battle. "Make haste, Larry," exclaimed Murtoch; "get some of the bedding and canvas together; never mind it's being torn, it will do to lie upon."

"Thrue for you, Misther Murtoch," responded Larry, who seldom forgot or neglected the respect due to his companion in misfortune; "shure an' they'll make the rocks softer anyhow, an' the boys 'ull niver be wanting 'em again. May the curse o' Cromell light upon the murdthrers!"

Twice during that night did they revisit the

spot, and carry off fragments of covering, and one or two articles that remained unbroken to hold water, and to drink out of. A small quantity of bread was also found in a bag, which to them was an invaluable prize, as otherwise they would have been entirely destitute of food. Wearied with their toil, they placed their bedding in the cavity, and Delaney crept in.

"An faix, Misther Murtoch," said Larry, "it's snug we are jist; not but comparisons are oderous anyhow, but it's like a cock muscle you look there, betwixt your two shells."

"My heart is very sad, Larry," answered Murtoch, "for I'm thinking of my once happy little home, and Elleen and the darlins."

"An it's them wur the delight o' the world, Misther Murtoch," responded his companion, "but rest aisey awhile—achree. It's maybe our liberty we'll get if we can ounly persuade 'em in Ireland that we died with the rest o' the boys."

"Ay, Larry, the hope of once more beholding, of again pressing to my heart those whom I love, will keep life in me. We have been wonderfully preserved during the massacre, it is certain, and Providence may extend its succouring hand to take us altogether out of this."

"An what you say thrue, is all right anyhow," said Larry, approvingly; "so I'll just take a taste of a snooze to myself, as there's no knowinst what sort of a wake I shall have."

The poor fellows slept soundly, and awoke with the daylight, much refreshed; the sea breeze came cool and delightful into their little nook, and after partaking of a small portion of their food, as they did not dare to stir out lest they should be discovered, they once more composed themselves to rest.

Darkness again shrouded the face of nature, when Murtoch and his companion quitted their retreat for the purpose of returning to the wreck of the tents, in order to procure whatever useful thing they could pick up, supposing that the inhabitants had feared to go near the dreaded spot. And they were right in their conjectures—all remained as they had left it—the mangled dead in their silent sleep, and Murtoch shuddered when he beheld so many human forms lying about him, yet could not hear a breath from any one of them.

Through a considerable portion of that night, they employed themselves in removing various articles to their cell, one of the most valuable of which was

a nine gallon breaker of fresh water, and, though in their weak condition, they had great difficulty in carrying it, yet they accomplished their task, and with about a dozen pounds of bread, considered themselves fortunate in laying in so good a stock.

"I have been thinking, Larry," said Murtoch, as they stowed themselves away on the approach of daylight, "I have been thinking, that if we can get a little stronger, we might conthrive some scheme to make our escape, for at all events we cannot stop here very long."

"Oh, then it's yerself as bangs ivery thing in regard o' schaming," responded Larry. "Faix, an couldn't we borrow the loan of a boat; for sorry the bit I'd think o' staling it, and row back to Banthry agin."

"You forget the distance Larry—the storms—the dangers, and the want of provisions," answered Murtoch, mournfully; "besides, we neither of us have any knowledge which way to go."

"An that's thrue, Misther Murtoch," assented his companion; "barring the managing of a boat, seeing as myself has had some experience that way, when I follered the fishing line; and as for purvisions, faix, and d'ye think I've forgot how to catch fish?"

"Without net, hook, or line, Larry! and no fire to dress them, if the miracle could be performed," uttered Murtoch. "No, no, Larry; the thing would be impossible; but we might get out to sea in a boat, and perhaps be picked up by some ship."

"By the hookey an' so we might," assented Larry, joyfully; "or, what would you say to going out o' sight o' land, and then coming back and telling 'em we've been shipwrecked at say."

"And being in the boat we stole—or, according to your own views—borrowed from them, do you imagine they would believe us, eh?" argued Murtoch, smiling at his countryman's simplicity.

"By me sowl, an' that 'ud be rather awkward anyhow," answered Larry; "I forgot the boat would be blowing upon us. Och! but my schameing 'ud soon get us into the throuble again, Misther Murtoch, and so it's with you I'll lave it jist."

Delaney lay for some time devising plans, whilst his less sensitive companion coiled himself away in the recess, and was soon fast asleep; for Larry, though more than two-and-twenty years had passed over his head, since his first introduction to the reader, was the same unthinking, reckless being as

ever. The unhappy man laid contemplating his hard destiny, and almost despairing of ever beholding those he loved again. "Oh, Elleen, Elleen!" said he, "blessed angel, who bore up my feet when I would have stumbled, and ministhered to my wants in the hours of affliction, of sickness, and of peril, where—where are you now? The deep communion of my spirit with thine is no longer of an earthly character. I cannot think of thee but with saintly worship. Thou art dead, Elleen—I know that thou art dead, for it is thy beatified essence that whispers to me in the silence of night, and soothes the anguish of my lone and desolate heart. And where are my own darleins, once the delight of my eyes? Och hone! cast upon the wide world as orphans;—fertility is to them as barrenness—no friends, no defenders; hungry, thirsty, and cowld. Oh, my brain would take fire and be scorched up were I to think on—"

He paused for a few minutes and covered his face with his hands, as he felt the scalding drops rush from his eyes, for though no one was looking at him, yet he did not wish even the light of the day to witness such an outbreak of his grief as totally unmanned him.

In a few minutes he resumed his exclamations,

"And why am I here?" said he; "I am innocent—thou, God, knowest I am innocent, and will aid me to avenge myself. Great and Eternal Being, who of all thy creatures have I ever wilfully injured or wronged? When were my ears closed to the cry of distress for help—or the wail of sorrow for comfort? When was my arm paralyzed in defence of the oppressed and helpless, or my hand idle when the perishing asked for succour? But here I am a prisoner—a wretched convict on a foreign shore, with the enemy seeking my life."

It was on the fourth day of their confinement, that, early in the morning, they observed a small boat with one man in it approach seaward to a short distance of the place of their concealment, where he let go his anchor, and was soon busily engaged in fishing. Anxiously and almost breathlessly did the pent-up sufferers watch the operation, and once only did any intimation pass between them, and then in a mere whisper, "If he comes ashore," said Murtoch, "be ready, Larry—that boat must be ours."

"Jist to borry it a bit, Misther Murtoch! faix, an I'm the boy for that same," responded Larry, in a similar mode of communication.

For four hours did they lay in a painful state of suspense, for they dared scarcely to stir lest they might attract the man's attention and alarm him; his sport appeared to be excellent, and at the expiration of the time mentioned he hauled in his lines, made them up, and then plying his paddles, in a few minutes whisked out of sight.

"Mona mon diaoul!" ejaculated Larry as soon as he had disappeared, "but it's a brave chance we have lost—bad manners to the spalpeen for that same."

"He has been too successful not to come again, Larry," observed Murtoch, "and that too before long, or I shall be greatly mistaken; but there's no chance of his landing, unless we could conthrive to decoy him ashore."

"Decoy!—what, as they do ducks?" said Larry, inquiringly; "well then, Misther Murtoch, avourneen—it's poor struck sinners we are, an not a taste o' woosky to bless oursels with, barring the wather in the cask."

"And that cask placed in the little white sandy nook there, will be the very thing to tempt him to come ashore," said Delaney, pointing to the spot he named, a short distance from their cave, and so

bounded by craggy rocks, as to offer safe places in which to secrete themselves; "we must not go yet, but as soon as it is dark we'll inspect the spot, and arrange accordingly."

"Its yerself as has the onderstanding, any how. Misther Murtoch," said Larry; "an what for not, seeing as ye're a born gentleman on the right side of the shtocking?"

"Your communications on that subject have most certainly greatly astonished me," responded Delaney, "but the individual whose name I bear never once hinted such a thing till just before his death."

"But there's them as knows it as well, and some better than Larry Laffan," said the other; "Mike Hagan by token"—

"The rascal!" muttered Murtoch, powerfully agitated, "the false-swearing, perjured villain—the curse of the Almighty rest upon him."

"An there was them others as swore again you, Tim Donavan, and Casey," said Larry; "oh! the divel's cess to them, the tieves—shure an they know'd all about it; an there's Maurice Feaghan, an owld Bridget, an ever so many more sworn upon the gospels not to shplit till death and after."

"If there are so many records, it is strange that

not one tittle of what you related should not have come to my knowledge before! Captain Delaney always treated me as his nephew,—he spared no pains or expense to give me education, and when I married Elleen—oh! sorrow and grief, and wailing to my heart, does her name bring;" he spoke more broadly to the comprehension of his hearer. "Oh! Larry, its kilt and smashed my heart is entirely;' and he groaned heavily as he covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"Och, murther! and its a babby ye're making me," blubbered Larry; "shure an you've the way wid you for a born gentleman, an its meself as 'ull see you resthored to the dignity of the owld ancient race afore you die yet! Arrah, Misther Murtoch avourneen—rouse your sowl a bit, and don't give way; we'll have the vengeance on the murthering villians when we gets back."

"And when will that be, my friend—and how is it to be accomplished?" demanded the other sorrowfully. "If we return we shall be again apprehended, and what would the evidence of two convicts effect against those my enemies can bring to condemn me?"

"Apprehended?—what taken up again?" asked

Larry; "ah! thin, don't mention it—isn't it dead and kilt we are along wid de rest—shot into smithereens—here a leg and there an arem—and how the divel are we to come to life again? Och! we are somebody else now."

The person addressed made no reply, but seemed to have fallen into a dreamy musing; whilst Larry, after taking a drink of water, and wishing it was poteen, composed himself to sleep.

That night they examined the spot, and having placed the cask in a conspicuous situation well up the beach, they found a low rock, midway between it and the water, behind which they could lie down, so as not to be seen by any person afloat. A little before daylight they took their station; but hour after hour passed away, and no fisherman appeared; so that at night they returned to their solitary hole disheartened and sick, from having laid so long exposed to the heat of the sun. Their bread was now becoming exhausted, and Murtoch determined should the next day afford them no chance of getting away, to go along the beach during the darkness of the succeeding night, and trust to chance for the future.

A second time, at day-break, they posted them-

selves as before, using the precaution, however, of taking some covering to shield off the intense rays of the sun; but again they were disappointed; and the companions in misfortune set out to explore the neighbourhood of the town. The night was extremely dark and gloomy, and they wandered outside the fortifications, till they became bewildered. No star sent forth its light to guide them—not a place could they discover where they might obtain food; and after a vain search till nearly daylight, they endeavoured to retrace their way to a place of refuge. But this was no easy task, and it was not till they stumbled over the unburied, and now putrid remains of their former companions, that they ascertained their whereabouts.

Hastily retreating from the offensive and disgusting spot, they pursued their way, their minds reduced to the very verge of despair, when, on nearing the point round which it was necessary for them to go to their place of concealment, the noise of oars struck upon their ears. It was yet too dark for them to distinguish the character of the vessel whence the sounds proceeded, but they ascertained by the direction, that a boat was pulling alongshore towards them.

"Its the fisherman, may be," whispered Larry; "early morning is a good time for hooking 'em;—howly Saint Patrick, be our friend."

"Whisht, Larry," returned Delaney in the same low tone; and, stooping down, he laid his ear near the ground for several minutes. At length he rose up; "let's to the rocks, Larry," said he, "and carry the keg wid yer—I really believe it is the fisherman."

The poor fellows lost no time in making their dispositions—the breaker was again placed in a conspicuous situation as a decoy, and they laid themselves down as before amongst the rocks. The sounds of the oars continued to advance, and by the light of the opening day, they perceived a small boat sweep round the point, and soon afterwards come to an anchor, nearly abreast of them.

"Its himself then," whispered Larry; "och! now, and may the howly saints give him the best of eyesight this blessed morning, barring he's not an exciseman, for its them by the powers that can see a tub blindfold, and would snap at the bit cask quicker nor a fish at the bait. Shaint Pathrick send you the luck wid the hooks, for its ourselves jist as manes to be in at the tasting of 'em. Och!

then, Misther Murtoch, an he's the divel at hauling 'em in, I'm thinking."

"Rest aisy, Larry—rest aisy," said Murtoch, in the same low tone, "if you think so loud, the man will hear you, and won't come nigh us."

Thus cautioned, they both laid perfectly still till the glorious sun shed abroad his beautiful beams that grew into perfect daylight. "And what is he doing now, Larry," whispered Delaney to his companions, whose position afforded him a greater facility of seeing without being seen.

"Och! then, by the hookey, but it's himself as is bothered intirely in regard o' the tub," responded Larry, cautiously, peeping forth from his hiding place; "faix, an he's cotcht sight of that same, an is looking at it wid all the longing in natur.—His lines are up, an now he's staring round him jist;—oh! the top o'the morning to you, an up comes the anchor."

"He has done fishing then," said Delaney, in a tone of dejection, "and is most likely going to return."

"Oh! divel the haporth o' return in him, and the tub to the fore," said Larry, judging of the man's intentions by what his own would have been, under

similar circumstances; "shure an he's a Spanish gauger, for now he's out oars, and by the piper here he comes. Arrah, you sowl, be ready, for it's net him we shall this time."

The man in the punt approached slowly and cautiously towards the shore, as if he had not accurately made out what the object that attracted him was; but the moment he had ascertained it to be a cask, he pulled bravely in; and the confederates, whilst almost withholding their breath, lest they should excite suspicion, heard the grating of the boat's nose upon the beach as she grounded. They were both well aware of their weakness from emaciation and hunger, so as to be scarcely equal together to one strong athletic man:—besides, the fatigue of their night's excursion had greatly wearied them, and their hearts beat with such tumultuous agitation, as to render them incapable of coping with any powerful antagonist. Happily, however, the individual they had to contend against was a diminutive old man, and as he passed them in eager expectation of obtaining his supposed prize, they sprang up and seized him without difficulty; indeed his alarm and astonishment was so great, that he offered no resistance.

"By the blood of a poker an he's our's," exclaimed Larry, with delight; "howld still ould gentleman, whilst I clap this wristband round your arems;" and Laffan proceeded to pinion him with a piece of cord.

"Sancta Maria!"exclaimed the fisherman, as he gazed upon his captors, "mercy—mercy; only mercy, for the love of the Virgin."

This was spoken in a language which neither Delaney nor Larry understood; "plase to translate what ye're saying into English, or Irish, if its all the same to you," said the latter; "I ounly larned one tongue, and that I could niver read. Bad manners to you, be aisy, do."

As rapid as their agitation and strength would permit, the pair conveyed the old man to the boat, into which they also put the breaker, with the remainder of the water, and the rags they had used to lie upon in their place of concealment; the whole of their arrangements occupied but a few minutes, and as soon as they were completed they lanched their small vessel on the ocean.

"Arrah, pull dis way, Misther Murtoch," said Larry, instructing his companion in the mode of handling his oar, for Delaney was a perfect stranger

to every detail connected with a boat ; and the first essay of the pair was anything but successful, as far as it regarded making progress from the land.

The unfortunate fisherman laid moaning in the bottom of the punt, and though Larry tried to console him, yet as neither comprehended the language of the other, they made but sorry work in the way of conversation. For two hours did Murtoch and Larry ply their oars unceasingly, but the boat made so many courses, sometimes spinning entirely round, that they gained barely four miles from the place of starting. At this distance they relaxed from their labours to indulge in rest, and to examine what their prize contained. There was some fine rock cod; a few cat-fish, and various other kinds ; a loaf of bread, and some hard cheese ; a stone bottle with water, and a glass one with nearly a pint of aquadiente, which Larry declared was the greatest treasure of the whole, on account of its "tinder connection and relationship to poteen."

"And now, Larry," said Delaney, "we are out at sea—though we must very soon give the land a wider neighbourhood. It is a pity we cannot communicate our wishes to the prisoner, as he might

direct us how to proceed, and thereby ensure his own safety, for I have no desire to hurt a hair of his head. Unbind him, Larry, and let him share our meal if he will."

"Och, then, Mister Murtoch, but he's had a belly full lately, and small sense there'd be in giving him what we want ourselves," returned Larry.

"Do as you are bid, Larry. Providence has provided for us: let us have a fellow feeling for others," commanded Delaney.

The Irishman complied, and the old man, sadly bewailing his fate, pointed to the island, and then closing his hands in the attitude of supplication, entreated them to have compassion upon him for the sake of his family. But, though they guessed by his gestures that he requested to be put on shore, not one word of his harangue did they understand, though Larry, not to be outdone in the way of a "noration," as he called it, made a long speech, in which he argued the possibility of "some ship picking 'em up at say, and then they would give him his boat again an welcome, with a million thanks for the use of it—ounly it was back to ould Ireland they were determined upon getting as

soon as they could—howly St. Patrick standing their friend. An shure," continued Larry, pointing to a sail standing in for the land, "its herself is coming yonder there."

Murtoch looked towards the vessel, whose white sails showed like a cluster of pearls on a dark blue crest, and he doubted as to the prudence of approaching too near her, lest she might belong to some of the islands; but Larry overruled his objections, and the craft observing a boat pulling towards her, very naturally shaped her course accordingly, and in a short time they were alongside. The old fisherman, who had remained perfectly quiet all this time (as Larry believed satisfied with the eloquence of his speech), suddenly became garrulous, and poured forth his complaints with so much volubility, that the Irishman's address was totally eclipsed. The vessel was a Spanish polacca, bound to Teneriffe. Murtoch and Larry were once more prisoners, and on their arrival, were sentenced without trial to imprisonment for stealing the boat.

Here they remained in durance—the only thing they had to complain of, as every requisite but liberty was amply enjoyed—for several years, when,

on the change of governors, a jail release took place, and they were allowed to quit Santa Cruz in a trader for Cadiz—from thence they got to Gibraltar, and were ultimately landed near Bantry Bay in Ireland.

Had Murtoch acted with discretion, he would have endeavoured to interest some legal men to procure his recognition, and a restitution of his rights; but, receiving information that his father was drawing near the last moments of existence, he determined at once on visiting O'Connor Hall. As for Larry, finding he could not dissuade his companion from his purpose, he started off into the mountains, where he made no doubt of obtaining shelter and protection.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf."
RICHARD II.

IT was in the same gorgeously splendid apartment that has already been mentioned as the scene of interview between the dwarf and his wife, when Feaghan bore in the body of the dead child, that the mis-shapen being was pacing to and fro with uncertain purpose and unsteady steps, whilst a restless and agonized impatience characterized his whole proceedings. Sometimes he would stop short in his walk, as if struck by a sudden paralysis—then his whole frame became convulsed as he stared wildly around him, and clutched his delicate white hands together, with symptoms of terror that he in vain sought to repress.

The descending sun of an autumnal evening poured its rich hues through the windows, impart-

ing a glowing warmth of tint to every thing in the interior, and manifesting the superiority of nature over the works of art. But the glorious dispensation of the beautiful rays was lost upon the being whose heart was a prey to keen remorse, and bowed down with crouching alarm before the influence of fear.

"Oh, that it could be recalled," exclaimed he in those discordant tones that contrasted so strangely with the usual melody of his voice. "Oh, that it could be recalled—but the deed—the hellish deed is done!" he shuddered, "and I am now—what? —what? Oh, horrible, detestable, damnable act, more cruel than any yet ever perpetrated by man! Ha-a," he almost shrieked, as a passing cloud obscured the light of the sun, and suddenly darkened the room; "the shadows are falling thick around me, and I am alone! Oh, God of Heaven!—God of Heaven? the French philosophy denies the existence of such a being—where and what is that God? where and what is that heaven? I have never yet met with one individual, however learned, or however pious, who could solve the mystery—and yet I feel the solemn, deep conviction that it is no deception. There *must* be an hereafter—else

why does my very soul shrink back appalled at the crimes I have committed? If there is no future state of punishment, what have I to fear, and why does my spirit sink with apprehensions of unseen, unknown peril? Have I ever declined encountering personal danger? has pain of body ever wrung from me a puling cry of anguish? Never! What, then, can it be that stirs up so terrible a strife between the body and the mind. The corporeal frame is strong to endure, and defies the worst that may befal, but the mental energies overpower the body and reduce it to childish weakness—else why this trembling in every limb that would stand firm against wound or blow. French philosophy fails to account for this restless fever of the faculties, and therefore it must be something superhuman that inflicts the pangs I feel;" he paused a minute or two as if revolving the question over silently, and then proceeded, "and yet it may arise from the mere imperfection of human frailty, labouring under alarm lest the deed should come to be known and the law claim the fulfilment of an expiatory sacrifice. It must be so—but escaping this—ha, ha, ha!—I have title, wealth, beauty, power, every luxury that riches can purchase, or pleasure

bestow—and when I quit this world ——" Again he shuddered—"aye, but there's the rub; millions have died full of hope, believing in an hereafter of bliss, and joy, and happiness unspeakable—ages have rolled on, and that which is called the Sacred Volume has been the guide and support of the just and good, whilst the theory I have made the groundwork of my practice has only recently had its birth.—I'm sick of doubt—it mars all peace, and murders rest;—murder!" muttered he, as he thrust his long white fingers amongst his black and glossy locks, and pressed the palm of his hand upon his forehead, "aye, murder, most foul and most unnatural." Once more his voice assumed a tone of plaintive harmony as he murmured, "father, father!" Then starting, as if stung with mortal agony, his harsh discordant utterings rang wildly through the room. "Aye, I would call on him—my father, and I would plead with him for forgiveness—I—I—" and an hysteric laugh shook his every limb.

"I am glad to find you in such a pleasant mood," exclaimed Beatrice, as she entered the room, and closed the door behind her; "this is as it should be, and renders me proud that my arguments have not failed to produce the desired effect."

"Oh, Beatrice—Beatrice," uttered the dwarf, the music of his voice flowing in rich harmony, as he gazed upon her matchless loveliness; "oh, Beatrice, did you but know what was struggling within, you would not call mine a pleasant mood. Does the old man yet exist?"

"The pulses of existence still strive against the destroyer," answered she with firmness; "but you must well know which will shortly be the conqueror."

"He is my father, Beatrice," urged the dwarf, in tones of supplication, as he gently took her hand between his own and fixed his fascinating eyes upon her countenance; "he never denied us anything—"

"This craven folly must terminate in ruin to yourself, to me, and to your boy," returned the lady, withdrawing her hand. "The old man dies full of years, and you succeed him. Hitherto we have been pent up and immured within this dreary solitude to gratify his caprice, and think you I would have submitted to all this but for the prospect of freedom that stood out boldly before me? No, Sir, my proper station in society is the world of fashion and of pleasure"—the dwarf writhed. "Your wealth must provide me a palace, your title

will obtain for me a presentation at court, and as Lady O'Connor in the full splendour of royal favour, your wife will do every justice to your ancient family."

A thousand confused visions instantaneously conjured up by suspicion and jealousy came like demons to torture the sensibility of the dwarf, and he convulsively gasped for breath. A heavy groan burst forth as he exclaimed, "I have perpetrated this deed, then, to drag down misery on myself; oh, Beatrice, Beatrice, whither will you lead me further!"

"How ready is a cowardly spirit to remove the weight of its own crime on to the shoulders of another," responded the lady, scornfully; "was it merely from my suggestions that your actions have sprung? Of course you had no ambitious motive —no longing desires of your own to gratify. The current of your passions has run smoothly on, undisturbed by vengeful feelings—unmingled with—"

"Forbear, Beatrice, forbear," uttered the dwarf discordantly; "do not, by your taunts, urge me to desperation. I cannot—nay, by Heaven, I will not bear it—my brain is even now on fire——"

"It is time you cooled it then," said the lady,

calmly; "the last hour of the old man is approaching, and surely, like a dutiful and affectionate son, you would not be absent from his side at such a trying moment."

"Devil," harshly muttered the dwarf, as he resumed his rapid motions to and fro. "No—no, I will not witness his dying agonies. There is already a hell in my heart, and the sight of him would but make it rage more fiercely."

"I can but regret your determination," said Beatrice, mildly; "I fancied that I might claim some reliance on your boasted admiration of these poor personal endowments, and the affection you have said you cherished for our boy—but I find I am mistaken, and both myself and my remaining child must yield to——"

"No! no! Beatrice, no;" exclaimed the dwarf, quickly interrupting her. "I have gone too far to retract, though scorn, and contumely, and taunts, from the source we look to for tenderness and love, may well madden a more even temper than mine; and how have I deserved your hate? For you, I sacrificed my elder brother, and sent him to perish by disease, or murder, on a foreign shore.—For you, I silenced his child for ever, and the retribu-

tive hand of unerring Justice has deprived me of my own fair beautiful darling.—For you, my father—"

"Enough, enough," said Beatrice; "the catalogue has been too often read over for me to forget a single item, and now this last may be added to the list. But what have you in prospect, Sir Cornelius?" The dwarf's face showed a bitter smile of irony.—"What have you not in prospect? I can see a present baronetcy, with an earldom in the distance. I can see rank and riches—honours and power—your voice may guide and govern the senate—your word and opinion take precedence in the councils of your sovereign, and rule the state: and think you I shall be wanting in my part of the contract? No, no, sir, your honour shall be safe in my keeping; your advancement and interest shall be my study; and when I see princes and peers courting even your smiles, my very soul shall exult in it, as the contrivance of my own head—the work of my own hands; but prithee, talk to me no more of love."

When the lady first commenced her description of the future, the dwarf stopped and fixed his keen gaze upon her; as she proceeded with greater ani-

mation, he seemed to drink in her voice with irrepressible ecstacy; the vivid picture was present to his heated imagination; he saw coronets and mitres bending before him; he fancied himself elevated to a pinnacle his ambition had never contemplated soaring to; he advanced to the beautiful woman, and again taking her by the hand, he uttered, "Beatrice, do with me as you will."

"Nerve yourself, then, and come with me to the bed-side of your dying father;" commanded she, without allowing a moment to intervene, lest his mental courage should again fail. "The old man is sinking fast, he has been asking for you, come!"

My readers will call to mind the room in which Sir Terence O'Connor was seated with old Bridget, on the day of Miss O'Toole's wedding, as described in the first volume, when he was bemoaning the abduction or death of his eldest child. But there were other circumstances to embitter the passing moment. Mrs. O'Connor, from the time she had beheld the blow given to her husband in the *mêlée*, before the Holy well, had never felt like the same individual; and when, at her accouchement, she beheld the deformed little being she had brought into the world, the spectacle hastened her depar-

ture from it—that being was none other than Cornelius, the dwarf. And now in the self-same room, extended on a canopied couch, laid Sir Terence, his eyes glazed and dim, and the hue of approaching dissolution on his cheek. Crouched in one corner of the apartment was old Bridget, rocking to and fro, her head bare, and a few straggling white silvery hairs hanging down her wrinkled brow, over which eighty years had passed, and left their deep traced furrows.

The baronet appeared to be suffering severely from internal agony. "I am burnt up," he cried out, "my entrails are scorched, and no one attempts to give me relief. Where—where is my son?"

"I am here, father—here for the first time in your presence—the son you lost in infancy—Terence Hamilton O'Connor now craves your paternal benediction," and the man known as Murtoch Delaney knelt by the side of the dying baronet.

Sir Terence gazed upon the intruder, but his sight was too dull and exhausted, and the twilight hour was on, so that he could not trace his features. In an instant, however, Bridget rushed forward and grasped his arm, looked in his face, and uttered "Cross o'Christ, but 'tis indeed himself—flesh and

blood;" and she felt his sinewy limbs. "Oh! then, masther, he is indeed your son—the child ye've mourned—sthole from yez by yer owld inimy the Delaney—and brought up on the mounthains—shure an its yer blessing upon him ye'll be giving, and he fornent ye axing it."

"What means all this?" exclaimed the baronet in hurried accents, "am I now to be made the subject of imposition; oh! for something to cool this burning heat."

"Oh! that I could relieve you, father," said the still kneeling man, with sympathizing earnestness: "it is dreadful to be compelled to steal like a thief to your presence, and to find you thus;—my eyes have never to my recollection seen you before—I have no remembrance of your voice, but still I am your son—the child of Catherine Macgennis, who as Bridget has said truly was stolen by the connivance of Delaney, and brought up as his own offspring; speak again Bridget, is not this the fact. Oh! by my sainted mother now at rest, utter nothing but the truth; am not I his son—his eldest son?"

"Deed an deed, an its God's thruth, Sir Terence," exclaimed the aged woman; "the course of time will not allow you to hear the tale, but this

is yer first-born! Have I iver deceived you? An now do ye think I'd do it within the blessed prisence when the howly angels are waiting to carry you away?" and she devoutly crossed herself.

"Some cold—cold water, Bridget," demanded the baronet; it was given to him, and he swallowed copiously of the liquid; "what you tell me is indeed wonderful—it is incredible. Why have years been suffered to fly away without bringing it to my knowledge before? Oh! this burning agony is dreadful—the coldest spring would boil with scalding heat within me; I cannot, I dare not acknowledge you—it might be detrimental to the claims of Cornelius, who has ever been a dutiful son. You have adduced no proof; I cannot in justice acknowledge you."

"Your blessing, father—your blessing is all I seek," entreated the supposed Murtoch, greatly agitated; "only lay your hands upon my head, and say with fervour, 'God bless you!' A stranger might receive that without prejudice to any one, whilst to me it would be the benediction of a parent."

"The mark, Sir Terence—the mark," hastily exclaimed Bridget, "an ye'll remember the mark upon the breast—the sprig of mulberries, with three on a

stalk ; open your vest ma vourneen and show them quickly. Oh ! its yerself is the blood of the thrue O'Connors."

The man did as he was bid, but the gloom was too dense for anything to be distinctly seen, and the baronet, after vainly endeavouring to trace something on the breast of his supplicant, fell back upon his couch writhing with agony ; " Oh ! the pain is on me again.—Why is Cornelius absent at such a time as this," said he ; " go stranger—go—you will offend him if he finds you here."

" Will you not then say even ' God bless you,' " asked Murtoch, his voice thick and husky ; " you command me from you—me, your rightful son and heir, and you deny me one blessing. But I know the miscreant who has done this, and I will not quit the place—it is my paternal home, and he it was who sent me a convict across the wide waters."

" A convict?" feebly uttered Sir Terence, a small portion of his energies reviving at the hated name ; " a convict," he repeated, " how dare you intrude yourself into my presence, sirrah;—oh ! that convulsive pang—it racks my very vitals—no human strength can endure this long. Ring the bell, Bridget, and send for Cornelius here."

"Howly mother forgive me if I'm wrong," said the aged woman, "but I cannot do it—I dare not do it, Sir Terence; its dead I thought he was, and saw no use in ripping up ould grievances, but here he is to the fore—himself—alive, an yer first-born, Sir Terence,—may the sowl of me niver escape from purgatory but its thrue. A convict was he? An who made him that same? Them as you wants here at this blessed moment. Is it murdther that I'd see done, and yer eyes to close for iver on one brother taking the life of another, and them both your own childther. Och! hone, Sir Terence, the day is closing wid yer in this life, may the glory of the saints shine upon yer in the next: he that refuses to bless shall niver obtain a blessing."

The baronet, wrought upon by this exhortation, extended his trembling hands, and they had just been rested on the head of the kneeling suppliant, when Beatrice, followed by Cornelius, entered the room. There was still a sufficiency of light to discern what was passing, though not enough to distinguish every minutiæ that occurred. But at this moment the departing rays of the sun, as if to shed approval on the last act of the baronet—imparted a richer and a brighter glow to every object;—the

ruddy gleam fell full upon the face of the kneeling man, and showed every feature plainly to the dwarf and his wife. The former instantly recognized them, and drawing himself into a crouching attitude, he muttered, "The unhallowed grave has yielded up its dead—it is there before me, and stealing that benediction which would have been his due had he lived. Oh! Beatrice—Beatrice, force him away—drive the spectre hence, it withers up my sight;" and he spread his hands so as to conceal his face.

The lady was astonished at what she witnessed, for she was totally unacquainted with the person or countenance of the kneeling man. Solemn assurances had been given by the captain of the convict ship, that Delaney was amongst the number of those who had been landed on the island of Ferro; and subsequent intelligence gave precise information of the horrible massacre that had ensued. Yet the allusions of her husband excited a strong feeling of apprehension, that the undoubted son and heir of Sir Terence was before her, and both distinctly heard the blessing uttered by the dying man.

"Its not dead he is!" shouted Bridget; "an

now the scorn of the scorner will rebound upon theirselves—why! musha Misther Cornalius, an its yer eldther brother is here forenent yez."

"It is no spirit then," muttered the dwarf to himself, "and I can breathe again." He advanced to the bed-side—"What elder brother, ye omadhoum," said he, angrily; "and who are you who thus presume to invade the sanctity of the dying hour?"

"Answer the question yourself, Cornelius," replied the other, rising up; "you know me well; attest it here before our venerable parent, and let the act of solemn justice smooth his passage to eternity."

"Vile impostor — never!" almost shrieked the dwarf, as he sprang forward and grappled with the individual who had addressed him; "how you came here in violation of the laws of your country, I have yet to learn, but do not think you shall escape the sentence of a judge whose only fault was an excess of leniency."

"Forbear, Cornelius, forbear to urge this strife in the presence of our failing parent," exclaimed the other, whose bodily powers were no adequate match for the gigantic strength of his antagonist;

"think you that taking my life," for Cornelius was striving to get grip-hold of his throat, "will destroy the evidence, in your own mind, of who I really am? Forbear, I say—your elder brother commands it—do not madden me. Nay, then, if I must, I must." He pulled a pistol from his breast, and presented it at the dwarf's head, who immediately relaxed his hold, and shrunk away. But it was only momentary, for the next instant his hand also held an instrument of death, and the brothers stood each at the extremity of the couch, on which laid an expiring parent, with their weapons pointed to take away life.

But Beatrice came between, and in accents of soothing cunning allayed the strife. The pistols were put up, but the gleams of deadly vengeance still shot from the full large eyes of the dwarf, and a casual observer might have seen that he only waited for a fairer opportunity to renew the contest. Nor was it long wanting.

"You will quit this room then," said Cornelius to his brother; "your presence must be anything but grateful to Sir Terence."

"He is my father, Cornelius," returned the other; "and I dare you to disprove it. True;

your machinations have prevented the fact coming to his knowledge long since. But here is Bridget, who has already testified it before him and you."

"Bridget!" said the dwarf, with a convulsive respiration as he turned to the old woman, who had resumed her seat in the corner; "and what can that old hag know of the matter?"

"Every thing that your own conscience is now telling you," responded the other, firmly; "speak, Bridget, repeat what you have already said to Sir Terence; am I not that son Terence Hamilton O'Connor, who was carried away in infancy, and reared by Delaney as his own?"

But the old woman continued rocking herself to and fro, and was silent. The inquirer was about to renew his question, when the groans of the dying sufferer averted his attention, and he turned towards the couch.

"These pangs are excruciating," shrieked Sir Terence, "oh, I am torn to pieces—this cannot be the mere effects of expiring nature. Bridget, what have you done? Cornelius! Beatrice! O God, the suspicion is worse agony than the racking pains I suffer;" he raised himself erect, looked earnestly in the face of Murtoch and exclaimed, "yes, yes,

I feel it all ! I know it now ! it is poison ! poison ! nothing but poison could torture me thus !" and he sank back exhausted.

For nearly a minute the most intense silence prevailed through the apartment. Murtoch fixed his steady gaze upon the countenance of the dwarf, and the livid hue which pervaded it was even more ghastly than that on the cheeks of the dying man. Beatrice alone remained unmoved, nor was there the least change in her beautiful features as she calmly whispered, " His sufferings have shook his reason ; go to him, Cornelius, raise him up."

But the request of the lady had been anticipated by Murtoch, who was standing near the head of Sir Terence ; he took the baronet's hand, and placing his arm beneath his back, gently elevated him from the uneasy posture in which he had fallen. " Father," said he, in a deep and solemn voice, " has there then been murderous cruelty at work here also ? Oh, Cornelius, Cornelius ! if this be true, how will you dare to meet your God ?— my wife—my little ones too—where are they ?" and his whole frame shook with agitation.

" Liar—villain—impostor !" shrieked the dwarf, as unmindful of the state of his parent, he sprang

once more upon the man who claimed fraternity, and gripped him by the throat. Murtoch loosed his arm from beneath Sir Terence, but the latter observing the renewal of the strife, rallied the last energies of existence, and in struggling to separate them, all three came rolling to the floor. The dwarf would not quit his hold; he still clutched the throat of his victim—his long sinewy fingers were compressed with iron tenacity, but suddenly they relaxed—he had looked upon the face of his father, who laid stretched at his side, and saw that he was a corpse.

The noise brought in several of the servants, and at the command of Beatrice, (for Cornelius was rendered incapable by mental imbecility), Murtoch was seized and conveyed to the strong room in which Feaghan had been confined. Here, in the very house to which he laid claim, as heir to the deceased Sir Terence, did the unhappy man remain a close prisoner, revolving in his mind the circumstances that had occurred, and mourning over his unhappy destiny, which without any fault of his own, deprived him of rank, and wealth, and home, and wife, and children.

It was about the hour of midnight, and the door

of the prison-room swung back upon its hinges, and Cornelius entered the place, leaving a guard outside. The lamp he held in his hand shewed his pale and haggard features, as he turned towards the captive, and the brothers stood sternly looking on each other. Murtoch was apprehensive that the dwarf had come to take his life, and he keenly watched his every movement, determined to defend himself to the last.

"Hear me, Delaney," said the dwarf in a soft and musical voice; "I wish you no evil, but would promote your good, unless your own folly prevent it. Acknowledge the imposition you would have practised on the late Sir Terence; admit that you have no claim to his paternity; deny your alliance to the O'Connors, either by birth or blood, and you shall not only be free, but I will solicit your pardon from the crown—I will restore you to the farm which the laws confiscated, and I trust you will become an honourable and useful member of society."

"I have patiently listened to you," returned the other, proudly; "as unhappily I have no alternative—but can you form so mean an opinion of my experience in the world, as to suppose I am to be

deceived by the proffered friendship of one whose enmity has been so deadly? My verbal declarations, unless in the presence of witnesses would avail you nothing—"

"The witnesses are waiting outside," hurriedly exclaimed the dwarf, "the documents are ready prepared and only require your signature in their presence—do not then throw away the certainty of liberty—do not again expose yourself to banishment from your native land."

"And where are my wife and children?" said Murtoch, in a tone of mournful inquiry; "they are dead—ay murdered!"

"By whom—who has perpetrated so vile a deed?" hurriedly exclaimed Cornelius, his features convulsed as conscience reminded him of the occurrence in the cave. "They are perhaps yet living, and may be restored to you. Have you any certain information of their death?"

Murtoch eyed his brother with piercing keenness as he replied, "Those who were the cause of their perishing need put no such questions to me."

"Do you allude to me?—what, fix the charge on me?" inquired the dwarf, in his harsh, discordant tones, as his lips quivered, so as to render it

doubtful whether he was actuated by rage or fear ; "but no matter—I defy you, and if you will not profit by my generosity, I must leave you to your fate. You have already had some experience of the comforts of a convict ship, and if you obstinately persist in making me your enemy—a further taste of the enjoyments in a penal settlement, and at a greater distance from this country, rests entirely in your own hands. Sign the documents I shall produce, and liberty is yours—refuse, and you quit Ireland by the first ship that sails."

"Cornelius!" said the other after a short pause, "I allow that you have me in a cleft-stick, for I am here your prisoner, and guarded by your own creatures, whilst experience has too fatally shown me the influence of power over justice ;" he paused a short time, as deep agitation shook his frame, and then resumed, "My wife and little ones are, I fear, no more—what then would be the value of titles and wealth to me, if subsistence is all that I require, and that might be gained by the labour of my hands. You say you will procure for me liberty and the restoration to my farm—do I understand you right?"

"You do, correctly so!" responded the dwarf

with eagerness, as if anticipating a favourable result to his requests. "Of your family I know nothing, but freedom will afford you an opportunity of searching for them, and if a thousand pounds are wanting to promote your prosperity, the money shall be your's."

A scowl of contempt and indignation passed over the features of the prisoner; but the demonstration vanished in a moment, and was unnoticed by the dwarf; "And you would guarantee the freedom of an impostor, with the gift of a thousand pounds?" in a tone, half-banter, half-earnest; "no one can doubt your generosity after that, at all events."

"What I have promised, that will I perform—take it in which way you will," returned the dwarf, in his harsh accents.

"You can have no motive to bribe an impostor," exclaimed the prisoner sternly; "nor would you offer what you do, but that in your heart, and in your conscience, you really believe me to be your brother—your elder brother. You have had opportunities of ascertaining the fact; for I will not believe a restless mind like yours would or could remain satisfied, without a rigid investigation—and the result is—"

"That you are here," responded the dwarf, with vehemence. "Is this a proof that I consider the claims of kindred are just?"

"Yes," responded the other with equal energy, "the strongest evidence of your convictions—it was you, Cornelius, who suborned witnesses to procure an unjust and cruel sentence—it was you who cut off all communication with that parent who now lies dead; and what has accelerated his departure, you, yourself, best know—it was you who struggled with me in his last moments to prevent my receiving that benediction which he gave—it is you, Cornelius, who now offer me liberty, and a thousand pounds, to sign certain documents, yielding up my birth-right, and denying alliance with the O'Connors. Is this the usual deportment of a great and wealthy man, who feels himself secure? Is this the conduct manifested by the honest and the honourable towards an impostor?"

The dwarf paced the stone cell, with rapid strides, till the prisoner had ceased speaking; he then stopped full before him, and, whilst every muscle of his countenance betrayed a troubled mind, he answered, "And if I believe in our relationship, what then?"

"You *do* believe it, Cornelius," returned the other with energy; "but the demon of avarice has steeled your heart, and I feel how vain it would be to plead with you on any other grounds than those you have named; still there is a powerful feeling in my breast that I cannot conquer or control. Speak, Cornelius—tell me—for on your reply, my future destiny must be based—tell me, are we brothers, or are we not."

There was a solemn earnestness in the manner of putting the question, that staggered the person addressed. The dwarf fixed his large full eyes upon the prisoner, and the sudden and quick contraction, and elevation of his brow, gave ample evidence of the struggles in his mind. "And what avails the tie of kindred," asked he, determinedly, "my purpose is unalterably fixed."

"I know it," responded the other, passionately, "I am well aware of it—yet, Cornelius, I must have the truth from your own lips."

"What need of more than I have already said," hastily inquired the dwarf; "if I believe you are my brother, shall I not endeavour to promote your welfare?"

"But on condition—on condition," responded

the other, catching at everything he could, to make his aim more sure.

"Well be it so—on certain conditions," assented the dwarf, more placidly; "I have wealth unbounded—my influence and interests are great."

"Enough—enough of that," convulsively exclaimed the prisoner; "I must have your candid acknowledgment—am I your elder brother or not?—a single monosyllable may decide it—are we the sons of the same father?"

The dwarf gazed earnestly upon his captive for more than a minute—he beheld a fixed and determined look bent upon him—he saw that denial was useless, and he slowly articulated "We are."

"And I the eldest of the two?" calmly asked the prisoner; "the thought will soothe me in retirement—you allow that I am the first-born of our parents."

"I do," responded the dwarf, sanguine that his expectations were now about to be realized, yet clothing his assertion in as few words as possible.

An expressive smile of gratified delight played round the mouth of the prisoner at this announcement. "I then," said he, "am now Sir Terence Hamilton O'Connor;" the dwarf looked alarmed

and displeased, "and," continued the speaker, "you require me to barter my title and estates, for—"

"Freedom—security—prosperity," answered the dwarf, hastily interrupting him; "a life of comfort and of ease, instead of a life of banishment and pain—and, mark what I say—you have no living evidence to support your claims;" the prisoner eyed him with doubt, "aye, you would remind me of Bridget—henceforth the old crone is dumb, and no power on earth will get her to utter a word on the subject."

"Where then is Maurice Feaghan," enquired the other.

"Dead," returned the dwarf, with seeming ecstacy.

"And Tim Donovan, and Casey, who carried me off when an infant, and appeared against me on my trial," continued the prisoner.

"Dead—dead," triumphantly responded the dwarf, "I saw their lifeless bodies myself, at the bottom of the Devil's Cove—fit place for such infernal rascals."

"But there is Mike Hagan, and others, for though the secret was well kept, yet, there were many acquainted with the fact," said the captive.

"I firmly believe that there are none now

living, or that dare show themselves," exclaimed the dwarf.

"Well—well, let it rest," said the elder brother, "we have no time to dispute such matters now—you solemnly admit that you believe the bond of our fraternity exists, and that I am the senior of the two—is it not so?"

"I have already said it," replied the dwarf, doggedly; "and what can you make of the avowal—of what advantage will it be to you, if you resist my wishes. You have been sentenced by the laws to transportation for life, and here you are,—no matter how—apprehended at large—a returned convict—and may be sent off again, at a very short notice. What document, or what evidence have you, to support your claim?"

"And will not fraternal regard quicken a better feeling in your breast, Cornelius?" said the prisoner, in a tone of affectionate expostulation. "Would you utterly destroy the rights of brotherhood? Have I no hope?"

The dwarf scowled fearfully upon his companion as he answered, "It is you who would destroy the rights of brotherhood, not I. Have you ever in your early years been taught to look up to the period when rank and riches were to be your own?

Were you accustomed to unbounded splendour and costly luxury? Have you from infancy been used to gaze with expectation on this noble building, that it must one day become your own? Have you experienced the pomp and state which wealth and magnificence bestow—the ready service of a half hundred menials, watching your beck and nod? Has your mind dwelt upon the future with proud ambition to climb to higher power? No, no, you know nothing of these things with which I have been familiar, from the first opening of reason; and do you think I will resign them, because you have sprung up like an adder in my path?" he laughed hysterically, "it is doting folly to expect it. I must have all or none, and now the former is in my grasp," he extended his arm, and clutched his long white fingers together, "do you imagine I will throw it away?" and he suited the action to the word.

"But whatever may take place—the adder as you pleasantly style me, will still remain," remonstrated the elder brother.

"It's fangs drawn and it will be harmless," uttered the dwarf with quickness. "I tender you my friendship, as soon as that is accomplished—if you resolve to make me your enemy, the conse-

quences must and will rest upon your own head, not on mine—choose your course."

The prisoner was silent a few minutes as if debating the question with himself; at length he seemed to have formed his resolution, "Call in your witnesses," said he, "and let me see the documents."

"You must read the papers and subscribe to their declaration in the presence of those who will have to attest them," uttered the dwarf; "I need hardly tell you, the act must be voluntary on your part. But it must not be done here. You shall accompany me to the hall, and there, in the presence of the household."

"Ha—a—a!" uttered the prisoner as he convulsively drew his breath, and every feature betrayed strong emotion, "you would make assurance doubly sure—but agreed—agreed—I am ready and impatient till it is done—come, then, let us proceed according to your own desire—come!"

The dwarf unhesitatingly threw open the door, where no less than four attendants well armed were waiting with lights; an indication from their master, and two preceded and two followed the prisoner, as they proceeded to the great hall, which

has already been described as the place where Feaghan was first introduced to Captain Lilyburn. Notwithstanding that death was in the house, the spacious hall was lighted up; the domestics were ranged on each side; the large portals were guarded by an armed force; the dark oak table had been placed in the centre, and at it sat two or three gentlemen in black, whilst a vacant arm-chair elevated above the rest, and with an ebony desk before it, occupied the extreme end; the whole having the appearance (except the splendour) of the baronial times, when the strong hand prevailed, and held a criminal court of its own.

Cornelius took the arm-chair, and the prisoner was placed standing in juxtaposition with him at the bottom of the table, his guards remaining a short distance in his rear. The most profound silence prevailed; the documents were handed to the captive, who read them over, and as his eye ran from line to line, the flush of indignation deepened on his cheeks. At the close, a pen was handed to him, and as he stood firmly erect holding the papers in one hand and the pen in the other, so silent was every thing around, that it seemed as if even breathing had been suspended.

At length the dwarf rose up, and looking proudly around him, said in his most harmonious accents: "My friends and dependants, I have summoned you together for the purpose of announcing the decease of my lamented father," and the wretch affected to weep, whilst the prisoner looked at him with a contemptuous disdain wholly unsuited to the character he was expected to perform; "I say," continued he, "that one object of your attendance was to hear of the loss we have all sustained; but there is also another, and to me, a more important, communication I have to make. You all, or most of you know, that the first-born of my mother was surreptitiously carried off in early infancy; this has afforded an opportunity for impostors and pretenders to lay claim to the heritage; but there is every reason to believe, that the brother whom I should have honoured and cherished was basely murdered, and I am now the only survivor—"

"It is false!" shouted the prisoner in a voice that rolled like thunder round the vaulted roof, and making a sudden spring, he was instantly on the table. "That son, the eldest son of Sir Ter-

ence O'Connor, is now before you, and I am he; these documents—"

A loud shriek rang through the hall as the beautiful Beatrice rushed forward from a place of concealment, where she had overheard what had passed, and now vehemently ordered the guards to seize upon the claimant, lest he should again attempt her husband's life. But the elder brother was not to be thus silenced. Again he raised his voice, "I am *master* here; the son and heir of Sir Terence, whose name I bear, and thus I sign the miserable attempt to defraud me of my rights." He rent the papers into shreds and scattered them about.

"Seize the convicted villain; the returned felon;" exclaimed the dwarf in a voice of rage, whilst foaming at the mouth. "He has broken the laws, and I was again about to deliver him up to justice."

"Ha-a-a!" vociferated the elder brother, "I guessed your purpose, monster, and forestalled it. Men, I am your master now; I, Sir Terence Hamilton O'Connor, and I command your obedience."

But he spoke to those who knew nothing of him,

or the justice of his claims; they had been too much accustomed to consider the dwarf as their future head, to suffer the words of a stranger to have any weight with them, and they closed round the table ready to fire, in case of further resistance.

"Drag the impostor down," shrieked Beatrice; "who is there that fears one man; stand back, ye cowards, and let a woman set you an example of fidelity to her lord," and seizing a pistol, she discharged it at the prisoner, who must have fallen, had he not grasped the muzzle and averted it on the instant, the ball just grazing his head. But in stooping he exposed himself to his enemies; they seized him by the collar, and he was dragged down, pinioned, and conveyed to his former place of confinement, where he was soon afterwards followed by the dwarf.

"You have sealed your own fate," said the misshapen being in his harsh discordant enunciation. "A ship is now ready to quit Cork, and you will be removed some few thousand miles further off than you was before. You rejected my proffered friendship—"

"Friendship!" shouted the infuriated man; "wretch, unworthy the name of human being, much

more that of Christian; had I signed those abdications of my right, my fate would still have been the same; perhaps worse. A monster like you can have no sense of justice, no bowels of compassion; think you I was deceived by your plausible persuasion; no! I saw through the flimsy covering of your heart—"

"Cease this idle and unavailing rage," returned the dwarf, interrupting him. "You have forced me to do what I have, but I can yet save you, and will impose no condition till you are free." A gleam of hope irradiated the countenance of the wretched prisoner, but it was only for a moment; still it was not lost upon the dwarf, who had watched him with the most intense keenness, and having taken a pistol from his pocket, he put the lock upon the full-cock, and then exposed the secret way through which he had conducted Feaghan. "This leads to liberty," said he in an under tone, and instantly closed the aperture. "I am yet prepared to become your friend. You can neither defeat my claim, nor injure my reputation. I have nothing to apprehend from your most strenuous exertions. Come, then," and he once more unclosed the aperture, "follow me to life and freedom."

"To death and the grave," responded the other with so deep a pathos, that the dwarf shuddered, for the intimation was correct, an ambush having been prepared to despatch him, should he accept the offer. "No, Cornelius; I trust you no further, the deformity of your heart is as much exposed to my view, as the deformity of your person—"

"Peace, scoffer," exclaimed the dwarf, with gnashing teeth, as he struck his pinioned and defenceless victim. "The affliction is not of my own seeking."

"Your hand will one day be a curse to its owner for that blow," said the captive reproachfully. "There is a God of retribution; and the sanguinary monster that could murder a parent, and rob a brother of his heritage, will not go unpunished. Your own daughter—"

"Ha!—what of her?" eagerly inquired the dwarf; "she was the delight of my eyes; the darling of my heart; tell me, does she still live; can I recover her?" He covered his haggard face with his white hands, as he uttered, "the blow I gave you in my hate is already avenged! You know where she is, and will not tell me."

"Will you forego your cruel purpose, and

acknowledge me as the heir to our dead father's title and estates?" asked the prisoner.

"Never!—never!" vociferated the deformed, ambition and avarice at once driving every feeling of tenderness from his breast: "what you have said induces a hope that she still lives, and therefore I will not despair of recovering her without your aid. I have proffered you friendship and freedom; you have refused both; and yet, the child was exceedingly precious in my sight—"

"You relent, then," eagerly exclaimed the prisoner, "she may one day suffer for her father's guilt."

"I cannot avert it," returned the dwarf mournfully; "my purpose is unchanged, whatever your revealings may be." He paused a minute, and again covered his face. "Yet, no!" continued he, "she must not perish; tell me where she is—and—"

"The destiny you have prepared for me will remain the same," interrupted the elder brother. "No, no, Cornelius; you have no bowels of compassion, not even for your own offspring; and your boy may follow the example of his father, and think you tedious in wearing away existence—poison—"

"Ha-a!" shrieked the dwarf, the fearful picture flashing at once upon his vivid imagination, that what he himself had done might hereafter become his own punishment; but it immediately vanished again, though it left a tremor on his limbs; he clapped his hands together; the attendants entered; the prisoner was commanded to follow them, and they guarded him to a close carriage, to which four horses were attached; they drove off, and the heir to the title and estates of the O'Connors was hurried off to Cork, as a convicted transport found at large, without licence, before his term had expired.

CHAPTER IX.

How beautiful she glides along parting the azure seas,
Her white sails glist'ning in the sun, and swell'd out by the breeze,
Oh! who would look upon that ship, and think she bore within
A load of guilt and sorrow—a living freight of sin?

During the journey, Murtoch Delaney (for by that name we shall still continue to call him) vainly endeavoured to draw his only travelling companion into conversation: but the man remained doggedly silent, and either was or pretended to be so deaf that he could not hear what was said to him. He could perceive that horsemen were guarding the vehicle, not one of whom approached to speak to him; and whilst the horses were changing no one was permitted to approach the spot. This was something unexpected by the prisoner; but the whole was explained when, on alighting at the gaol in Cork, he caught a glimpse of his arch enemy and younger brother enveloped in a horseman's cloak.

Murtoch had hoped that some time would elapse before the period for departure, so that he might make his case known. He knew that by the laws of England death was the punishment for returning from transportation, yet his return was not altogether voluntary; and, if the circumstances could be properly represented, there was a possibility of his obtaining a favourable consideration. He also knew that in England a trial must precede condemnation; but in Ireland he was fully sensible that justice was more outraged by the administrators of the law than by the poor unhappy beings who suffered the infliction of its penalties.

And such was actually the case in this instance, for Delaney was conveyed before some judicial functionary; an order was given for his reception on board a convict ship that was then getting under way, bound across the wide waters to that receptacle for condemned vice, immorality, and debauchery—then recently established—Botany Bay. The principal portion of her living freight was females, but there was also some few male prisoners, who had been convicted of treasonable practices, and were sent out of the country for various terms of transportation.

The decks were crowded, and soon the distended sails bore the ship rapidly along the land, and weeping eyes were dimly gazing on the green hills of Erin that were never to behold them again. Within the small compass of that floating ship every guilty passion and propensity that could debase human nature were concentrated, whilst among a certain portion of the vilest, the feelings were more allied to the demoniac principles of hell than to anything connected with civilized life.

Several of the females were young, and by no means deficient in personal beauty, and, perhaps, had their histories been traced, it would probably have been found that their first step in defalcation from virtue might be attributed to the base seduction of men, who, to gratify their own libidinous appetites, decoyed them into sin, and then left them to perish. Oh! when the unhappy creatures looked back to the days of childhood and innocence, and contrasted those peaceful and joyous hours with the present period, as, cast off by home, by friends, and by country, the wretched convict bade farewell to every social tie that could sweeten the cup of life, and saw the land of her nativity fading to the view, if any sense of huma-

nity still remained—if the heart was not rendered impenetrably callous — if the mind was not degraded into the very lowest depths of depravity—the anguish of that moment must have been horrible indeed. But there were also other circumstances connected with their doom that were calculated to fill the spirit with terrible forebodings. The past did not occupy the whole of their thoughts—the unknown but dreaded future shadowing forth a never-ceasing punishment, and the shrinking mind in the prostration of its strength conjured up a thousand horrid shapes to torture itself withal.

But away bounded the noble ship over the sparkling waters — the sun shining with resplendent brightness on her white sails as she ran off from the land till the old head of Kinsale sank lower and lower, and at length nothing appeared but the hummock, which remained the only blue spot that broke the curve of the horizon. Every eye was strained towards it—every heart clung to that lone speck—it was all that was left to them of their native shores; and, when it disappeared, the link was severed—the bond was broken—they felt the reality of their situation—upon the wide ocean of

storms and tempests, bound to the regions where worse than slavery awaited them.

And yet, there were not wanting those who either affected an indifference to their situation, or were really insensible to the web of wretchedness that was weaving its meshes around them ; and they carried their infernal principle so far as to ridicule the almost heart-broken creatures, who, having lost sight of the last connecting union with the theatre of infantile and youthful enjoyment, were now recording in memory scenes and events, pleasures and affections, persons and places, which were rendered more precious to the remembrance as the certainty of an eternal separation from them rushed with terrible conviction through the heart.

Seated on the stern of the long-boat, with his open palm pressed against his burning forehead, was the man of many sorrows, and his earnest gaze was still directed towards the quarter where the last spot of land had been seen.

" An why will ye sit there, Murtoch Delaney ?" inquired an old crone, who had been transported as an incorrigible pickpocket ; " why will ye sit there, and tear the bootiful eyes out of you looking at nothing avich ? Och ! then, an what's the use

o' grieving? An there's Shamus, too, making a great gal of himself, instead of spaking comfort to the childer ——"

The person mentioned as Shamus stood leaning over the side, and swaying himself about in evident agitation as the big tears rolled heavily down his face. He had been tried for White-boyism, and conviction having followed, as a matter of course, he had been sentenced to transporation for life. "An where is my hearth-stone now, ye scorner?" said he in answer to the woman who had addressed him, "an where's the kind cratur that niver denied me nothing that I wished for?—an where are my boys that wur my heart's pride?—the darlings! The branches are lopped off from the ould trunk—the sun will shine upon the bit home, but I shall not be there to feel its warmth—the mother will weep for the father of her childer, and who is left to dthry the sthrame from her eyes?—och hone!"

"Shure an she'll get another man, Shamus, jewel!" said the spiteful wretch tauntingly; "you're broke in twain for iver, and Paddy will share the pratees with the gossoons."

The man's eyes seemed to flash fire as, raising himself from his leaning posture, he confronted

the beldame, "Out upon ye, you ould divel's nurse!" said he wrathfully; "ounly you'd disgrace my arem, I'd knock you into smithereens! Who can spake a misbegotten word of Katey?"

"An a dacent husband have you been to her, Shamus," persevered the tormenting hag; "oh! don't desave yourself, I knows your history from them as remembers what they never forgets."

"Hannimadhiou!" ejaculated Shamus, as he lifted his arm to strike; but being instantly restrained by the sentry, the unhappy man resumed his former attitude, whilst the wretch who had poured vitriol on his wounds went away uttering the unnatural laugh of a demon.

"She's a bad un," said the second mate, addressing the young man in the stern of the boat; and, then walking forward, he placed himself near an interesting and pretty girl, who could not have seen more than eighteen years. She had been child-maid in an eminent family, and had caused great jealousy on the part of her mistress, who suspected the existence of too great a familiarity between Susan and her master—how far there was any real grounds for this never appeared. The master quitted Ireland to attend to his parlia-

mentary duties, and was soon afterwards sent to a foreign court on a special embassy—the poor girl was apprehended for robbing her mistress; a chain of evidence was produced on the trial confirming her guilt—some of the articles stolen, and valuable jewellery, were found in her possession—others were produced in court by those who swore they had received them from her—the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced her to seven years' transportation.

Bitter had been the parting between her mother, a lone widow, and poor Susan—the girl, from the first moment, had protested her innocence, and asserted that it was a revengeful conspiracy of her mistress to destroy her; but what availed the protestations of one against so many—the wretched girl was torn from the arms of her only parent, and now sick at heart, and earnestly praying for death to relieve her sufferings, she folded her arms upon her bosom, and stood the mute image of despair.

"Susan, a lanna," said the old woman who had taunted Shamus; "don't take on so—it 'ull be the making of you, jewel, and you the darlin o' the world that ye are—ounly the thrinkets not to the

fore, and you to be sent on a long voyage without 'em."

Susan turned an imploring look upon the wrinkled incorrigible, but her heart was too full for utterance; and it was at this moment the second mate stood by her side, and spoke to her in words of sympathy and kindness that came with a soothing influence to her heart—she felt that she was not wholly deserted, and tears relieved her from the oppressive weight which bowed her spirits down.

"I tould you so, Susan," muttered the old woman. "Sweet's your hand in a pitcher of honey, my darlin," and then attempting to sing, or rather scream—

"Lovers she'll have by the score,
And pitch 'em all to the divel,
Then she'll be sarching for more,
And bid 'em all to be civil."

"Never mind that old witch," said the young man, "she'll sing to another tune before the voyage is out, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"Ould witch, is it you mane," returned the hag, "and that's the differ atwixt glossy locks and grey hairs—the witch is by the side o' you, boy—and, mark me, afore this day three months an ye're a changed man."

"You have something ill-natured to say to everybody," exclaimed one of the detachment of soldiers, sent on board as guards; "I wonder what they could transport such an amiable being for—some act of charity, I suppose."

"Faith, an ye've just hit it," retorted the other, "it was for being too charitable—I gave an ould miser a rope to hang himself."

"Was that all?" said the guard, in a tone of banter, "I thought you had collected the cash for some asylum, and kept it with a 'charity begins at home.'"

"Aisey—aisey, you sowl," growled the old woman, "I never was a chate but onest, and then I gloried in it, though it cost me a six months' lodging in Dublin univarsity."

"Where, I take it, you have had many a six months," said the man, "or else they have stolen your character. But what was it for?"

The old wretch primmed up her mouth, and, with a knowing look, answered, "Well, then, my darlin, it was for picklin sprats in my pocket, and selling 'em at the barracks for anchovies, shure," and she walked off to vent her spite upon some one else.

"Hang the sputtering old fiend," said the second

mate, "let us think no more of her. But, Susan, my dear girl, do not give way to sorrow—we are now upon the blue waters together, and months will pass away before we press the sod again. Now, Susan, you will have to make choice of a companion—for if you do not select a friend your life will be rendered miserable by continual persecution—the captain has already set his eyes upon you, and so has the doctor—you will, therefore, have no alternative but to share the favours of one of them, with other women in the ship, unless you will accept of me; and I pledge you my honour, by all that is dear and sacred under heaven, I will leave you to your own free-will—I swore to your mother, after you left her on the shore, to befriend you; and, by God's help, and your own consent, so I will—I have heard something of your story——"

"I am innocent—indeed I am," sobbed the poor girl; "oh! it is horrible to be punished thus for being innocent."

"Rather it would be worse for being guilty," returned the young man. "Whether innocent or not will avail you nothing; you are here a convict—I do not speak it reproachfully, Susan—for the sake of your mother I warn you," and his voice

became tremulous—"you will soon have to decide."

"Mr. Woolmer," shouted the captain, who had probably witnessed the manner in which his officer was employed, though ignorant of what was passing, "where is the second mate?"

"An its here he is, captain, dare," screamed the old woman; "faith, an he's taching the young cratur thing to say her prayers, may be—eh, Susan, darlin."

"Aye—aye, Sir," responded the second mate to his commander's hail; and, pushing aside the tormentor with, "out o' that, Mother D——ble," he sent the old girl sprawling on the deck.

From that hour Susan became the victim of persecution—the captain employed her about his cabin and endeavoured to force her to his wishes—the doctor treated her more condescendingly, but not with less persuasion; whilst the second mate kept aloof, and only gave her occasional glances, the meaning of which, however, she well understood—the chief mate was an elderly man, caring for nothing but the safety of the ship and a stiff glass of grog.

Delaney and the second mate had held frequent conversations together—and the very handsome ap-

pearance, as well as gentlemanly demeanour, of the convict, won upon the esteem of all. The women styled him "the priest," for whilst he was always ready to perform any manly act of kindness he never descended to familiarity, but kept every one at a respectful distance—even the old woman was awed before him. The seamen selected their ladies, and ultimately, Susan decided for the cabin of the second mate, to the great irritation of the captain, who muttered threats against the subordinate, for the preference which the girl had shown him.

Captain Benson was of an imperious disposition, though a very indolent man—he seldom deigned to hold conversation with any of his officers, and as the chief mate was extremely attentive to his duty, the commander seldom interfered. His cabin was like a seraglio, and the quarrels which arose served rather to amuse than to disturb him—he sat in judgment upon every case, and as his decisions were more the result of caprice or favour than the dictates of equity, he seldom gave satisfaction to any party, so that before long all despised because they feared him. The doctor loved quiet, and therefore contented himself with one—at least, one at the time;

and, young and old, there were no less than one hundred and thirteen women on board.

It may very naturally be supposed that such a strange combination of characters as were here to be met with required rigid discipline to keep them in any thing like order, but, unfortunately, beyond classing them in messes of twelve each, with a superintendent, (called by the seamen "the white serjeant,") selected from amongst those who were most quietly disposed, over every mess, very little that could be styled regularity existed; and, perhaps, in no instance, either before or since, has a ship been sent out of the country with convicts under similar circumstances.

Benson was extremely strict in punishing, but his severity defeated his purpose, for the officers screened the bad conduct of the women through humanity, and, consequently, only those acts were punished which were forced upon his notice by the women themselves. There was considerable difficulty, too, as to the mode of punishment, for unless it was by stripes, or stopping the allowance of provisions, the unhappy creatures but too often set every one at defiance; and none was more hardened or determined than the old woman before-mentioned, who

was known, generally, by the name of Old Molly. Stripes she cared nothing for—if her allowance was stopped she mostly contrived to purloin from others so as to satisfy her wants—if they tied her wrists to the shrouds above her head she would stand and halloo and dance till every rag dropped from her back, and left her in a state of nudity—to gag her was a perilous attempt to whoever engaged in it, as she invariably left the marks of a good set of teeth in their flesh—the fir collar (a huge piece of wood, with a hole in it for the neck, that opened by means of slides, and then closed together so as to rest upon the culprit's shoulder) was abandoned, as she had contrived to perpetrate divers acts of mischief, by striking against others; and once even the captain himself received a severe contusion on the head by Old Molly running against him. There was only one coercive measure that she was afraid of, and that was called "*the casket.*" An empty flour cask had one of its heads taken out and a circular hole cut in the centre of the other, sufficiently large to shove the skull of the offender through it. A hole was likewise made on two opposite sides for the arms to be extended, and of course the unfortunate who was thus confined could neither sit nor

lay down, and any violence of gesture or action placed them in jeopardy of a dislocated neck. This was Molly's terror, for she had actually been one whole night in it during a heavy fall of rain, and she never forgot the cascading she endured.

The soldiers (under a veteran lieutenant, who had seen sixty winters pass over his head,) employed to guard this *Hesperian fruit*, formed a detachment from one of the most sober, staid, and sedate of the Scotch regiments in the service; and much were they shocked at the depravity they were compelled to hear and to witness; but the frequency of the thing deadened the feeling of its immorality—the young men were the first to be lured into temptation, and though the seniors at first rebuked the juniors, yet as they found the inutility of endeavouring to stop them—like the drunken man who could not raise his friend out of the gutter, and therefore laid down by his side for companionship—so in the course of a short time the elders must "needs gang the same gait;" whilst to add to their unfortunate defalcation, they had more than one amongst them who could press the bag-pipes, till the chanters discoursed most eloquent music, and shut up as it were in close confinement with, comparatively

speaking, nothing but the women to occupy their attention, it is not to be wondered at that they fell. Dr. Watt says,

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

And the soldiers were idlers in every sense of the term, whether used as the opposite to industry, or applied nautically; and they proved that the worthy divine was correct. Then there were reels and strathspeys of the devil's own invention—the Macpherson lilt, the highland fling,—till dancing became the order of the day or rather of the evening —the doctor insisted that it promoted health; and of course physical exercise saved his medicine chest. The captain was at first averse to it, but he gradually grew into the humour, and as by occasional deprivation he could frame a new punishment, so he yielded consent, and sometimes even condescended to join the convivial party.

Murtoch Delaney was never known to enter into the amusements of the rest—in fact, he was scarcely ever seen to smile; a deep and intense feeling seemed to absorb all his faculties, and he would sit for hours entirely alone, gazing at the horizon, or looking down into the clear blue sea—"pale melan-

choly marked him for her own." The surgeon had, on more than one occasion, shown him kindness and lent him books; the mate had also been favourably inclined, but the captain appeared to take pleasure in insulting the misfortunes of this unhappy man, and therefore the mate cautiously abstained from any open manifestations of goodwill, though, when he could do it secretly, he was always ready to offer commiseration, and soothe his afflicted mind. Benson had in fact, solely because Delaney possessed the manners of a gentleman, ordered that he should perform many menial and degrading offices, asserting that it would be the means of bringing his hand into practice before he reached the colony; and Murtoch obeyed without a murmur, though it excited indignation amongst his companions, that he should be compelled to submit to such degradation, whilst it produced a deeper feeling of respect for him, because the treatment was unmerited, and Old Molly's regard, if it could be so styled, bordered upon absolute reverence.

Time and the vessel both progressed, and they were approaching Cape de Verd Islands, when they experienced very severe weather, and were in peril

of being wrecked on the dangerous rocks, which have been fatal to many a brave craft; but happily they got into Port Praya, where they recruited their stock and repaired damages.

After the lapse of three days, they again sailed, and without meeting with any material occurrence, they made Cape Frio, on the coast of Brazil; and the next morning the Juliana carried the sea breeze into Rio Janeiro, and anchored abreast the city of San Sebastian, in one of the finest ports in the world. Here a fresh supply of water was obtained, and permission was granted for the women to land on the island of Cobras, to wash their clothes; and here it was that, unrestrained by the watchful eye of the commander, or the discernment of the surgeon, many of the seamen, together with the second mate, had unimpeded intercourse with the convicts. It was a pleasant spot they had selected, and though a chain of centinels was posted to keep them within certain limits, yet there was ample space for their labour; and whilst some were employed in the tents at the tubs, others busied themselves in spreading out to dry; and those few who could afford to pay for exemption, exercised themselves on the shore or conversed with the people.

Amongst these latter Susan had been included through the intervention of Woolmer, (who had charge of the whole party,) and they stood together on a projecting part of the island, looking at the beautiful shore on the opposite side, which some years afterwards became the property of Sir Sidney Smith. The variegated foliage on the hills—the white buildings interspersed amongst the trees, and the numerous islets adjacent, looking like purple nautiluses, bathing themselves in the blue waters and redolent of sun light, showed like fairy land to the anxious gazers.

"I have kept my word with you, Susan," said the second mate; "the promise I made your mother has been redeemed, and though Captain Benson claps the duty on me thick and dry, yet, dearest, I would bear ten times more for your sake, now that I so truly love you."

"You believe me innocent, James, and indeed I am so," returned the girl, "yet what should I now have been but for you? Yes, you have indeed been my friend: and oh! could I but once more be free, I would be your slave, or do any thing to testify my gratitude. But we must part, James—we must part, and then what will become of me?"

The young man looked upon her with a strong manifestation of tenderness, whilst it was evident a powerful struggle was shaking his mind. At length he uttered—"We will not part, Susan; I have debated the matter with myself, and what is country, and what is home to me, if you are not to share them? Had you been the guilty thing they would have made of you, still I would not leave you; but believing as I do, that you have been convicted and sentenced wrongfully—no Susan, no! we must live or die together!"

"You'll do it, then," said the old woman, who had hobbled up at the moment, and overheard the latter part of the exclamation; "faith an there's more lads than your ownself as has the same thoughts, my darlin, but how will ye get away?—there's the red coats around yez, and the blue wathers at yer feet; ye cannot swim to those free spots, purty as they look in the bright shine of the day. Purty? och hone! an what are they to the green hills and the shady valleys of the place we shall niver behold again? Yet betther follow Murtoch's advice, ye cannot escape alone:" and the old woman again returned to the tent.

"She is right, Susan, I feel that she is right in

what she says," urged Woolmer; "but could I see the faintest prospect of accomplishing your rescue without proceeding to extremities—if we could desert together? what then? we should be amongst strangers, of whose language we know nothing, and without money and without friends—pshaw! this is cowardly: I will risk all for your sake, Susan, for you are now the whole world to me."

"But is there not great danger in what Delaney proposes?" inquired Susan, as she looked anxiously in the face of her lover; "I mean danger to you, James."

"And are we not always in danger, love?" responded the second mate, as he smiled confidingly upon his companion; "yes, there certainly is hazard, for the Scotchmen are determined fellows, and will not be seduced from what they conceive to be their duty. But Delaney has brought the women to his views; the seamen have become attached to their girls, and a woman's tongue, Susan, can do any thing with poor Jack, as it formerly did with Adam!"

"Be sarious, James, achree!" said the young female, as the tears stood gathering in her eyes,

"how do you think that I will suffer you to sacrifice kith and kin for me? become an outlawed man, and never see your counthry again? No, James, no!"

"This is downright perverseness, Susan," returned Woolmer, somewhat pettishly, for he was offended at the decided tone she assumed: "just now, you were bemoaning your fate, under the prospect of being left destitute and alone at Botany Bay, and now I tell you there is every chance of obtaining your freedom, you meet my information with worse than cold indifference."

"Oh! do not be angry or cross with me, James," implored the weeping girl; "I have no friend left to me but you, and indeed, indeed, it will break my heart if you are offended and desert me."

"I will *not* desert you, Susan," returned the softened young man; "but you must at once make up your mind to be guided by my counsel. If my plans succeed, we may yet be superlatively happy together."

She smiled through her tears, as the thoughts of freedom and comfort and happiness crossed her mind, but her brow grew heavier and darker as apprehensions of failure invaded the pleasant pros-

pect she had hastily formed. "And what if you should not succeed, James?" said she.

The young man looked upon her with calm firmness, as he answered, "It would be death, Susan—ay, death! But I will brave it all, dearest, for your sake, only bear in memory the peril, and let it nerve you to stronger determination."

"I *will* remember, James, and trust to you for guidance," exclaimed Susan; "oh! that my poor mother could hear thus far of my welfare—but see, James, there is a boat coming yonder, is it not one of the Juliana's?"

"It is," responded Woolmer; "away to the tent, Susan, and busy yourself amongst the women; Captain Benson is in the boat, he must not see us together on shore."

But he *had* seen them; for though they separated immediately, yet the quick eye of Benson detected who the parties were, and as soon as he landed he reproved his officer for what he alleged was a neglect of duty, idling his time with a favourite, instead of attending to the activity and promptitude of all. Woolmer bowed, but made no reply, and the captain walked up to the tent, muttering threats against the second mate.

The convicts had been classed, each twenty having a female placed over them as superintendent; and Benson, after addressing the superintendents, and urging them to greater expedition as the wind was fair, suddenly ordered Woolmer to return on board in the jolly-boat, and send her back again to the island.

Surprised, and rather suspicious, at this unnecessary command, yet the young man had no alternative but to obey. He gave Susan a look full of meaning; and as he prepared to depart, the old woman, Molly, ran to him exclaiming, "Arrah, jewel dare, jist send me a bit o'soap in the boat to finish your shirts!" and then added, in a whisper, "rest aisey you sowl, faix an I'll take care as no harem comes to them as loves you."

More assured, Woolmer shoved off in the jolly-boat; and as soon as she had got alongside, Captain Benson called Susan to him away from the tent. The poor girl at first hesitated, but at length went. "I little thought, young woman," said Benson, rather sternly, "that you would have rejected my candid offers, and taken up with so inferior a personage in the ship, when its commander ten-

dered you his devoted regard. I have much in my power, Susan; my report, on our arrival at Port Jackson, will have great weight with the governor. What I *must* say of you remains at your own disposal. However, we cannot very well converse upon this subject here, will you go with me in my boat across to yon beautiful island, there we can talk more at our ease and fear no interruption."

"An wont you take me wid you, captain dare," said Old Molly, who had stole upon him unperceived: "gramachree an is it only the darlin o' the world here that you'd be putting your commether on, and her frind away?"

"Be off out o' that, you miserable old hag," exclaimed the captain angrily; "how dare you come prying and listening to my conversation?"

"Deed and deed then, captain dare, it was quite by accident and missellaneous that I comed nare you," said Old Molly, deprecatingly; "it was ounly to ax you to lend me the loan o' yer boat to go to the grand town for a taste o' whiskey, cushlamachree, but its the crame o' the world to an Irish tooth."

"Go to the tent and get on with your washing,"

said Benson, peremptorily; "if you are not very soon ready, you shall take your things on board half washed."

"Oh! niver fear, captain darlin," persisted the old woman, "shure an its plenty o' time you'll give us, if you and Susan go over ayont to the beautiful bright shore with its green and gould."

"But I am not going, Molly," uttered Susan, in a determined manner, and turning to walk away.

"Avast, young woman," vociferated Benson, his vexation stirring up his passion against his better and more prudent judgment; "avast, I say," and he grasped her arm with violence; "you and your paramour think to outbrave me, but I insist on your accompanying me."

"An that's a new way o' making love," said Old Molly, laughing; "shure an you must go, Susan, now he storms at yez;" and she struck up a song—

"Oh! the captain is a gallant blade,
A gallant blade is he;
No man like him could court a maid,
From Cork to Donaghadee."

"Captain Benson," said Susan, firmly, and trying to disengage herself, "neither your threats nor your promises of regard have any influence over

me. I am a poor unhappy convict it is true—may God befriend me; but you have no lawful right to exercise an unjust control over me—I will not go."

"By Heaven, but you shall," ejaculated Benson, dragging the terrified Susan by the arm towards the boat; "I will not be dared and taunted thus for nothing—you shall go, if it's only to shew that I have the authority and power to compel you."

"Och! and yer jist right, captain, a cushla," said Old Molly, "faix an we'll all go," she shouted as loud as her shrill voice would permit; "arrah ye sowls there in the canvas house, turn out—here's the captain, long life to him, is going to trate us all with a ride and lashings o'whisky."

In a few minutes the tent was empty; the women came running down towards the captain, who found himself under the necessity of relinquishing his prize, and in his rage he struck Old Molly a blow that felled her to the earth. "May your mother die childless, ye barbarian," said the poor creature, as she raised her bleeding head from the ground; "an may she never know where to find the sod that covers her son," added she; and again sang, though the tones were more like those of bewailing than merriment—

"Oh! the captain's ship has left the land,
To sail across the wave;
An his bones shall bleach on a furen strand,
An never have a grave."

The clamour of the women at the unmanly attack they had witnessed, rose loud and high,—the sergeant of the guard came hastily to the spot with his men, but nothing could appease the anger of the enraged furies, who vociferated against the brutality of Benson. Had they been on board the case would have been different; for several times during the voyage had corporal punishment been inflicted for misdemeanors, but the vengeance on Old Molly seemed to be so totally unprovoked, and with their feet on the firm ground, they almost fancied themselves free. The noise brought the Portuguese guard-boat, with about twenty men, whose gabbling rivalled that of the women;—they wanted to land too, but this the Scotchmen were resolutely bent to prevent, and there was as pretty a piece of mischief brewing, as old Satan himself could wish for.

The Portuguese boat shoved close into the shore, and one of the men shouted out in an uncouth tongue, which produced an almost electric effect upon several of the women, who rushed down

to the water's edge, and precipitated themselves amongst the Portuguese, talking their wild Iris language, and hailing the crew as "counthrymen."

The guard boarded the boat to get back the women, but others pressed upon them in spite of the ugly knocks they received, and an indescribable scene of confusion ensued, rendering it utterly impossible for any one to hear or understand the orders that Benson and the sergeant were giving. The gallantry of the Portuguese led them to defend the *ladies*—the Highlanders very unceremoniously attacked both male and female: the *rencontre* brought other Portuguese boats to the scene of action; bayonets and knives were wielded in the affray, and Benson received a rather severe stab in the back, which was evidently meant for a death blow, but failed in its object by his suddenly changing his position.

Blood was profusely flowing—the women fought with desperate fury without caring as to which side they had for opponents, so that it was but a general row; and it was not till the first lieutenant of an English man-of-war brig then lying in the harbour, hastened with his armed boats to the island, that the tumult was quelled, and the convicts sent

without loss of time to the Juliana: there being, however, on mustering, no less than three of their number missing, supposed to have surmounted the rocky eminence that arose in the centre of the island, and then crossed over the narrow channel to the city, by the aid of canoes—at all events they were *non est inventus.*

There was no more washing done on shore; and a few days afterwards, notwithstanding the vigilance that was used, three of the men deserted, so that they were compelled to get three Portuguese to supply their places;—it was conjectured that they had followed the women; but though the captain of the man-of-war brig used every effort to discover them, they were too securely concealed to fear detection—a real British seaman was at that time worth his weight in gold.

The wound of Captain Benson, though not dangerous, was nevertheless extremely troublesome, and the doctor assured him, that unless he remained perfectly quiet he would not answer for the consequences; so that to the joy of the women he was closely confined to his cabin. The second mate had received a long and insulting lecture, and Benson was foolish enough to inform him, that if

the men had not run away so as to reduce the strength of the crew, it was his intention to have sent him on board the sloop of war; all this was endured with ill suppressed impatience, and treasured in memory.

At length the watering was completed, and the Juliana with her living freight of sin again stood out to sea. But who that saw those white sails glistening in the sun, and filled with the breath of heaven; who that beheld the handsome vessel with her colours flying as she passed the fort of Santa Cruz, would have deemed that she held so many aching hearts within.

Yet onward went the gallant bark; the Sugarloaf was left astern, Morris's Islands were rounded, and away she danced over the blue waters, as if glad to be once more upon the wide ocean. But the captain's confinement relaxed the necessary restraints that discipline imposes; the chief mate was too quiet and easy to keep the men under a proper subjection, and though the soldiers were vigilant, yet intoxication and consequent disturbance became very prevalent. A great quantity of ardent spirits had been smuggled aboard — the aquadiente of Rio Janeiro, as pernicious and mad-

dening a liquor as ever destroyed human life, or debased human intellect. In the vice of excessive drinking, the Highlanders themselves were not backward, and it frequently happened that more than one or two were overcome by the deep potations they had swallowed of this liquid fire. As for Old Molly, she was seldom sober, though it could never be correctly ascertained from whence she got the stuff, and Shamus took "the laste taste in life, jist to keep breath in him."

Murtoch Delaney alone remained under perfect command of himself. "An why would you dthrink to your own desthruction, Shamus," said he to his fellow-convict, as together they leaned over the bows, looking at the island of St. Catherine as it rose upon their sight; "when you quitted the owld roof tree, and bade farewell to the woman that is the mother of your childer, and to them same darlins which she brought forth to the world—the scalding dthrops fell like molten lead from your eyes, and when the beautiful blue land of Erin faded away like a dthream of the night, the heart of you was ready to burst with 'och hone!—och hone! an ye are lost to me for iver.' But now there is a hope for you of escaping the horrible place of

earthly torment, and, if you're wise and honest, of again having the wife and childer round you. 'No,' says you, 'it was like killing the sowl of me to part, but though I have a chance to meet you all again, yet I'll murther both sowl and body with the bastely dthrink.'"

"Oh! then it's yourself, Murtoch, as has the way wid yer, any how," answered Shamus, "shure an the praste in his vestments couldn't howld a candle to you. Any one may see yer a born gentleman, and makes meself no better than a baste forenent you in regard o' the murthering cratur—bad luck to it."

"Blame yourself and not the liquor, Shamus," returned Murtoch, "it's well you know the liquor would not come to you if you did not go to that—you may as well blame Botany Bay for our being thransported."

"Still, Murtoch, it's all fair to curse the cause of your throuble; an shure the poteen has been the cause of throuble to me," responded the other.

"How aisily a man deludes himself as to causes," argued Murtoch, "we'd rather lay the fault upon any other thing than ourselves. Shamus, if you expect us to succeed in the affair we've talked of, you must keep sober; you must indeed."

" Well, then, by the sowl o' me, Murtoch, an' I will, out and out after this blessed day," asseverated his companion ; " shure an I'd be a brute baste an I didn't."

" But you make a reservation, my friend," said Murtoch, " you say *after this day*, so I fear you mean to indulge yourself in intoxication once more."

" No, by this and by that I don't, ownly barring the dhrop that's left in the bottle," responded the other ; " faix an there's not a taste left more than 'ud wet the eye of a mole."

Murtoch shook his head and smiled, " I thought so," said he ; " well, off with you and swallow it at once. Remember the sacred promise you have made, and be ready ever after, for you don't know when you may be called upon."

" By me conscience an I will," asserted the man as he turned to depart, " an bad luck to the dthrunk I'll be again after this blessed day of all others," he walked off, and winking his eye to himself muttered in an under tone, " good cause why, faix an the bottle 'ull be empty."

" There goes a specimen of my poor counthrymen all over," thought Murtoch, as he gazed with a moistened eye after his companion in misfortune, " no care, no discretion, beyond the existing mo-

ment; they have no future tenses in their moods, and become the prey of harpies who batten on their credulity. Oh, Ireland, Ireland! why do your hard-hearted rulers degrade your brave sons, and debase your lovely daughters? — Solely because whilst kept ignorant and besotted they more aisily enslave your minds, so as to govern you with a rod of iron. Oh, my counthry! my very heart bleeds for your wrongs, and the wrongs of your childther, dthriven to desperation in defence of their religion and their homes, and then torn by the cruel fangs of what is called the law, from all they love for ever." —He paused, resumed his position, leaning over the bows, and pressing the palms of his hand upon his forehead, looked apparently on vacancy. But the chord had been touched that thrilled upon his soul, and its vibrations increased as the breath of memory swept over the harp of thought. "Oh, Ellen, Ellen!" he mentally ejaculated, "the love of liberty is strong within me—yes, of that liberty which my Maker gave, and my fellow-man has deprived me of! Oh it struggles in my breast—it nerves—it fills me out! Ellen, I must—I will be free for the sake of those destitute orphans you have left behind. Blessed spirit, thy consoling and

confirming influences are now stealing over my mind, like the sun-light on a hill that has been shaded by clouds:" he started from his position, raised his hands imploringly to Heaven, and then clenching them together audibly exclaimed, "I *must*—I WILL be free!"

"I think you are rather too free with your tongue already," said Woolmer, who stood before him, and spoke in an under-tone. "These bursts of passion, accompanied by such a wildness of look, will tend to excite suspicion, if they do not wholly betray you. Come, come, you must not indulge in them"

"It was perfectly involuntary on my part," said Delaney, called to a sense of his error; "I was unconscious that I spoke out; but there is an ever-stirring energy in my breast that will not slumber! and the nearer the time approaches—"

"Avast, avast!" urged the second mate, as he looked stealthily around him, "we are narrowly watched—Captain Benson has employed spies; henceforth we must scarcely know each other."

"There you will be wrong," remonstrated Murtoch, "for a change of conduct is more likely to excite suspicion. Caution is all that is requisite—but how long will it yet be?"

"If the breeze holds, it will be only a few days at the most," answered Woolmer, "but Susan will inform you of every thing; only tell me, are you still determined?"

"Ay, by Heaven, am I!" fervently ejaculated the other, his whole countenance lighted up by pleasure; "do you attend to your portion of our engagement, you shall find no flinching from me and those who share my confidence; we are all prepared, and shall be ready at a moment's warning."

"Very good," returned Woolmer; "Susan is coming up; she has something to communicate to you; henceforward she must be the channel for future correspondence. Command your feelings better than you have done, and keep a bright look out to windard."

The second mate walked away as the boatswain came up. "A bright look out to windard, eh?" said he, "and where's the use on it, with so many female women aboard. Let the weather be ever so fair, we're sure to have a squall."

"An it's a thousand pities ye ever had a mother," responded Old Molly, as she approached towards him; "shure an it's yourself as hates the women heartily."

" I don't hate the women, owld Bellzebub," exclaimed the boatswain, " they are all very shipshape and proper in their right places, Lord love 'em ! but a woman on salt water is like—"

" A boasun in a parish church," interrupted Woolmer, laughing, " confoundedly puzzled to discover what service he's on. Now, for my part, I'm pleased to see them—that's the women, anywhere and every where."

Susan made her appearance on the forecastle, and Murtoch, quitting the second mate, pointed out the pretty island as it seemed to lay slumbering on the bosom of the ocean. " It is the land of promise, Susan," said he, with strong feeling, " the bright sunny spot that marshals us to liberty. Yes, Susan, I shall see my native land again, though there will be no smile to beam upon my return—no friendly hand stretched out to welcome me back —no voice of affection to breathe even my name !" He ceased for a moment and then continued, " are the girls to be relied upon ? Will they act firmly, and for Peggy, will she not bethray us ?"

" No, no, no, Misther Delaney," answered Susan, " they are as staunch as rocks, and long for the time to come; especially those who are going for

life. Do not fear for them, they know their doom should the opportunity be lost, and if once free! though they may niver revisit their own home-shores, yet the world will be before them, to range as freely as the air."

"And the short terms, Susan," inquired Murtoch, "what of them, are they to be confided in? Will they not prefer servitude with the prospect of return at the expiration of the time?"

"There's not been many of them trusted," answered the young female, "not one more than was prudent. But balance present liberty again seven years' slavery yet to come, and you scarce need ask the question."

"My brave girl—may Heaven protect you, let you be where you will—and may your lover ever prove kind and faithful."

"He is to be my husband, Misther Delaney," uttered Susan, with evident gratification, "he has promised, and I know—I am sure he will not deceive me; remember the word is"—

"FREEDOM!" whispered Delaney, "it is stamped on the inmost core of my heart, Susan," his look was bold and firm as she left him; "Ay, FREEDOM OR DEATH!"

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, Heaven! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors." HENRY IV.

THE third day after that on which the conversation, as recorded in the concluding part of last chapter, took place was Christmas-day; and as the breeze was steady, the water smooth, and the evening beautifully fine, the pipers plied their chanters, and the merry dance went on fore-and-aft the decks, as if there had been neither pain, nor grief, nor guilt, in the whole world, much less within the circumscribed limits of that lone atom that floated upon the waters.

The great cabin was deserted by its usual tenantry, and no one remained except Captain Benson, who was still confined, with the comfortable assurance of the surgeon that from the inflamed and festering nature of his wound, there was great danger of mortification, unless he preserved as perfect a tranquillity as possible; in fact, he strongly sus-

pected that the weapon which had entered his body had been previously steeped in some deleterious liquid—at all events, he suffered at times the most excruciating pain, which was not allayed or diminished by the extreme nervous irritability of the man.

There he reclined upon his sofa, alone, and rendered more impatient at the restraint imposed upon him by hearing the sounds of merriment above his head; his Dulcinea had left him, to foot it away with his good-looking steward—the bell had been rung several times, but had been disregarded, and he laid, venting imprecations against the women, the Portuguese, the doctor, in fact every thing, and every body, but himself.

It was just as a sharp twinge from the lacerated part had produced a cry of impatience that Old Molly, apparently about three-parts intoxicated, intruded herself upon his unprotected presence. Where she had emerged from was rather a mystery, but as she was not heard to descend the ladder, there was reason to believe she had been visiting the berth-places of the soldiers, through a door of communication between the decks, that according to orders was never to be left unguarded; the idea struck Benson, that in the passing hilarity of the

moment discipline had become unnaturally relaxed, and that some mischief was in contemplation.

"What brought *you* here?" exclaimed he with vehemence, as the grinning old woman stood curtseying with mock gravity.

"Oh then, captain dare," answered she, "it's meself as you sthruck down on the hard rock, bad luck to it, as is come to visit you in your throuble, achree!"

The exasperated captain, smarting with the pain caused by his own intemperate violence, uttered a full-mouthed oath, and then shouted, "Out of my sight, you drunken old hag—away with you, you filthy wretch, or by Heaven I'll not only strike you down, but do for you altogether."

"Arrah nabocklish, captain dare," returned the crone; "by Heaven but you'll do no such thing, me darlin. It's jist a taste o' rum you'll be giving me," and she walked to the side-board and grasped a decanter; "it ull be dthuc and dthurroc be tuneus." She helped herself to a full glass and drank it off.

"Quit the cabin, you detestable devil, do," roared the captain, tugging at the bell. "Holloa—where are you all? Steward, Mr. Brailup, doctor," and he rose from the sofa, almost maddened with agony.

"A pretty rookawn yere making, captain," said Molly; "shure an they're all too bissy wid their feet for any sound to get to their heads, barring its the pipes; rest aisey then, alanna, and don't fret your heart on my account."

But Molly was mistaken, for both the chief mate and the steward made their appearance. The festivities were ordered to cease, and Old Molly to undergo the torture of the flour-cask. The music was stopped, the dancers—(and not a few of them were *reelers*)—openly muttered their dissatisfaction, but applied themselves more diligently to the aquadiente; nor were the soldiers, though generally the most obedient men in the world, backward in expressing their discontent with the order, whilst they quaffed the maddening liquor to an unusual excess. Nor was there plenty of it wanting, as Woolmer readily supplied it, from what he called "his own sea store.'

But the cessation of dancing was in a great measure atoned for by the amusement which Old Molly afforded, though it was not unmingled with indignant excitement, as she cut all manner of grotesque capers in her wooden chemise. This, however, did not continue long, for the poor unhappy creature fell, and was so severely injured, that her

hours seemed to be numbered; and the chief mate having applied to the captain to release her, was positively refused, Benson declaring with many oaths, that "she might die and be ——."

The women had surrounded their companion, and endeavoured to offer those little kindnesses and attentions which are always grateful to the heart, for, notwithstanding the peculiarities of Old Molly, and her inveterate tongue, she was looked upon and patronised with something of the same feeling that people generally accord to the diverting tricks of a mischievous monkey; and when they heard that she was not to be let out of the cask, clamour and threats ran to a great height. The wretched creature was bleeding and nearly insensible; the doctor had swallowed too much wine, and had gone to his cot, from which he would not turn out, and it was evident that she could not long survive, under existing circumstances.

"Does Captain Benson refuse to let the poor old woman at liberty, Mr. Brailup?" said Murtoch, addressing the chief mate.

"He does, my man," returned the other quietly, "and you know it would be sheer mutiny to disobey orders."

"Humanity—the commonest feeling of huma-

nity—would excuse you here, sir," responded Delaney, "the poor old creature will perish, and however the matter may be hushed up in this world—the eye of God will witness it as a murder."

"You are too forward and bold, Delaney," said the chief mate; "but the sun is on the horizon—down with you all to your berths—sergeant, send the prisoners below."

"Nay, then," exclaimed Murtoch forcibly; "the sun shall not set upon so horrible a deed, and whatever may be the result, I will prevent it;" he whistled shrilly, and the summons was instantly responded to; "women," he shouted, "go to the captain, and intercede for one of your own sex."

At this moment Benson himself appeared upon the quarter deck with a pistol in each hand, and met the women, who were crowding aft; whilst Murtoch with a hammer drove off the hoops of the cask, and released Old Molly from her confinement. He then confided her to the care of Susan, and stood with folded arms, awaiting what would next occur.

"Call out the guard," shouted the captain—"down with you—down to your berths every one, or I'll send some of you to perdition. Mr. Brailup, Mr. Woolmer, come aft here, and stand by your

commander. Steward, call the officer of the guard. Turn out soldiers — there is mutiny amongst us."

The chief mate took his station by the side of Benson, but no one else manifested a disposition to succour him. The soldiers, it is true, under their veteran lieutenant, drew up in line of battle abaft, but to the great surprise of the captain, without either musket or bayonet, whilst the ship's company, almost to a man, stood forward on the forecastle.

"What—what is all this?" enquired Benson, "where are your arms, Mr. Ferguson? Do you mock me?"

"Our arms are jist where nature placed them, upon our bodies, Captain Benson," returned the lieutenant; "but as for the firelocks and bayonets, they have absconded from their places."

Murtoch Delaney walked steadily, and with stateliness to the spot, where the commander was supporting his trembling frame. "Captain Benson," said he proudly and firmly; "your control is at an end—the ship is now in my possession—your men have mutinied, and I am master here."

"Villain!" wildly uttered the person addressed, "audacious, abandoned villain," and raising one of

his pistols, he snapped the trigger—there was a mere flash in the pan, but no discharge.

Delaney stood unmoved, and a smile of contempt passed over his fine features. "Thry the other, captain," said he, "you'll find it go off just as well;" he gave another shrill whistle, and the whole of the mutineers came aft. "This man will not believe that his command has terminated," observed he, addressing them—"cannot you convince him? but do it with respect."

A loud cheer was the response, in which the women heartily joined, and Benson found himself wholly deserted, even by the females he had treated with kindness. They were also about to become clamorous, and more than two or three voices were raised in threats and imprecations, when a stern "Silence!" from Delaney quelled the tumult: "we have not all assembled," continued the convict, and again he whistled, at the very moment that the soldiers, without any offensive weapons, rushed upon the seamen, and a battle-royal with fists ensued, in which the women bore a very prominent part.

Benson, agonized as he was, tried his other pistol, which was equally unfaithful; then grasp-

ing it by the muzzle, he plunged into the very thick of the *mélée*, levelling all who opposed him. Nor was Murtoch idle, as he shouted "Freedom or death!" and snatching up a hatch-bar, dealt his blows with vigour on the soldiers. Again his shrill whistle sounded, as the seamen appeared to be somewhat worsted, and the men convicts came pouring up the fore-scuttle, every one armed with a musket and bayonet. Murtoch placed himself at their head, and both the seamen and the women sought for shelter in their rear.

"Mr. Ferguson!" shouted Delaney to the soldier-officer, "I call upon you and your brave fellows to surrender. You must perceive the utter inutility of resistance; nor will I answer for restraining my men, should you persist in a useless attack. Raise Captain Benson, some of you;" for he had fallen prostrate, face downwards, on the deck.

The lieutenant looked sullenly at the speaker, and then doggedly at his men, as he became convinced that their firelocks were in possession of the enemy, and they stood no chance of success in a renewed encounter. Still the spirit of the Highlander was aroused in him; he scorned to yield or withdraw his men, and was about again to com-

mand an advance, when the seamen, having collected whatever missiles they could lay their hands on, presented themselves on the quarter-deck, having got aft under cover of the booms and boats. At first, the lieutenant indulged a hope that the tars would close with the soldiers, and thus enable him to rush on the convicts, who would forbear firing lest they should injure their friends; but Woolmer, who headed the party, was too wary to commit himself, and after a second and third summons, the soldiers were ordered below, whilst their officer kept the deck, defying the rebels to their teeth.

But the point at which they aimed was fully gained; the ship was in possession of the convicts; and Murtoch, raising the still prostrate body of Captain Benson, found he was a corpse. At what period, or from what particular cause he had expired, was unknown, as, except his old wound, he had neither bruise nor scar; his lifeless form was conveyed to the cabin, and a few minutes afterwards was followed by that of poor Old Molly, who had probably yielded up her breath about the same moment of time.

Nothing could exceed the gratification of the women, as the prospect of freedom opened before

them, especially those to whom it came wholly unexpected. At first, however, stimulated by liquor, their actions were of a rather outrageous nature; and it was not till Murtoch assumed a supreme authority over the male convicts and Woolmer over the seamen, that any thing like order was restored. But the task was extremely difficult —both men and women had resigned themselves to lawless feelings; and now the mutineers had achieved success, they looked back, and found there was no possibility of receding; they looked forward, and saw that their future safety must principally depend upon themselves.

But it was with the women that Delaney succeeded best; he selected the most sober and best behaved amongst them, and earnestly endeavoured to impress upon their minds the danger which threatened the men to whom they had attached themselves if they persisted in the line of conduct they were pursuing. The safety of the ship—of every soul on board—depended upon their orderly behaviour and watchfulness; and even their liberty —that to which they looked forward with so much delight—rested on watchfulness and union amongst themselves; for the soldiers, though unarmed,

would act in concert, and would be prompt to take advantage of any and every opportunity afforded them to recover possession of the vessel, in which case, not only would their punishments be severe, but numbers must expect to end their lives upon the gibbet.

The remonstrance had a good effect; the most depraved in existence—however they may personally despise and hate those who are superior to themselves in moral character—will, nevertheless, feel overawed by the influence they are enabled to diffuse; and, in nine cases out of ten, will, perhaps reluctantly, yield to it. There is always an innate sense—a never-dying principle within—even amongst the most hardened—that assumes a power over the mind—the sovereignty of virtue over vice; and in this instance, though the females were all tainted and degraded, yet there were distinctions—the result of conduct among them—that placed some infinitely higher in esteem than others; and following Murtoch's advice, they obtained the mastery over those violent and distempered spirits which cared but little for future retribution or destruction, so that they might indulge in present intemperance.

By Woolmer's directions the course of the ship was changed more to starboard to make Cape Santa Maria, in order to run for the river Plate, and the breeze seemed to favour their intentions. It was about daybreak on the following morning, and Woolmer was walking the deck, when the surgeon made his appearance with "Good morrow, sir, the wind is freshening."

"It is," replied the second mate, somewhat austerely, "and as she is travelling at least eight knots, I hope to be snugly at anchor this evening."

"At anchor!" exclaimed the astonished surgeon, "what do you mean by being at anchor?—are we making for any port, then?"

"We are running in for the river Plate," returned Woolmer, carelessly; "I expect to make the land every minute."

"I fear I was a little overtaken last night," remarked the surgeon. "However, Christmas-day comes but once a-year, and it's a sad heart that never rejoices. My head is sadly out of order, and I have laboured under some strange and bewildering dreams; in fact, I've got the horrors upon me, and must go into the cabin for a dose, to ensure a steady hand. Is the captain asleep?"

"Yes," answered Woolmer, solemnly, "sound asleep—his bodily rest has never before been so quiet as it is now."

"I'm heartily glad of it," said the surgeon, with evident satisfaction, "that wound of his may give you a lift yet, before we get back again; I was afraid when I awoke that it might have been troublesome, and he had sent for me. Do you know whether this was the case?"

"I think I can safely say that he has never sent for you," returned the other. "Poor Old Molly Malone required your help, and you refused to turn out."

"Does the captain know it?" inquired the surgeon, with some little alarm, for he was fully sensible of the condition in which he had retired to his cot.

"Yes, I believe he was aware of it," returned Woolmer; "but you have nothing now to apprehend upon that score—it was through the captain's obstinacy, and I may add unrelenting cruelty, that she sustained her injury."

"Mr. Woolmer—Mr. Woolmer," remonstrated the surgeon, "you should not speak so disrespectfully of your commander, especially in my presence,

knowing that it would be my duty to report it to him."

"You are perfectly at liberty to do so, sir," exclaimed the second mate, with a show of indifference and independence that surprised the professional man.

"No—no, Mr. Woolmer, I will not breed mischief in the ship," responded the doctor; "but you should be guarded in what you say. However, let it rest. Is Old Molly much hurt?"

"She was," answered Woolmer, "and that, too, very seriously. If you wish to see her, and are going down into the cabin, you will find her there alongside the skipper."

"Come, now! that's a good joke," said the surgeon; "almost as good as you're telling me that we are running for the Plate. Molly and Captain Benson alongside of each other; really you are a strange man, Mr. Woolmer — a very strange man!"

"You will find it true, nevertheless," urged the other; "there's no accounting for fancy, you know."

"Nonsense — nonsense, man," exclaimed the doctor, impatiently; "you mustn't think you can

make me believe such a thing. However, I must get a nip of the dog that bit me, and will just look at the captain; he may be awake, and prompt attention so early may erase remembrance of last night's indiscretion."

Quitting the second officer, the surgeon, with a light step, descended the companion-ladder, and noiselessly entered the cabin. The light of day was just breaking in at the windows, and caused a series of vacillating shadows, in the continued motion of the ship, so as to appear to the eye of the surgeon a sort of misty vapour in restless agitation. He listened for a moment, but all was perfectly tranquil; and a shudder crept over his frame at the death-like silence. He approached the sideboard and helped himself to a dram from the same decanter that had cost poor Old Molly her existence. He then advanced to the sofa, which was nightly converted into a bed-couch for the captain to sleep upon; he softly whispered, "Are you awake, Captain Benson?" but no answer was returned. He then observed that the sheet was drawn over the head so as to impede the breathing, and, as he gently removed it back, he became aware that there were indeed two persons

beneath the covering—side by side, and in the attitude of death. "Great God!" ejaculated he, "what is this?" He raised his voice—"Captain Benson—my dear friend—speak to me." In the midst of his trepidation he loudly shouted, "Halloo! yo-hoy!" but there was no response; and, passing his hand over the face of each, he became satisfied that both had long since been dead.

A cold, sick shuddering crept over him; his faculties, for a moment, were paralyzed; he gazed intently on the bodies, without being able to move a limb, or to utter a word; and it was whilst labouring under the most disagreeable sensations that he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard a voice uttering, in sepulchral tones, "The debt of nature has been paid—the grave admits of no distinction." He turned and beheld Delaney.

"What are you doing here, my man?" said the surgeon, hastily; "how is it that you are out of confinement? The death of Captain Benson must not relax the cords of discipline."

"Nor shall it, sir, as far as I am concerned," returned Delaney. "I believe every one is disposed to be obedient, and if not, there are ways and means of making them. You, perhaps, are not

aware, sir, that the Juliana has changed masters?"

"It follows as a natural consequence," said the doctor, "the captain being deceased, the command devolves upon the chief mate."

"Oh no, no," shouted the person alluded to, from his state-room; "the men have mutinied—the convicts have the upper-hand—the soldiers are all confined below, and"—

"We're running into the River Plate," exclaimed the surgeon, calling to mind what Woolmer had said; and, taking up the clue, "I see it all now. But, Delaney, I did not expect such conduct from you. What chance can you have for escape; and what will become of you, if taken?"

"I have considered everything, sir," returned Delaney, respectfully. "To you I am indebted for many acts of kindness; but I am an injured and an innocent man—the victim of a vindictive hate. I may lose my life, but there are living those who owe their existence to me, and who are entitled to large property. The risk I run I know to be great; but still there are the calls of duty as well as of freedom, and I obey their voice."

It was, however, with great difficulty, and only by acts of rigid severity, that the turbulent were kept under anything like restraint, and the men prevented from breaking open the liquor store; nor were the women backward in manifesting a determined spirit of resistance to all control. This feeling was greatly increased when, about noon, they made the land, and that evening anchored off the island of Maldonado—all order was set at defiance—intoxication ruled the ascendant, and the infuriated beings talked of murdering the soldiers.

As soon as darkness veiled the sky, Woolmer and Delaney, unperceived by any one, lowered the jolly-boat from the davits abaft; the steward was prepared with a plentiful supply of provisions, that were handed out of the stern windows—Susan, and another female, descended the same way—the three men followed, and left the devoted vessel to her fate. No other tidings were ever heard of her than the evidence of her wreck on English Bank, above Monte Video.

The tide was running up the river when the party already named drifted clear of the ship. For a long time, in the stillness of night, they could hear the maddened shouts of wild revelry, as the

desperate beings gave way to the indulgence of the worst of human passions; and at length, when the moon rose tranquilly upon the scene, scarcely a breath ruffled the surface of the waters. All was still, and calm, and passionless.

Woolmer and Delaney debated as to the best plan to be pursued, but they had come to no decision, when they discovered a large sloop at anchor right in their track. All three were well armed, and as there was every probability that, in so tranquil a night, no one would be upon the look-out, they determined to board her. Their conjectures were correct—they met with no opposition. A negro, who laid asleep abaft, looked up in amazement when they roused him; but he quietly laid himself down again when the steward, who could speak a little Spanish, told him that no harm was intended. The noise, however, brought the captain on deck, and with much difficulty they made him understand that they belonged to a ship then in the river, and wanted to get up to Buenos Ayres, or anywhere else that would ensure them safety.

The sloop was bound to Buenos Ayres, and the captain agreed to take them, on condition of re-

ceiving the boat as a recompense. At daylight the following morning they were under weigh, with a fair wind, and though at first they had to stem the ebb, yet, on the change of the tide, they made good progress, and on the following night were anchored abreast the town, about half a mile below the jetty.

During the passage Woolmer, by dint of unremitting earnestness in communication, succeeded in impressing the captain of the sloop with favourable sentiments towards them, and he promised to do all in his power to promote their interests; nor did he act unfaithfully. They landed, without molestation, all their money (and the steward had made free to collect everything, both cash and valuables, of Benson's that he could find), and whatever they had brought with them was untouched. They found shelter and protection with their new friend.

Delaney did not remain long in Buenos Ayres; he availed himself of the captain's offer to convey him to Monte Video, where he had a better chance of getting a ship for Europe. He bade farewell to his companions, and in less than a week was shipped in an English South-Seaman, bound on

the whale-fishery. But Murtoch did not calculate the length of time that this would occupy. Month after month rolled away, and the craft was not full when she was wrecked on a reef of rocks near a small uninhabited island, and every soul perished but Delaney and two others. Here they remained for upwards of a year and a half, having during that time collected a great quantity of seal skins, when a Manilla ship, for Lima, took them off, purchased their skins, and, being short-handed, was glad of their services to navigate the vessel.

From Lima, Delaney procured a passage round to Buenos Ayres, where he found Woolmer and Susan established in a large house for the entertainment and lodging of seamen; and the steward was doing extremely well as a dealer in hides and tallow. They gave him and his shipmates a most cordial welcome, and about two months afterwards they all three signed articles for a fine ship belonging to the United States, bound to New York, where, after a tedious voyage, they arrived in safety. Delaney's desire was to hasten back to Ireland, and prosecute his inquiries for his wife and children. For this purpose he embarked in a schooner for the West Indies; but here again his

evil genius prevailed, for the schooner was captured by a Spanish guarda-coast, under pretence that she was smuggling, and carried away to an obscure sea-port on the Spanish main, where the vessel underwent a mockery of legal process, was condemned and plundered, and the men and passengers immured in gaol. Here they remained, suffering dreadful privations and persecutions, for nearly three years, when, through the accidental arrival of a British ship of war, their imprisonment became known to its commander, who procured their release. And to such a dreadful state had they been reduced, that for nearly eighteen months they had scarcely a rag of clothing to cover their nakedness.

In the sloop-of-war they were treated with much kindness; and as Murtoch was considered a passenger of the schooner, he was classed with the American captain, whilst those who were subjects of Great Britain, were called upon to do duty, and subsequently they entered for the vessel. Murtoch now flattered himself that Fortune had ceased to persecute him, and there was a fair prospect of his returning home; but here again he was doomed to disappointment—the sloop fell into the hands of

the French fleet, and Murtoch was about twelve-months afterwards landed at Brest, a prisoner of war. Once more consigned to durance, his mind nearly gave way under the pressure of accumulated disasters that almost broke his heart.

Yet still the thoughts of his Ellen and her children, and the hope of meeting them again, buoyed him up from utter despair. He escaped from the fortress at Brest, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, he contrived, by passing himself off as a Spaniard (his confinement in a Spanish prison had made him familiar with the language), to reach a neutral port; and in time, by means of a smuggling vessel, he effected a safe landing in England. Circumstances led him to London, where Lilyburn was then in high repute as a barrister; for notwithstanding the eccentricity of the man, he neither wanted for penetration nor acuteness; and as he was really indefatigable in whatever he undertook, he had gained several important causes. Desirous of obtaining legal advice, Murtoch had inquired for an able lawyer, and was recommended to the *ci-devant* captain of the Dolphin, who, on hearing his case, and being acquainted with the localities, determined personally

to investigate the whole affair; correctly judging that if he succeeded he was a made man—if he did not succeed, he would be no worse off than he was before.

Together they travelled to Ireland, where Murtoch soon ascertained that Larry Laffan was yet in existence, and the interview between them was of that extravagant nature that suited poor Larry's character. This occurrence took place just at the time that Feaghan and Hamilton arrived for the purpose of collecting evidence to establish the identity of the youth; and Murtoch and Lilyburn, ascertaining the place of rendezvous, though wholly unacquainted with the real cause for assembling, determined to join the party, and, when a fit opportunity offered, to declare themselves. This it was that caused the very unexpected meeting of father and son, which has already been described, and to which we must now necessarily return.

CHAPTER XI.

"Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too entrinsicate t' unloose."

LEAR.

PROUD was Murtoch of his son, and though deeply grieved at the conviction that he should never again in this life behold the wife he had so ardently and fondly loved, yet the thoughts that his children were preserved to him, and both in such honourable stations, could not fail to soothe the keen distress which he would otherwise have experienced.

Oh! it is a rich feeling of the human heart after years of storms and perils, with danger on the one hand, and affliction on the other—when almost wrecked and without a single hope to cling to; oh! it is a rich feeling to contemplate a haven of rest and peace, and Murtoch with his sanguine temperament enjoyed it to the full.

A summons from Feaghan, and they joined the party in the covered recess of the holy well. Two

dim lights stood upon the ancient altar, before which Bridget was kneeling, and a rough group in their cottamores and cloaks were gathered round. By the side of the altar stood Father O'Fogharty, who had also arrived, and at no great distance was his niece talking in whispers to the outlaw. Larry Laffan was in one corner, sometimes laughing and sometimes crying, whilst Lilyburn confined himself to no particular spot, but moved busily about, as if his presence had been required every where.

" I am happy to inform you, Sir Terence," said the bustling little counsellor; " very happy to inform you that we have everything in a fair train, and I make no doubt—for I am not often mistaken in such matters—I make no doubt that you will be restored to the family honours. The identity from the first moment of Bridget receiving you as an infant she had previously nursed at the hall—" Bridget groaned, " You are about to do justice, my good woman, and therefore should be rejoiced instead of sorrowful—I was saying, Sir Terence, that your recognition is the most complete I ever heard; the only difficulty is the little affair of the law, but that I think, by favour as well as legality, may be got over if it can be proved that your conviction was illegal. As for Mister

Cornelius, his ways, I fear, have been very *crooked*"—

"Musha, then, it's *all* crooked he is," roared Larry.

"Peace, my friend—I meant no joke," returned Lilyburn, seriously; "the subject of justice is of too solemn a nature to be trifled with."

"As you shall amply find it," exclaimed a voice from the entrance to the cavern; "surrender every soul of you in the king's name."

"Och, then, it's sowld we are," shouted Larry, as he sprang forward, flourishing his stick, but he was restrained by Feaghan.

"To whom, and for what are we to surrender?" inquired Lilyburn, proudly; "I am a free-born Englishman; moreover one of his majesty's counsel. Produce your warrants"—

"Does one so learned in the law require to be told that warrants are not required in a proclaimed district," said another voice, ironically—"you are here holding a secret meeting in defiance of the proclamation. There are amongst you"—

"Traitors and murderers!" shrieked a voice scarcely human, and the next instant the hunchback Cornelius rushed forward in front. "Soldiers,

do your duty — make ready! — present! — ah! what no arm move? Major Williams, I command that summary vengeance is immediately executed."

"That may suit your views, but not mine, Sir Cornelius," replied the officer; "rely upon it, my men will only obey my voice; and, thank God, the period has not yet arrived, when a British officer is to turn executioner in cold blood." He spoke to the group who were now assembled round the well, "surrender yourselves peaceably, my good folks, and beyond the power of the laws, which you have broken, no other shall touch you."

"You must answer for this, Major Williams," fiercely uttered the dwarf; "this place has already been a theatre of blood, through mistaken clemency."

"An its right ye are, *Misther* Cornalius," exclaimed Bridget, placing herself in his front; "shure an I towld you so, long ago; here it was," and she threw her boney arm over the dwarf's back — "that Mike Hagan's shtick struck yez down—that's Sir Terence as is dead and gone—why?—the curse o' the misfortune fell upon the shouldthers of you, and made ye what ye are."

"Silence! ye old hag," exclaimed the dwarf, "and how came you at liberty?"

"Not through the favour of Misther Cornalius O'Connor," retorted Bridget scornfully.

"And who are these accompanying you in your vile purposes?" asked Cornelius, endeavouring, in the dimness of the light, to scan the countenances of the party.

In an instant, as if acted upon by one simultaneous impulse, Murtoch, Feaghan, and Hamilton, stood forward, "I am your elder brother, Cornelius, and ye well know it."

"A returned convict and an impostor," shouted the dwarf, as he writhed his long white fingers in his now grizzled hair;—"Major Williams, do you still refuse to do your duty?"

"I am here to support the civil power of the magistrate," returned the officer proudly; "if he is what you state him to be, hand him over to the police."

"And who is this youth?" inquired the mortified hunchback, "here I suppose is some other trick—are you a brother too?"

"No, sir, my relationship is not quite so near," returned Hamilton, bowing; "I can but claim

that of nephew to yourself, the persecutor of my father."

A laugh of derision was the response. "I knew it was imposition that was meant," said he, "my nephew! ha, ha! my nephew died, I saw him die—"

"Liar," uttered Feaghan, in a voice that thrilled with agony on the ears of Cornelius, for it was well remembered, "the child you murdered was not the one you coveted; there were two of them in the cutter, and it was not your nephew that you carried off to death."

"Major Williams! Major Williams!" exclaimed the now truly alarmed dwarf, "do you not recollect the fellow—is he living or dead—my head swims," and he thrust his hand into his bushy hair, and pressed it on his brow; "are you a man, a soldier, Major Williams?" continued he, "can you stand thus unmoved, when the rebel, the Smasher, who wounded you at the Devil's Cove—"

"Ha-a-a," returned the officer, drawing a convulsive respiration, and glancing keenly at the outlaw, "is that true? make ready—present—" the men thus far obeyed their commandant, and it is impossible to tell what the next order might have

been, had not Annie thrown herself between Feaghan and the soldiers.

"Howld!" she exclaimed, with devoted earnestness; "the bullet that pierces him, must first go through me."

Major Williams could not witness such devotion unmoved, and he was not a little grateful that he had been saved from perpetrating a rash and indefensible act. "Recover arms," said he, and the men as promptly obeyed the one order as the other.

"You have acted wisely, and perhaps generously," said the venerable priest, coming forward to the relief of his niece; "an' is it weak man in his passion that is to be enthrusted with the insthruments of death? Peace, Annie, jewel!" for the female was pleading for his forbearance; "you are a good and a brave girl, Annie, my blessing on your head." He again turned to the officer, "It is said, 'blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy,' its the thruth you have heard this night."

"I was perhaps too impatient, sir," admitted the Major; "but you are not aware of the extent of the provocation. That outlawed man, sir, who I thought was in eternity—that man, sir—"

"Carries about him a royal safeguard, signed and sealed by the secretary of state," uttered the priest, mildly; "this gentleman," pointing to Lilyburn, "and myself, have seen it, and therefore we can vouch for the fact. And now, sir, I demand your safe escort before a real magistrate, where my deposition may be taken—that man is a murtherer of the innocent."

"It is a conspiracy, a vile conspiracy, Major Williams," shrieked the dwarf, almost maddened at the sudden and unexpected revolution which affairs had taken. He had received information of the expected gathering at the holy well, but not the purport of the assembly, and when with the troops and police he repaired to the spot, it was under expectation of meeting with a band of rebels; but his quick penetration, influenced by a presentiment of evil to himself, led him to strange conjectures connected with his own peculiar welfare. "Major Williams," he demanded, "will you see me thus insulted?"

"You have heard what has passed, Sir Cornelius," returned the Major, coolly; and then turning to Feaghan, he said, "You will perhaps show me the protection the reverend gentleman has named?"

"To the honour of Major Williams I can have no objection to entrust it," said Feaghan, producing the document; "and I too," added he, somewhat proudly, "Smasher, the outlaw, must crave to be taken before a magistrate, where I may depose to which is the legal heir of the late Sir Terence O'Connor. You will see, sir, that his Majesty's secretary of state has granted me permission to institute inquiry on behalf of this youth, who is under the patronage of the King. I did not know then that his father lived, and it was only on this spot, about an hour since, that the discovery was made. Here, Major, is the eldest born of Sir Terence O'Connor," pointing to Murtoch, "and here are the evidences to prove the fact."

"An' its God's thruth, Misther Cornalius," uttered Bridget, "meself has warned you often and often that he would come to claim his own. The blessed Mary saw the deed when the child was stowle, and put the curse upon it; an' where is yer own darleen, Misther Cornalius, the babe as was the delight of yer eyes, and the joy of yer heart that grats and grieves for the loss of her. Oh! the world is cowld and cheerless to them as has no helper, and ye harde what the praste said

jist now, 'blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy.'"

"This paper appears in every way correct," observed the officer, after he had carefully perused it by the light of a flambeaux held bv one of the soldiers; "your request for safe convoy to the nearest magistrate shall be complied with; but first let me have the reverend father's word, that this meeting is not connected with any intended outrage or act of rebellion?"

"An' isn't my presence, Major Williams, guarantee sufficient?" asked the priest, with mildness; "shure an' its yerself, Major, as ought to know that."

"I stand rebuked, sir," said the officer, bowing with unfeigned respect; "the character you bear is bond enough to satisfy me: Father O'Fogharty is too well esteemed not to claim my reverential regard."

"What, then, am I to be betrayed, insulted, and degraded?" exclaimed the dwarf, thrusting his hand into his breast, and drawing forth a pistol, which he presented at Murtoch; "thus I redress my own wrongs." Young Hamilton saw the act, and springing forward caught the arm of his uncle

within his gripe: but the strength of the youth was far inferior to that of the dwarf, who fiercely hurled his nephew from him to a distance, and Murtoch would perhaps have fallen a sacrifice to the vindictive hate of his brother, but for the shelaleagh of Larry Laffan, that felled the deformed being to the earth.

"Major Williams," said the priest, as he bent over the prostrate man; "would it not be betther for us all to proceed to O'Connor Hall. Sir Terence here has the right to enther it, and as it is a family affair, may be it might be quietly arranged. The soldiers and the police might guard the place to prevent our running away, though its meself's too old to run, and then the matther might be duly investigated."

"Your proposal savours of good sense, sir," returned the Major, "of course I am ignorant of the real state of the occurrences which have been spoken of; but if it is of a family nature, I can have no objection that it should be amicably arranged. We must, however, await the recovery of the magistrate, who certainly has brought the punishment upon himself."

"Oh, Misther Cornalius, deare," sobbed Bridget,

as she raised the head of the prostrate man, and rubbed his temples with her hard horny fingers; "sure an you was a babe in the arms of me onest when I received yez from your dying mother, the blessed saint in glory. Its meself has nursed yez in yer helplessness—why? ye had no breast to cling to, no smile to welcome yours. Spake to me then, avourneen—is it dead ye are, an the cowld heart of me, still with the life in it? och hone, och hone, but he'll never spake again. Shure an it was here," she uttered with startling vehemence, "that the O'Connor, his father, fell before him—oh its the raal taste of the divel that separates hearts that love—an Dermot an Kathleen their sowls were knit together till the red gowld, my curse upon it, tore them asundther. Misther Cornalius, will you spake to me, jewel—will you spake?"

"Do not throuble his spirit, achree," said the priest, "it is wavering about him, but will come back presently if you don't dthrive it away: Bridget, let me see what I can do for him."

Father O'Fogharty knelt down, and placed his hand upon the seat of life, which gave indications of returning animation, and shortly afterwards the wretched hunchback was enabled to be removed

between two of the policemen who supported him, and the whole body moved towards O'Connor Hall. Exalted were the feelings of Hamilton and his father as they entered the abode of their ancestors, and heard the benediction of the priest, as they passed over the threshold. Here, then, in the same spacious vestibule where Lilyburn and Feaghan had first met, and where Murtoch had been required by Cornelius to acknowledge himself an impostor, they were all assembled—beneath its roof that frowned with the same lofty grandeur, now as then stood the undoubted heir with his son; and there, too, were the old opponents, as revenue captain and smuggler, acting in the joint capacity of friends to the injured and oppressed, whilst the groups of servants, peasantry, soldiers, and police, gave a wild character to the scene. Nor was the person of the aged Bridget the least prominent figure as she stooped between her wooden supports, and her eyes assumed an unnatural glare like the last flashes of an expiring lamp. There, too, was the venerable Father O'Fogharty commanding respect from all around him, not only as a minister of the Catholic church, but also in his own individual capacity as an honourable and upright member of

society ; and with his accustomed activity, moving from one to another with a word for all, was the portly, and, according to his own account, "not easily to be deceived" Lilyburn.

But the persons who attracted the most attention were the renowned outlaw, Feaghan, scarcely less reverenced amongst the peasantry than the priest himself ; the convict, Murtoch, now the veritable Sir Terence O'Connor, and his son Hamilton, in the uniform of the royal navy, whilst Larry, with officious zeal, cowered round them with his stick as a sort of body-guard. Near them, still sustained by the two policemen, was the dwarf ; his latent energies, and all his aptitude for mischief reviving at finding himself once more beneath the roof he had called his own, and from which he apprehended there was a fearful prospect of being expelled.

It was at this moment the folding-doors were thrown open at the upper end of the vestibule, and upon the highest step appeared the still beautiful Beatrice, most splendidly attired. By her hand she led a youth, apparently about the age of Hamilton, whose handsome features showed a strong likeness to his mother. They were preceded by footmen in gorgeous liveries, carrying wax-lights,

that threw a strong effulgence on the white and crimson drapery of the lady's dress, and the spectacle was precisely of the nature best calculated to make an impression on the ignorant and lowly. She was descending the marble steps, when Major Williams advanced to meet her, and briefly explained the cause of the extraordinary scene that presented itself to her view, and exhorted her to retire. But the lady was nothing daunted; she boldly placed herself by the side of her deformed husband, and with her colour heightened by excitement, and her eyes flashing with vengeance, she commanded the place to be instantly cleared. But the voice that had heretofore only required utterance to be obeyed, for the first time failed in its effects. It is true, the immediate servants of the hall made a show of compliance, but the troops and the police had witnessed the gross conduct of the dwarf, and had heard the declaration of the priest, whom they all revered, and therefore they remained passive. At length her eyes fell upon Maurice Feaghan, who stood with Annie leaning on his arm, and her rage knew no bounds; she reviled him, as the author of all her misery, and cursed the "contemptible being, whom she was doomed to call husband."

"Mrs. O'Connor," said Feaghan, as a spice of his former recklessness returned, "this is but a poor welcome to an old friend. You forget the pass in the mountains, madam,"—the priest deprecatingly held up his hand, and the outlaw bowed. "You are right, father," continued he, "I have done them evil for their evil, and am silent."

"This cannot be arranged to-night," said the dwarf feebly, and in the softly harmonious voice he could at pleasure command. "Major Williams, to your care I commit the charge of those now present; I must retire to my room, entirely at your disposal; yet think not that I shrink from investigation or inquiry. As for those impostors," his voice grew harsh, "they have my perfect, undisguised, unrelenting defiance. Here is the heir to my title and estates," taking his own son by the hand, "my brother was stolen when an infant—so runs the tale—but I can produce proof that he was murdered in his childish helplessness—"

"Avast there, Misther Cornalius," exclaimed Feaghan; "liars ought to have good memories, and you seem to forget you talked about a nephew, one whom you saw die—and you should have added, with a rope round his neck. Eh, was it not so?"

The deformed being trembled in every limb, his haughty bearing was gone, and fear was stamped upon every line of his countenance, whilst the beautiful being at his side scowled upon him with contempt.

"I am ill, Beatrice," said he; "there is a raging fever in my heart."

"And so there was a burning heat in the blood of a poisoned father," sternly uttered Murtoch; "the wheel is rapidly revolving—the deed is coming home to you, Cornelius; and you too, proud beauty, whose thirst for title and supremacy urged the giving of the fatal draught."

This was partly spoken at a venture, but it had a dreadful effect. The face of Mrs. O'Connor became convulsed; with her clenched hand she fiercely struck her husband, and then fell to the floor in a strong fit.

"Convey her to her room," said the priest; "and Annie dear," for the kind hearted woman had instantly tendered her ready aid, "you may accompany her, and give indulgence to the benevolence of your heart. Major, it is needless to delay the recognition—I here proclaim Sir Terence Hamilton O'Connor the rightful masther in this

place; may the God of Providence grant him every blessing to enjoy it. Men—one and all, know Sir Terence here for the rightful baronet; the proofs are too clear to be disputed."

Alone, crouching in terror stood the youth whom the dwarf had addressed as his son, and Hamilton approached him with a voice of soothing kindness, but he shrunk away to the side of his terror-stricken parent, and then followed the servants, who were carrying off the inanimate body of his mother.

"Cornelius darleen," uttered Bridget imploringly, "it is vain to sthrive again 'em—why? he is your elder brother, born of the same parents as yerself, and there is no denying it. Och then, spake 'em smooth, avourneen; it is mad she is—why? the throuble is on ye both, and small blame to the lady for it; bear up like a man, and the storm will blow over. Sir Terence will be your friend, and brother—"

"Ten thousand curses on his head, and each the heaviest I could wish," returned the inveterate hunchback. "Get hence, vile hag; never will I resign the title or estate;" and springing forward, he rushed up the steps to his own apartment.

Servants are shrewd guessers into the affairs of

their employers, and as it was evident there was something wrong, without clearly ascertaining what it actually was, they prudently ranged themselves with the police. No one could blame them for this, and Major Williams, without taking part with any, made such disposition as would prevent any collision within, or any departure from the Hall. Feaghan and Hamilton, however, intreated permission to return to Castle Toole, to tranquillize the minds of the ladies, but the Major firmly declined granting the request, though he immediately despatched a messenger to render every information relative to what had taken place.

But few eyes were closed that night in the Hall, except those of the soldiers and the police off duty; and though Feaghan and Lilyburn jokingly reverted to the period when they last sat in the same room together, conversing upon the mosses in the mountains, yet it was the only exhibition of any thing like mirth that transpired during the long hours of darkness, and perhaps seldom has the smiling face of morn been more cheerfully welcomed.

The sun had not attained many degrees above the horizon, when the whole party, except Cornelius and his family, again met in the vestibule; and this

time there was a greater show of order, expresses having been despatched to no less than three magistrates, earnestly requesting their early attendance.

The requisition met with prompt compliance; the three gentlemen arrived, and shortly afterwards the carriage of the countess drove up, from which that lady herself, attended by two young females, alighted, and entered the Hall; one of the latter, Hamilton immediately recognized to be his sister, and taking his father's hand, he led him towards her. If the interview between the youth and his parent had been affecting, this was infinitely more so, when, in the features of Ellen he traced a striking resemblance to her almost idolized mother. But this outpouring of nature was not for every eye to gaze upon, and the countess, with her young attendants, withdrew into a parlour, whither they were followed by the father and the brother, and then unrepressed gratification had its full and free enjoyment.

The companion of Ellen was a lovely girl, apparently three or four years her junior, and Hamilton thought he had never seen any being more beautiful; but there was something in her countenance allied to uncertain recollections in his mind, that excited

painful emotions, though why, or wherefore, he could not tell. Whilst debating the question with himself, he drew towards her: but the fair girl did not wait for his advances, she held out her hand, whilst her face was crimsoned with blushes, and her head half averted, she uttered, "What, Hamilton, do you forget your fellow-traveller?"

A bewildering sensation clouded the faculties of the youth for a minute or two, from which he was relieved by the countess, who confirmed the words of the sweet girl, that she was indeed the individual, who, under disguise, with her face stained, had journeyed with him to Ireland; "and," added the lady, "there is yet a further surprise in store for you; in fact, you must love her, Hamilton; must be her friend, for she is your cousin, whom Feaghan, in a moment of revenge, abducted from her home, and has brought her up and educated her in England, as his own."

The unpleasant sensation which had coloured Hamilton's feelings was instantly explained; the fair girl's face was that of the mother's, though of course the features had not attained the maturity of the latter. Most cordially and kindly did the youth address the maiden, and strengthened her

with encouragement to meet her parents. Ellen, too, added her endeavours; and as soon as the general emotion had somewhat subsided, the party rejoined the others in the vestibule, where all was expectation for the appearance of Cornelius.

On the opening of the day, Major Williamshad sent to the apartments of the dwarf, to apprize him of the expected presence of the magistrates, as well as the necessity that existed for his taking his place amongst them during the investigation, as it was only in the capacity of a magistrate that he (the Major) recognized him, having nothing whatever to do with family matters. The reply was, that "he would appear at the proper time." But every thing was arranged, the other magistrates had taken their places on elevated seats, at the upper end of the hall, with a table before them, at which sat Lilyburn, the venerable priest, and the magistrates' clerks. An antique sofa was drawn forward for the accommodation of the ladies, and behind them were ranged the anxious but delighted Murtoch and his son, with Feaghan. On the opposite side, on a low stool, crouched Bridget, rocking herself to-and-fro, and occasionally crying "the doom is on him, och hone, och hone;" whilst

the rest of the persons taken at the holy well gathered near her. The space in front was occupied by the troops and police force, the servants and retainers.

"Major," said the senior magistrate, "we are in readiness to commence inquiries, may we presume to request the favour of your sending for Sir Cornelius?"

The Major felt the awkwardness of his situation, for he had no authority to interfere with the dwarf; but nevertheless, as an act of courtesy, he directed one of the domestics to inform his master that the gentlemen were awaiting his presence. During the absence of the servant, the utmost silence prevailed—not a whisper broke the stillness; scarce a breathing was heard, and all eyes were directed towards the folding doors in expectation of the entrance of Cornelius. Several minutes elapsed, and amongst some of them suspence was rising to agony, when the footman hastily rushed into the hall, his face blanched, his limbs trembling, and with faltering accents he announced his master's death.

"The doom is on him—the doom is on him, och hone," vociferated Bridget, as she raised herself

erect, whilst symptoms of universal consternation spread over the whole company, which very soon changed into general confusion. Without waiting for directions, Feaghan and Father O'Fogharty hastened to the apartment of the dwarf, whom they found recovering from insensibility, but writhing with anguish—he had swallowed poison. "Send for him, where is he?" shrieked the deformed being, tortured both in body and in mind, "oh! let me see him once more."

"It is his brother he wants," exclaimed the priest; "let him be sent for."

"No, no," uttered the dwarf, "it is Feaghan—Maurice Feaghan and the boy; all of them—I must see them all;" and his face became contorted by convulsion.

"I am here, Misther Cornalius," said Feaghan, approaching the bed, on which the dwarf laid partly covered over by the clothes, "rest easy, no one will injure you."

"And Murtoch too, where is he?" demanded the writhing dwarf, as he thurst his hands amongst the bed-clothes, and glared wildly around.

At this moment Murtoch and Hamilton advanced, leading between them the beautiful girl

who had been announced as the stolen child of Beatrice. "Your brother is here, Cornelius," exclaimed Murtoch, "ready to extend forgiveness of the past, and to restore your long-lost daughter."

The wild shriek which the wretched being gave, thrilled with horror upon every heart, as he gazed upon the features of the maiden with a look fiercely unnatural.—"Come nigher, Murtoch—come nigher Feaghan, I am going—fast—away."

The persons addressed complied, both drew close to the dying man, who gave them a scowl of fearful meaning, and then suddenly collecting the last remnant of his strength, he drew his hands from beneath the coverlet, raised himself erect, and discharged a pistol at each of the persons he had so earnestly called to his side. Feaghan fell upon his face a corpse. Murtoch staggered backward severely wounded, and the dwarf, with one horrible yell of demoniacal delight, expired.

Awful was the scene in that room of death when the proud Beatrice became aware of the fate of her husband; but charity draws a veil over the spectacle. A coroner's inquest was promptly summoned, which led to a rigid investigation of the case, in which the claims of Murtoch were fully proved

—a free pardon for all past offences was granted by the king, and Sir Terence took possession of the abode of his ancestors as the lawful descendant of the O'Connors. But he was sinking fast — his feeble limbs would scarcely support his attenuated frame—the wound was destroying his existence.

Yet once more he stood in that hall, and now surrounded by his tenantry and friends. By his right hand he held his beautiful daughter, and in his left he presented his son, as delightedly he listened to the cheers of welcome which greeted him. The sounds were still echoing in his ears—the shouts of cordial congratulations were reverberating round the roof, when smiling in the fulness of triumphant feeling, he pressed his children to his heart, reclined backwards on a couch, uttered a fervent blessing on their heads, and, with the name of his wife upon his lips, his spirit passed away.

CONCLUSION.

Young Hamilton succeeded to the title and estates without opposition; he quitted the navy, and, by the aid of Lilyburn, devoted himself to better the condition of his countrymen. Mrs. O'Connor was permitted to keep possession of her husband's wealth on behalf of her son, and with him she retired to Italy; but refusing to recognize her newly-found daughter, the young lady was cherished as the friend and companion of Ellen. The countess lived many years to enjoy the society of her favourite, who became, not only from her history, but her beauty, the admired of the British court. Father O'Fogharty departed in a good old age; whilst his niece, who, from the decease of Feaghan, had assumed the widow's weeds, followed him in about a month. Bridget lingered but a short time in the vale of tears, and at her earnest request, she was buried near the tomb of Dermot Delaney. Larry Laffan was allowed to lead an

idle life for the remainder of his days, with plenty of whisky and "baccy."

Madame Brienot, at the earnest solicitation of Hamilton and his sister, paid them a visit, bringing with her Quaco and old Tom Graves. Nothing could exceed the gratification of the worthy lady, who was ultimately prevailed upon to take up her residence with them—the black was installed house-steward, at first to the great annoyance of the Paddies, but as he did his duty by deputy, it all passed on pleasantly enough. Old Tom, having received ample evidences of Sir Hamilton's generosity, returned to his family, and every succeeding year made him master of a handsome pension. As for Neptune, the poor fellow was amply taken care of, but he was found dead one morning upon the grave of his master.

THE END.

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